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ON MEANS AND ENDS.

"We work by wit, and not by witchcraft."—IAGO.

It is impossible to have things done without doing them. This seems a truism; and yet what is more common than to suppose that we shall find things done, merely by wishing it? *To put the will for the deed* is as usual in practice as it is contrary to common sense. There is, in fact, no absurdity, no contradiction, of which the mind is not capable. This weakness is, I think, more remarkable in the English than in any other people, in whom (to judge by what I discover in myself) the will bears great and disproportioned sway. We desire a thing: we contemplate the end intently, and think it done, neglecting the necessary means to accomplish it. The strong tendency of the mind towards it, the internal effort it makes to give birth to the object of its idolatry, seems an adequate cause to produce the wished-for effect, and is in a manner identified with it. This is more particularly the case in what relates to the *Fine Arts*, and will account for some phenomena in the national character.

The English style is distinguished by what are called *ébauches*\*—rude sketches, or violent attempts at effect, with a total inattention to the details or delicacy of finishing. Now this, I apprehend, proceeds not exactly from grossness of perception, but from the wilfulness of our characters, our determination to have every thing our own way without any trouble, or delay, or distraction of mind. An object strikes us: we see and feel the whole effect at once. We wish to produce a likeness of it; but we wish to transfer the impression to the canvas as it is conveyed to us, simultaneously and intuitively—that is, to stamp it there at a blow—or, otherwise, we turn away with impatience and disgust, as if the means were an obstacle to the end, and every attention to the mechanical process were a deviation from our original purpose. We thus degenerate, by repeated failures, into a slovenly style of art; and that which was at first an undisciplined and irregular impulse, becomes a habit, and then a theory. It

\* Properly, *daubs*.

seems a little strange that the zealous devotion to the end should produce aversion to the means; but so it is: neither is it, however irrational, altogether unnatural. That which we are struck with, which we are enamoured of, is the general appearance or result; and it would certainly be most desirable to produce the effect we aim at by a word or wish, if it were possible, without being taken up with the mechanical drudgery or pettiness of detail, or dexterity of execution, which, though they are essential and component parts of the work, do not enter into our thoughts, or form any part of our contemplation. In a word, the hand does not keep pace with the eye; and it is the desire that it should, that causes all the contradiction and confusion. We would have a face to start out from the canvas at once—not feature by feature, or touch by touch; we would be glad to convey an attitude or a divine expression to the spectator by a stroke of the pencil, as it is conveyed by a glance of the eye, or by the magic of feeling, independently of measurements, and distances, and foreshortening, and numberless minute particulars, and all the instrumentality of the art. We may find it necessary, on a cool calculation, to go through and make ourselves masters of these; but, in so doing, we submit only to necessity, and they are still a diversion to, and a suspension of, our favourite purpose for the time—at least unless practice has given that facility which almost identifies the two together, and makes the process an unconscious one. The end thus devours up the means; or our eagerness for the one, where it is strong and unchecked, renders us in proportion impatient of the other. So we view an object at a distance, which excites in us an inclination to visit it: this, after many tedious steps and intricate windings, we do; but, if we could fly, we should never consent to go on foot. The mind, however, has wings, though the body has not; and, wherever the imagination can come into play, our desires outrun their accomplishment. Persons of this extravagant humour should addict themselves to eloquence or poetry, where the thought “leaps at once to its effect,” and is wafted, in a metaphor or an apostrophe, “from Indus to the Pole;” though even there we should find enough, in the preparatory and mechanical parts of those arts, to try our patience and mortify our vanity! The first and strongest impulse of the mind is to achieve any object, on which it is set, at once, and by the shortest and most decisive means; but, as this cannot always be done, we ought not to neglect other more indirect and subordinate aids; nor should we be tempted to do so, but that the delusions of the will interfere with the convictions of the understanding, and what we ardently wish, we fancy to be both possible and true. Let us take the instance of copying a fine picture. We are full of the effect we intend to produce; and so powerfully does this prepossession affect us, that we imagine we have produced it, in spite of the evidence of our senses and the suggestions of friends. In truth, after a number of violent and anxious efforts to strike off a resemblance which we passionately long for, it seems an injustice not to have succeeded; it is too late to retrace our steps, and begin over again in a different method; we prefer even failure to arriving at our end by petty, mechanical tricks and rules; we have copied Titian or Rubens in the spirit in which they ought to be copied; though the likeness may not be perfect, there is a look, a tone, a *something*, which we chiefly aimed at, and which we persuade ourselves, seeing the copy only through the dazzled, hectic flush of feverish imagination, we have really given; and thus we persist, and make fifty excuses, sooner than own our error, which would imply its abandonment; or, if



the light breaks in upon us, through all the disguises of sophistry and self-love, it is so painful that we shut our eyes to it. The more evident our failure, the more desperate the struggles we make to conceal it from ourselves, to stick to our original determination, and end where we began.

What makes me think that this is the real stumbling-block in our way, and not mere rusticity or want of discrimination, is that you will see an English artist admiring and thrown into downright raptures by the tucker of Titian's *Mistress*, made up of an infinite number of little delicate folds; and, if he attempts to copy it, he proceeds deliberately to omit all these details, and dash it off by a single smear of his brush. This is not ignorance, or even laziness, I conceive, so much as what is called *jumping at a conclusion*. It is, in a word, an overweening presumption. "A wilful man must have his way." He sees the details, the varieties, and their effect: he sees and is charmed with all this; but he would reproduce it with the same rapidity and unembarrassed freedom that he sees it—or not at all. He scorns the slow but sure method, to which others conform, as tedious and inanimate. The mixing his colours, the laying in the ground, the giving all his attention to a minute break or nice gradation in the several lights and shades, is a mechanical and endless operation, very different from the delight he feels in studying the effect of all these, when properly and ably executed. *Quam nihil ad tuum, Papiniane, ingenium!* Such fooleries are foreign to his refined taste and lofty enthusiasm; and a doubt crosses his mind, in the midst of his warmest raptures, how Titian could resolve upon the drudgery of going through them, or whether it was not rather owing to extreme facility of hand, and a sort of trick in laying on the colours, abridging the mechanical labour! No one wrote or talked more eloquently about Titian's harmony and clearness of colouring than the late Mr. Barry—discoursing of his greens, his blues, his yellows, "the little red and white of which he composed his flesh-colour," *con amore*; yet his own colouring was dead and dingy, and, if he had copied a Titian, he would have made it a mere daub, leaving out all that caused his wonder or admiration, or that induced him to copy it after the English or Irish fashion. We not only grudge the labour of beginning, but we stop short, for the same reason, when we are near touching the goal of success, and, to save a few last touches, leave a work unfinished and an object unattained. The immediate steps, the daily gradual improvement, the successive completion of parts, give us no pleasure; we strain at the final result; we wish to have the whole done, and, in our anxiety to get it off our hands, say *it will do*, and lose the benefit of all our pains by stinting a little more, and being unable to command a little patience. In a day or two, we will suppose, a copy of a fine Titian would be as like as we could make it: the prospect of this so enchants us, that we skip the intervening space, see no great use in going on with it, fancy that we may spoil it, and, in order to put an end to the question, take it home with us, where we immediately see our error; and spend the rest of our lives in regretting that we did not finish it properly when we were about it. We can execute only a part; we see the whole of nature or of a picture at once. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*. The English grasp at this whole—nothing less interests or contents them; and, in aiming at too much, they miss their object altogether.

A French artist, on the contrary, has none of this uneasy, anxious feeling—of this desire to master the whole of his subject, and anticipate his good fortune at a blow—of this *massing* and concentrating principle. He

takes the thing more easy and rationally. He has none of the mental qualms, the nervous agitation, the wild, desperate plunges and convulsive throes of the English artist. He does not set off headlong without knowing where he is going, and find himself up to the neck in all sorts of difficulties and absurdities, from impatience to begin and have the matter off his mind (as if it were an evil conscience); but takes time to consider, arranges his plans, gets in his outline and his distances, and lays a foundation before he attempts a superstructure which he may have to pull in pieces again, or let it remain—a monument of his folly. *He looks before he leaps*, which is contrary to the true blindfold English rule; and I should think that we had invented this proverb from seeing so many fatal examples of the violation of it. Suppose he undertakes to make a copy of a picture: he first looks at it, and sees what it is. He does not make his sketch all black or all white, because one part of it is so, and because he cannot alter an idea he has once got into his head and must always run into extremes, but varies his tints (strange as it may seem) from green to red, from orange-tawney to yellow, from grey to brown, according as they vary in the original. He sees no inconsistency, no forfeiture of a principle, in this (any more than Mr. Southey in the change of the colours of his coat), but a great deal of right reason, and indeed an absolute necessity for it, if he wishes to succeed in what he is about. This is the last thing in an Englishman's thoughts: he only wishes to have his own way, though it ends in defeat and ruin—strives hard to do what he is sensible he cannot—or, if he finds he can, gives over and leaves the matter short of a triumphant conclusion, which is too flattering an idea for him to indulge in. The French artist proceeds with due deliberation, and bit by bit. He takes some one part—a hand, an eye, a piece of drapery, an object in the background—and finishes it carefully; then another, and so on to the end. When he has gone through every part, his picture is done: there is nothing more that he can add to it; it is a numerical calculation, and there are only so many items in the account. An Englishman may go on *slobbering* his over for the hundredth time, and be no nearer than when he began. As he tries to finish the whole at once, and as this is not possible, he always leaves his work in an imperfect state, or as if he had begun on a new canvas—like a man who is determined to leap to the top of a tower, instead of scaling it step by step, and who is necessarily thrown on his back every time he repeats the experiment. Again, the French student does not, from a childish impatience, when he is near the end, destroy the effect of the whole, by leaving some one part eminently deficient, an eye-sore to the rest; nor does he fly from what he is about, to any thing else that happens to catch his eye, neglecting the one and spoiling the other. He is, in our old poet's phrase, "constrained by mastery," by the mastery of common sense and pleasurable feeling. He is in no hurry to get to the end; for he has a satisfaction in the work, and touches and retouches perhaps a single head, day after day and week after week, without repining, uneasiness, or apparent progress. The very lightness and buoyancy of his feelings renders him (where the necessity of this is pointed out) patient and laborious. An Englishman, whatever he undertakes, is as if he was carrying a heavy load that oppresses both his body and mind, and that he is anxious to throw down as soon as possible. The Frenchman's hopes and fears are not excited to a pitch of intolerable agony, so that he is compelled, in mere compassion to himself, to bring the question to a speedy issue, even to the loss of his object. He is calm, easy, collected, and takes his

time and improves his advantages as they occur, with vigilance and alacrity. Pleased with himself, he is pleased with whatever occupies his attention nearly alike. He is never taken at a disadvantage. Whether he paints an angel or a joint-stool, it is much the same to him: whether it is landscape or history, still it is he who paints it. Nothing puts him out of his way, for nothing puts him out of conceit with himself. This self-complacency forms an admirable ground-work for moderation and docility in certain particulars, though not in others.

I remember an absurd instance enough of this deliberate mode of setting to work in a young French artist, who was copying the Titian's *Mistress* in the Louvre, some twenty years ago. After getting in his chalk-outline, one would think he might have been attracted to the face—that heaven of beauty (as it appears to some), clear, transparent, open, breathing freshness, that “makes a sunshine in the shady place;” or to the lustre of the golden hair; or some part of the poetry of the picture (for, with all its materiality, this picture has a poetry about it); instead of which he began to finish a square he had marked out in the right-hand corner of the picture, containing a piece of board and a bottle of some kind of ointment. He set to work like a cabinet-maker or an engraver, and appeared to have no sympathy with the soul of the picture. On a Frenchman (generally speaking), the distinction between the great and the little, the exquisite and the indifferent, is in a great measure lost: his self-satisfied egotism supplies whatever is wanting up to a certain point, and neutralizes whatever goes beyond it. Another young man, at the time I speak of, was for eleven weeks daily employed in making a black-lead pencil drawing of a small Leonardo: he set with his legs balanced across a rail to do it, kept his hat on, every now and then consulted with his friends about his progress, rose up, went to the fire to warm himself, talked of the styles of the different masters—praising Titian *pour les coloris*, Raphael *pour l'expression*, Poussin *pour la composition*—all being alike to him, provided they had each something to help him on in his harangue (for that was all he thought about),—and then returned to *perfectionate* (as he called it) his copy. This would drive an Englishman out of his senses, supposing him to be ever so stupid. The perseverance and the interruptions, the labour without impulse, the attention to the parts in succession, and disregard of the whole together, are to him utterly incomprehensible. He wants to do something striking, and bends all his thoughts and energies to one mighty effort. A Frenchman has no notion of this summary proceeding, exists mostly in his present sensations, and, if he is left at liberty to enjoy or trifle with these, cares about nothing farther, looking neither backwards nor forwards. They forgot the reign of terror under Robespierre in a month; they forgot that they had ever been called the *great nation* under Buonaparte in a week. They sat in chairs on the Boulevards (just as they do at other times), when the shots were firing into the next street, and were only persuaded to quit them when their own soldiers were seen pouring down all the avenues from the heights of Montmartre, crying “*Sauve qui peut!*” They then went home and dressed themselves to see the *Allies* enter Paris, as a fine sight, just as they would witness a procession at a theatre. This is carrying the instinct of levity as far as it will go. With all their affectation and want of sincerity, there is, on the principle here stated, a kind of simplicity and nature about them after all. They lend themselves to the impression of the moment with good humour and good will, making it not much better nor worse than it is: the English constantly over-do or



under-do every thing, and are either mad with enthusiasm or in despair. The extreme slowness and regularity of the French school have then arisen, as a natural consequence, out of their very fickleness and frivolity (their severally supposed national characteristics); for, owing to the last, their studious exactness costs them nothing; and, again, they have no headstrong impulses or ardent longings that urge them on to the violation of rules, or hurry them away with a subject or with the interest belonging to it. All is foreseen and settled before-hand, so as to assist the fluttering and feeble hold they have of things. When they venture beyond the literal and formal, and (mistaking pedantry and bombast for genius) attempt the grand and the impressive style, as in David's and Girodet's pictures, the Lord deliver us from sublimity engrafted on insipidity and *petit-maitre-ism*! You see a solitary French artist in the Louvre copying a Raphael or a Rubens, standing on one leg, not quite sure of what he is about: you see them collected in groupes about David's, elbowing each other, thinking them even finer than Raphael, more truly themselves, a more perfect combination of all that can be taught by the Greek sculptor and the French posture-master! Is this patriotism, or want of taste? If the former, it is excusable; and why not, if the latter?

Even should a French artist fail, he is not disconcerted—there is something else he excels in: “for one unkind and cruel fair, another still consoles him.” He studies in a more graceful posture, or pays greater attention to his dress; or he has a friend, who has *beaucoup du talent*, and conceit enough for them both. His self-love has always a salvo, and comes upon its legs again, like a cat or a monkey. Not so with Bruin the Bear. If an Englishman (God help the mark!) fails in one thing, it is all over with him; he is enraged at the mention of any thing else he can do, and at every consolation offered him on that score; he banishes all other thoughts, but of his disappointment and discomfiture, from his breast—neither eats nor sleeps (it is well if he does not swallow down double “potations, ‘pottle-deep,” to drown remembrance)—will not own, even to himself, any other thing in which he takes an interest or feels a pride; and is in the horrors till he recovers his good opinion of himself in the only point on which he now sets a value, and for which his anxiety and disorder of mind incapacitate him as effectually as if he were drunk with strong liquor instead of spleen and passion. I have here drawn the character of an Englishman, I am sure; for it is a portrait of myself, and, I am sorry to add, an unexaggerated one. I intend these Essays as studies of human nature; and as, in the prosecution of this design, I do not spare others, I see no reason why I should spare myself.—I lately tried to make a copy of a portrait by Titian (after several years’ want of practice), with a view to give a friend in England some notion of the picture, which is equally remarkable and fine. I failed, and floundered on for some days, as might be expected. I must say the effect on me was painful and excessive. My sky was suddenly overcast. Every thing seemed of the colour of the paints I used. Nature in my eyes became dark and gloomy. I had no sense or feeling left, but of the unforeseen want of power, and of the tormenting struggle to do what I could not. I was ashamed ever to have written or spoken on art: it seemed a piece of vanity and affectation in me to do so—all whose reasonings and refinements on the subject ended in an execrable daub. Why did I think of attempting such a thing without weighing the consequences of exposing my presumption and incapacity so unnecessarily? It was blotting from my mind, covering with a

thick veil all that I remembered of these pictures formerly—my hopes when young, my regrets since, one of the few consolations of my life and of my declining years. I was even afraid to walk out of an evening by the barrier of Neuilly, or to recal the yearnings and associations that once hung upon the beatings of my heart. All was turned to bitterness and gall. To feel any thing but the consciousness of my own helplessness and folly, appeared a want of sincerity, a mockery, and an insult to my mortified pride! The only relief I had was in the excess of pain I felt: this was at least some distinction. I was not insensible on that side. No French artist, I thought, would regret *not* copying a Titian so much as I did, nor so far shew the same value for it, however he might have the advantage of me in drawing or mechanical dexterity. Besides, I had copied this very picture very well formerly. If ever I got out of my present scrape, I had at any rate received a lesson not to run the same risk of vexation, or commit myself gratuitously again upon any occasion whatever. Oh! happy ought they to be, I said, who can do any thing, when I feel the misery, the agony, the dull, gnawing pain of being unable to do what I wish in this single instance! When I copied this picture before, I had no other resource, no other language. My tongue then stuck to the roof of my mouth: now it is unlocked, and I have done what I then despaired of doing in another way. Ought I not to be grateful and contented? Oh, yes!—and think how many there are who have nothing to which they can turn themselves, and fail in every object they undertake. Well, then, *Let bygones be bygones* (as the Scotch proverb has it); give up the attempt, and think no more of Titian, or of the portrait of a Man in black in the Louvre. This would be very well for any one else; but for me, who had nearly exhausted the subject on paper, that I should take it into my head to paint a libel of what I had composed so many and such fine panegyrics upon—it was a fatality, a judgment upon me for my vapouring and conceit. I must be as shy of the subject for the future as a damned author is of the title of his play or the name of his hero ever after. Yet the picture would look the same as ever. I could hardly bear to think so: it would be hid or defaced to me as “in a phantasma or a hideous dream.” I must turn my thoughts from it, or they would lead to madness! The copy went on better afterwards, and the affair ended less tragically than I apprehended. I did not cut a hole in the canvas, or commit any other extravagance: it is now hanging up very quietly facing me; and I have considerable satisfaction in occasionally looking at it, as I write this paragraph.

Such are the agonies into which we throw ourselves about trifles—our rage and disappointment at want of success in any favourite pursuit, and, our neglect of the means to ensure it. A Frenchman, under the penalty of half the chagrin at failure, would take just twice the pains and consideration to avoid it: but our morbid eagerness and blundering impetuosity, together with a certain *concreteness* of imagination which prevents our dividing any operation into steps and stages, defeat the very end we have in view. The worst of these wilful mischiefs of our own making is, that they admit of no relief or intermission. Natural calamities or great griefs, as we do not bring them upon ourselves, so they find a seasonable respite in tears or resignation, or in some alleviating contrast or reflection: but pride scorns all alliance with natural frailty or indulgence; our wilful purposes regard every relaxation or moment's ease as a compromise of their

very essence, which consists in violence and effort: they turn away from whatever might afford diversion or solace, and goad us on to exertions as painful as they are unavailable, and with no other companion than remorse,—the most intolerable of all inmates of the breast; for it is constantly urging us to retrieve our peace of mind by an impossibility—the undoing of what is past. One of the chief traits of sublimity in Milton's character of Satan is this dreadful display of unrelenting pride and self-will—the sense of suffering joined with the sense of power and “courage never to submit or yield”—and the aggravation of the original purpose of lofty ambition and opposition to the Almighty, with the total overthrow and signal punishment,—which ought to be reasons for its relinquishment. “His thoughts burn like a hell within him!” but he gives them “neither truce nor rest,” and will not even sue for mercy. This kind of sublimity must be thrown away upon the French critic, who would only think Satan a very ridiculous old gentleman for adhering so obstinately to his original pretensions, and not making the most of circumstances, and giving in his resignation to the ruling party! When Buonaparte fell, an English editor (of virulent memory) exhausted a great number of the finest passages in *Paradise Lost*, in applying them to his ill-fated ambition. This was an equal compliment to the poet and the conqueror: to the last, for having realized a conception of himself in the mind of his enemies on a par with the most stupendous creations of imagination; to the first, for having embodied in fiction what bore so strong a resemblance to, and was constantly brought to mind by, the fearful and imposing reality! But to return to our subject.—

It is the same with us in love and literature. An Englishman makes love without thinking of the chances of success, his own disadvantages, or the character of his mistress—that is, without the adaptation of means to ends, consulting only his own humour or fancy;\* and he writes a book of history or travels, without acquainting himself with geography, or appealing to documents or dates; substituting his own will or opinion in the room of these technical helps—or hindrances, as he considers them. It is not right. In business it is not by any means the same; which looks as if, where interest was the moving principle, and acted as a counterpoise to caprice and will, our headstrong propensity gave way, though it sometimes leads us into extravagant and ruinous speculations. Nor is it a disadvantage to us in war; for there the spirit of contradiction does every thing, and an Englishman will go to the devil sooner than yield to any odds. Courage is nothing but will, defying consequences; and this the English have in perfection. Burns somewhere calls out lustily, inspired by rhyme and *usquebaugh*,—

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\* Dr. Johnson has observed, that “strong passion deprives the lover of that easiness of address, which is so great a recommendation to most women.” Is then indifference or coldness the surest passport to the female heart? A man who is much in love has not his wits properly about him: he can think only of her whose image is engraven on his heart; he can talk only of her; he can only repeat the same vows, and protestations, and expressions of rapture or despair. He may, by this means, become importunate and troublesome—but does he deserve to lose his mistress for the only cause that gives him a title to her—the sincerity of his passion? We may perhaps answer this question by another—Is a woman to accept of a madman, merely because he happens to fall in love with her? “The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,” as Shakspeare has said, “are of imagination all compact,” and must, in most cases, be contented with imagination as their reward. Realities are out of their reach, as well as beneath their notice.



"Set but a Scotsman on a hill;  
 Say such is royal George's will,  
 And there's the foe:—  
 His only thought is how to kill  
 Twa at a blow."

I apprehend, with his own countrymen or ours, all the love and loyalty would come to little, but for their hatred of the army opposed to them. It is the resistance, "the two to kill at a blow," that is the charm, and makes our fingers' ends tingle. The Greek cause makes no progress with us for this reason: it is one of pure sympathy, but our sympathies must arise out of our antipathies; they were devoted to the Queen to spite the King. We had a wonderful affection for the Spaniards—the secret of which was that we detested the French. Our love must begin with hate. It is so far well that the French are opposed to us in almost every way; for the spirit of contradiction alone to foreign fopperies and absurdities keeps us within some bounds of decency and order. When an English lady of quality introduces a favourite by saying, "This is his lordship's physician, and my atheist," the humour might become epidemic; but we can stop it at once by saying, "That is so like a Frenchwoman!"—The English excel in the practical and mechanic arts, where mere plodding and industry are expected and required; but they do not combine business and pleasure well together. Thus, in the Fine Arts, which unite the mechanical with the sentimental, they will probably never succeed; for the one spoils and diverts them from the other. An Englishman can attend but to one thing at a time. He hates music at dinner. He can go through any labour or pain with prodigious fortitude; but he cannot make a pleasure of it, or persuade himself he is doing a *fine thing*, when he is not. Again, they are great in original discoveries, which come upon them by surprise, and which they leave to others to perfect. It is a question whether, if they foresaw they were about to make the discovery, at the very point of projection as it were, they would not turn their backs upon it, and leave it to shift for itself; or obstinately refuse to take the last step, or give up the pursuit, in mere dread and nervous apprehension lest they should not succeed. Poetry is also their undeniable element; for the essence of poetry is will and passion, "and it alone is highly fantastical." French poetry is *verbiage* or dry detail.

I have thus endeavoured to shew why it is the English fail as a people in the Fine Arts, because the idea of the end absorbs that of the means. Hogarth was an exception to this rule; but then every stroke of his pencil was instinct with genius. As it has been well said, that "we *read* his works, so it might be said he *wrote* them. Barry is an instance more to my purpose. No one could argue better about *gusto* in painting, and yet no one ever painted with less. His pictures were dry, coarse, and wanted all that his descriptions of those of others indicate. For example, he speaks of "the dull, dead, watery look" of the Medusa's head of Leonardo, in a manner that conveys an absolute idea of the character: had he copied it, you would never have suspected any thing of the kind. His pen grows almost wanton in praise of Titian's nymph-like figures. What *drabs* he has made of his own sea-nymphs, floating in the Thames, with Dr. Burney at their head, with his wig on! He is like a person admiring the grace of an accomplished rope-dancer; place him on the rope himself, and his head turns;—or he is like Luther's comparison of Reason to a drunken man on horseback—"set him up on one side, and he tumbles over on the

other. Why is this? His mind was essentially ardent and discursive, not sensitive or observant; and though the immediate object acted as a stimulus to his imagination, it was only as it does to the poet's—that is, as a link in the chain of association, as implying other strong feelings and ideas, and not for its intrinsic beauty or individual details. He had not the painter's eye, though he had the painter's general knowledge. There is as great a difference in this respect between our views of things as between the telescope and microscope. People in general see objects only to distinguish them in practice and by name—to know that a hat is black, that a chair is not a table, that John is not James; and there are painters, particularly of history in England, who look very little farther. They cannot finish any thing, or go over a head twice: the first *coup-d'œil* is all they ever arrive at; nor can they refine on their impressions, soften them down, or reduce them to their component parts, without losing their spirit. The inevitable result of this is grossness, and also want of force and solidity; for, in reality, the parts cannot be separated without injury from the whole. Such people have no pleasure in the art as such: it is merely to astonish or to thrive that they follow it; or, if thrown out of it by accident, they regret it only as a bankrupt tradesman does a business which was a handsome subsistence to him. Barry did not live, like Titian, on the taste of colours (there was here, perhaps—and I will not disguise it—in English painters in general, a defect of organic susceptibility); they were not a *pabulum* to his senses; he did not hold green, blue, red, and yellow for “the darlings of his precious eye.” They did not, therefore, sink into his mind with all their hidden harmonies, nor nourish and enrich it with material beauty, though he knew enough of them to furnish hints for other ideas and to suggest topics of discourse. If he had had the most enchanting object in nature before him in his painting-room at the Adelphi, he would have turned from it, after a moment's burst of admiration, to talk of the subject of his next composition, and to scrawl in some new and vast design, illustrating a series of great events in history, or some vague moral theory. The art itself was nothing to him, though he made it the stalking-horse to his ambition and display of intellectual power in general; and, therefore, he neglected its essential qualities to daub in huge allegories, or carry on cabals with the Academy, in which the violence of his will and the extent of his views found proper food and scope. As a painter, he was tolerable merely as a draftsman, or in that part of the art which may be best reduced to rules and precepts, or to positive measurements. There is neither colouring, nor expression, nor delicacy, nor striking effect in his pictures at the Adelphi. The group of youths and horses, in the representation of the Olympic Games, is the best part of them, and has more of the grace and spirit of a Greek bas-relief than any thing of the same kind in the French school of painting. Barry was, all his life, a thorn in the side of Sir Joshua, who was irritated by the temper and disconcerted by the powers of the man; and who, conscious of his own superiority in the exercise of his profession, yet looked askance at Barry's loftier pretensions and more gigantic scale of art. But he had no more occasion to be really jealous of him than of an Irish porter or orator. It was like Imogen's mistaking the dead body of Cloten for her lord's—“the jovial thigh, the brawns of Hercules:” the head, which would have detected the cheat, was missing!

I might have gone more into the subject of our apparent indifference to the pleasure of mere imitation, if I had had to run a parallel between English and Italian or even Flemish art; but really, though I find a great

deal of what is finical, I find nothing of the pleasurable in the details of French more than of English art. The English artist, it is an old and just complaint, can with difficulty be prevailed upon to finish any part of a picture but the face, even if he does that any tolerable justice: the French artist bestows equal and elaborate pains on every part of his picture—the dress, the carpet, &c.; and it has been objected to the latter method, that it has the effect of making the face look unfinished; for as this is variable and in motion, it can never admit of the same minuteness of imitation as objects of *still life*, and must suffer in the comparison, if these have the utmost possible degree of attention bestowed on them, and do not fall into their relative place in the composition from their natural insignificance. But does not this distinction shew generally that the English have no pleasure in art, unless there is an additional interest beyond what is borrowed from the eye, and that the French have the same pleasure in it, provided the mechanical operation is the same—like the fly that settles equally on the face or dress, and runs over the whole surface with the same lightness and indifference? The collar of a coat is out of drawing: this may be and is wrong. But I cannot say that it gives me the same disturbance as if the nose was awry. A Frenchman thinks that both are equally out of drawing, and sets about correcting them both with equal gravity and perseverance. A part of the back-ground of a picture is left in an unfinished state: this is a sad eye-sore to the French artist or connoisseur. We English care little about it: if the head and character are well given, we pass it over as of small consequence; and if they are failures, it is of even less. A French painter, after having made you look like a baboon, would go on finishing the cravat or the buttons of your coat with all the nicety of a man milliner or button-maker, and the most perfect satisfaction with himself and his art. This with us would be quite impossible. “They are careful after many things: with us, there is one thing needful”—which is effect. We certainly throw our impressions more into masses (they are not taken off by pattern, every part alike): there may be a slowness and repugnance at first; but, afterwards, there is an impulse, a *momentum* acquired—one interest absorbing and being strengthened by several others; and if we gain our principal object, we can overlook the rest, or at least cannot find time to attend to them till we have secured this. We have nothing of the *petit-maitre*, of the *martinet* style about us: we run into the opposite fault. If we had time, if we had power, there could be no objection to giving every part with the utmost perfection, as it is given in a looking-glass. But if we have only a month to do a portrait in, is it not better to give three weeks to the face and one to the dress, than one week to the face and three to the dress? How often do we look at the face compared to the dress? “On a good foundation,” says Sancho Panza, “a good house may be built:” so a good picture should have a good back-ground, and be finished in every part. It is entitled to this mark of respect, which is like providing a frame for it, and hanging it in a good light. I can easily understand how Rubens or Vandyke finished the back grounds and drapery of their pictures:—they were worth the trouble; and, besides, it cost them nothing. It was to them no more than blowing a bubble in the air. One would no doubt have every thing right—a feather in a cap, or a plant in the fore-ground—if a thought or a touch would do it. But to labour on for ever, and labour to no purpose, is beyond mortal or English patience. Our clumsiness is one cause of our negligence. Depend upon it, people do with readiness what they



can do well. I rather wonder, therefore, that Raphael took such pains in finishing his draperies and back-grounds, which he did so indifferently. The expression is like an emanation of the soul, or like a lamp shining within and illuminating the whole face and body; and every part, charged with so sacred a trust as the conveying this expression (even to the hands and feet), would be wrought up to the highest perfection. But his inanimate objects must have cost him some trouble; and yet he laboured them too. In what he could not do well, he was still determined to do his best; and that nothing should be wanting in decorum and respect to an art that he had consecrated to virtue, and to that genius that burnt like a flame upon its altars! We have nothing that for myself I can compare with this high and heroic pursuit of art for its own sake. The French fancy their own pedantic abortions equal to it, thrust them into the Louvre, "and with their darkness dare affront that light!"—thus proving themselves without the germ or the possibility of excellence—the feeling of it in others. We at least claim some interest in art, by looking up to its loftiest monuments—retire to a distance, and reverence the sanctuary, if we cannot enter it.

"They also serve who only stare and wait."\*

W. H.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE:  
AN OPERATIC TRAGEDY.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

PYRAMUS, a Cobbler's Son, in love with Thisbe, and in liquor with his Father's Beer.

THISBE, the Daughter of a respectable Char-Woman.

COBBLER, Father of Pyramus, heard but not seen.

LEO, a Lion, 15 feet from the snout to the tail, and 16 feet, &c.

NINNY, a Ghost.

LEONA, the Lion's Lady.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Junction Wall between the Garrets of PYRAMUS and THISBE.*

*Pyr.* Some folks maintain that grief is very dry;  
That's not my case—it always makes me cry.  
Here Feyther thumps and bumps me all about;  
Some day, I'm 'fear'd, he'll knock my soul clean out.

\* Zoffani, a foreign artist, but who, by long residence in England, had got our habits of indolence and dilatoriness, was employed by the late King, who was fond of low comedy, to paint a scene from Reynolds's *SPECULATION*; in which Quick, Munden, and Miss Wallis were introduced. The King called to see it in its progress; and at last it was done—"all but the coat." The picture, however, was not sent; and the King repeated his visit to the artist. Zoffani with some embarrassment said, "It was done all but the goat."—"Don't tell me," said the impatient monarch; "this is always the way: you said it was done all but the coat the last time I was here."—"I said the goat," and please your Majesty."—"Aye," replied the King, "the goat or the coat, I care not which you call it; I say I will not have the picture,"—and was going to leave the room, when Zoffani, in an agony, repeated, "It is the goat that is not finished,"—pointing to a picture of a goat that was hung up in a frame as an ornament to the scene at the theatre. The King laughed heartily at the blunder, and waited patiently till the goat was finished. Zoffani, like other idle people, was careless and extravagant. He made a fortune when he first came over here, which he soon spent; he then went out to India, where he made another, with which he returned to England, and spent also. He was an excellent theatrical portrait-painter, and has left delineations of celebrated actors and interesting situations, which revive the dead, and bring the scene before us.

No solace now my wretched bosom knows,  
Save love and liquor, to destroy my woes;  
And but for Thiz, my truest love and friend,  
My life, alas! would soon wax to an end.

Hush! sure I thought I heard her gentle pat  
Against the wall. Ah! no—it was a rat!—

No—it is she. What! Thizzy, little dear!  
What kept you, love, so long from coming here?

*Thisbe.* I should have come, dear Pyrry, long before;  
But mother made me stop and scour the floor.

*Pyr.* See, darling, what a pretty hole I've made  
Through the rough wall!—you needn't be afraid.

Peep-o, my pretty dear! Law, I can see  
Your twinkling eye that looks so sweet at me!

And now, my dearest, doating, darling Thiz,  
Do blow me, through the wall, a little kiss. *[She blows.*

Laws, Thizzy! you have took me by surprise,  
And blown a lot of brick-dust in my eyes!

Why do I stop here, pent up in the house,  
And make love through a hole, like any mouse?

Straight from our hated parents let us fly,  
And meet each other in the wood hard by:

There I will join you 'neath the forest's shade,  
Where Ninny's tomb is seen amid the glade.

*Thisbe.* Nay, Pyrry, don't go there; they say each night  
Poor Ninny's ghost stalks in the pale moonlight.

You know his story, and you best can tell  
How by his hand the wretched lover fell.

So say for why his spirit cannot rest;  
You knows that naughty men *tell stories* best.

*Pyr.* Poor Ninny once did woo a tender maid,  
Who love, 'twas said, with equal love repaid;

But then her father thought his feelings trash,  
And called on Ninny to fork out the cash.

Now all the blunt he had beneath the sun  
Amounted to the sum of one-pound-one.

With this to raise the wish'd-for dower he tried,  
And to a lottery-office quickly hied.

But when a blank rewarded all his pains,  
He took a pistol and blowed out his brains:

So thus he lost his love and lost his guinea;  
And there he lies entombed.

*Thisbe.* Alas poor Ninny!  
*Pyr.* But of this ghost you need have no alarm,

For Ninny living could do no one harm.  
*Thisbe.* Well, at his tomb we'll meet at twelve o'clock,

And I of victuals will lay in a stock.  
Don't cry, dear Pyrry! we shall meet again;

I'll blow a parting kiss to ease your pain.  
*Pyr.* Laws, Thizzy, it is pain that makes me cry,

With all that brick-dust what's got in my eye.  
*Thisbe.* Oh! if its all your eye, dear, never mind;

I've heard folks say as Love is always blind.  
*Pyr.* I'm blind enough at present, never doubt;

But father aint, and p'rhaps he'll find us out. *[begins to funk.*

*Thisbe.* Nay, don't be 'fear'd—such terrors are but stuff;  
To-morrow we'll be found out, sure enough.

*Pyr.* Let's stop the hole up I made in the wall,  
And then he'll not suspect the thing at all.

*Thisbe.* Stop! sure I heard a noise upon the stairs.  
Hush! 'tis your father's voice. Laws, how he swears!

*The Cobbler (from below).*—Stop!

**Cob.** What are you after there, you rascal, hey? You're at no good there, I'll be bound to say.

**Pyr.** There was a hole, dear father, in the wall, And I was just a stopping it—that's all.

**Cob.** If you don't come down stairs and mend this shoe, I'll come up stairs, and, damme, I'll mend you.

**Pyr.** I'm just a-coming, father. Oh, my eye! Confound that brick-dust! how it makes me cry!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Wood—Dark Night.

*Enter a LION, drunk (singing).*

1.

This maxim is found,  
For those jolly dogs that roam,  
The longest way round  
Is the shortest way home.  
But if until the morning quite  
Perchance we cannot stay,  
Grog in each nose a torch will light  
To guide us on our way.

So we'll stagger, and we'll swagger,  
And a jolly row we'll kick up;  
And with grog before us, let our chorus  
Always end in—hiccup.

2.

A little drop of liquor,  
When we chance to get in trouble,  
Only makes us feel the sicker,  
For we see our sorrows double:  
But if we drink until we find  
We cannot see or go,  
To sorrow we shall then be blind,  
And dead to every woe.  
So we'll stagger, &c.

*Enter THISBE, looking about her. LION goes up to her, and they sing.*

(Tune—"Through Erin's Isle").

**Lion.** My pretty dear, you need not fear,  
I'll nothing do amiss;  
I want from you, my darling true,  
— Just nothing but a kiss.

**Thisbe.** I'm so afeard all at your beard,  
That here I will not stay.

**Lion.** Poh, poh, poh, poh! you shall not go!

**Thisbe.** Nay, zounds I'll run away.

**Lion.** Nay, if you run, sure as a gun  
Just like a shot I'll follow.

**Thisbe.** Upon my life I'll call your wife,  
And set up such a holloa!

**Both.** Fol lol de riddle dol, ri fol de riddle da.

[LION runs at her, but is so drunk that he falls down; she runs off, but leaves a shawl. LION gets up and sees it.]

A pretty shawl is this, upon my life!

'Twill make a famous present for my wife.



Stop—(musing)—no it won't—my missus will be thinking  
 I kept in naughty company while drinking;  
 And perhaps will say, with apron at her eye,  
 Some damsel gave it—so I'll let it lie.  
 Our wives get now-a-days so plaguy jealous,  
 It damps the spirit of us lively fellows.

[A roar is heard from behind.

Zounds! close behind I hear my missus roar;  
 It is a sound I've often heard before!  
 I'll post off home, and into bed I'll creep,  
 And when she comes I'll feign to be asleep.  
 Then if she rows me, starting with a snore,  
 I'll swear I've been in bed an hour or more.

[Exit.

[Mrs. LION is heard singing behind the scenes].

(Air—"Nobody comes to woo").

Now, Lion, you seldom come here,  
 And take little care of your child;  
 And poor little Johnny, I swear,  
 Is getting uncommonly wild.  
 Last night he said learning got stale,  
 And he would to school go no more;  
 But his bottom I whipped with my tail,  
 And sent him to bed in a roar.

Oh dear, what can the matter be!

Oh dear, what shall I do!

Lion, you now won't come after me;

So I must go after you.

[Sound ceases.

[Clock strikes twelve; Ghost of NINNY rises, and dances on the top of the Tomb, singing].

(Tune—"My Name it is Poor Jack").

1.

I am a ghost, good lack,  
 Just from the tomb set free,  
 With no flesh on my back,—  
 Pray what d'ye think of me?

Sing tol de rol de ri di do, &c.

2.

When on the earth above,  
 Upon a fatal day,  
 On being crossed in love,  
 Myself myself did slay.

Sing tol de rol, &c.

But steady, boys! a mortal comes—a fool!  
 He used to beat me black and blue at school.

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. Be'st thou a sprite of hell, or goslin damned,  
 Thus from the earth—in which we saw thee crammed,  
 To rise?

Ghost. Peace, fool! Thus Ninny your foul nonsense stops!  
 By giving you a douse upon the chops.

[Lifts his toe, and kicks him in the mouth.

Pyr. Why, Ninny, zounds! what can you be about?  
 You stupid fool! you've knocked a tooth clean out.

Ghost. You should have held a ghost in greater awe;  
 He who would keep his teeth must hold his jaw.

*Pyr.* I own I'm wrong,—and now of you I crave  
That you will go once more into your grave;  
For here I wait to meet my love to-night,  
And perhaps your presence might not be all right.

*Ghost.* I grant the boon. But now, ere yet I go,  
Behold a sight to fill your breast with woe!  
See there! the shawl, so late by Thisbe worn,  
By some great shaggy lion rent and torn!

[*Puts on his night-cap and goes into the tomb.*]

*Pyr.* What do I see! the shawl, by Thizzy worn,  
By some huge shaggy lion rent and torn!  
Oh! where she is I now too well can guess—  
The beast has of her carcase made a mess.  
Now, by the Fates I swear, I'd give a groat,  
My love may stick fast in the wretch's throat.  
Ah me! of hope and joy I'm clean bereft;  
I have not now a drop of comfort left.  
Thus then I seek the assistance of my knife,  
To end at once my sorrows and my life.

[*Stabs himself, and falls.*]

*Enter THISBE at the other side.*

*Thisbe.* I hope that nasty lion's gone away.  
Laws! what so long can make my Pyrry stay?  
Sure some foul demon's envious attacks  
Have placed upon his bench a piece of wax,  
And glued him to his seat! May Heaven forfend  
He may not thus have made his cobbler's end!  
Ah, no! I fear that horrid Pa of his,  
For work undone, or else work done amiss,  
Has locked him in the dismal cellar, where  
He grieves for me, and drowns his grief in beer.

[*PYRAMUS, faintly rising, falls back.*]

Ah! now I feels more fainterer and sicker—  
Just like a man when he's the worse for liquor.  
Blood rises in my throat—I fall back dizzy:  
Receive me, spirit of immortal Thizzy!

[*Hiccups, and dies.*]

[*THISBE, looking about in the dark.*]

Sure that was Pyrry's voice! but 'tis so foggy,  
I cannot see him—yet it sounded groggy!  
Methought—and yet methinks it was absurd—  
His hiccups' well-known sound I also heard.  
He spoke of spirit! Now, egad, I fear  
In liquor, not in love, he staggered here.  
See where he lies—a pig—stretched on the ground!  
Drunk as the sow of David, I'll be bound!  
What blood is this about his mouth I see?  
Why, sure he's bumped his nose against a tree!  
What, still more blood! By gum, my darling's killed;  
And here's the knife that has his dear blood spilled!  
Oh! cruel steel that stole my Pyrry's life,  
Thus take the *ditto* of his maiden wife!  
And now, my dearest darling, ere I die,  
I'll kiss your bloody lips, and say good bye.  
Oh dear! to-morrow is our washing day!  
Laws! laws! I wonder what will mother say!

[*Espies him.*]

[*Stabs herself.*]

[*She hiccups, and dies.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

## TRAVELLING SKETCHES:

No. I.

*Travelling in General: Bordeaux Diligence in particular.*

I AM fond of travelling: yet I never undertake a journey without experiencing a vague feeling of melancholy. There is to me something strangely oppressive in the preliminaries of departure. The packing of a small valise; the settlement of accounts—justly pronounced by Rabelais a *blue-devilish* process; the regulation of books and papers;—in short, the whole routine of valedictory arrangements, are to me as a nightmare on the waking spirit. They induce a mood of last wills and testaments—a sense of dislocation, which, next to a vacuum, Nature abhors—and create a species of moral decomposition, not unlike that effected on matter by chemical agency. It is not that I have to lament the disruption of social connexions or domestic ties. This, I am aware, is a trial sometimes borne with exemplary fortitude; and I was lately edified by the magnanimous unconcern with which a married friend of mine sang the last verse of “Home! sweet home!” as the chaise which was to convey him from the *burthen* of his song drove up to the door. It does not become a bachelor to speculate on the mysteries of matrimonial philosophy; but the feeling of pain with which I enter on the task of migration has no affinity with individual sympathies, or even with domiciliary attachments. My landlady is, without exception, the ugliest woman in London; and the locality of Elbow-lane cannot be supposed absolutely to spell-bind the affection of one occupying, as I do, solitary chambers on the third floor.

The case, it may be supposed, is much worse when it is my lot to take leave, after passing a few weeks at the house of a friend in the country;—a house, for instance, such as is to be met with only in England:—with about twenty acres of lawn, but no park; with a shrubbery, but no made-grounds; with well-furnished rooms, but no conservatory; and with a garden, in which dandy tulips and high-bred anemones do not disdain the fellowship of honest artichokes and laughing cauliflowers—no bad illustration of the republican union of comfort with elegance which reigns through the whole establishment. The master of the mansion, perhaps an old and valued schoolfellow:—his wife, a well-bred, accomplished, and still beautiful woman—cordial, without vulgarity—refined, without pretension—and informed, without a shade of blue! Their children!.... But my reader will complete the picture, and imagine, better than I can describe, how one of my temperament must suffer at quitting such a scene. At six o'clock on the dreaded morning, the friendly old butler knocks at my room door, to warn me that the mail will pass in half an hour at the end of the green lane. On descending to the parlour, I find that my old friend has, in spite of our over-night agreement and a slight touch of gout, come down to see me off. His amiable lady is pouring out for me a cup of tea—assuring me that she would be quite unhappy at allowing me to depart without that indispensable prelude to a journey. A gig waits at the door: my affectionate host will not permit me to walk even half a mile. The minutes pass unheeded; till, with a face of busy but cordial concern, the old butler reminds me that the mail is at hand. I bid a hasty and agitated farewell, and turn with loathing to the forced companionship of a public vehicle.



My anti-leave-taking foible is certainly not so much affected when I quit the residence of an hotel—that public home—that wearisome resting-place—that epitome of the world—that compound of gregarious incompatibilities—that bazaar of character—that proper resort of semi-social egotism and unamalgable individualities—that troublous haven, where the vessel may ride and tack, half-sheltered, but finds no anchorage. Yet even the Lilliputian ligatures of such a sojourn imperceptibly twine round my lethargic habits, and bind me, Gulliver like, a passive fixture. Once, in particular, I remember to have *stuck* at the Hôtel des Bons Enfants, in Paris—a place with nothing to recommend it to one of ordinary locomotive energies. But there I stuck. Business of importance called me to Bordeaux. I lingered for two months. At length, by one of those nervous efforts peculiar to weak resolutions, I made my arrangements, secured my emancipation, and found myself on the way to the starting-place of the Diligence. I well remember the day: 'twas a rainy afternoon in spring. The aspect of the gayest city in the world was dreary and comfortless. The rain dripped perpendicularly from the eaves of the houses, exemplifying the axiom that lines are composed of a succession of points. At the corners of the streets it shot a curved torrent from the projecting spouts, flooding the channels, and drenching, with a sudden drum-like sound, the passing umbrellas, whose varied tints of pink, blue, and orange, like the draggled finery of feathers and flounces beneath them, only made the scene more glaringly desolate. Then came the rush and splatter of cabriolets, scattering terror and defilement. The well-mounted English dandy shews his sense by hoisting his parapluie; the French dragoon curls his mustachio at such effeminacy, and braves the liquid bullets in the genuine spirit of Marengo; the old French count picks his elastic steps with the placid and dignified philosophy of the *ancien régime*; while the Parisian dames, of all ranks, ages, and degrees, trip along, with one leg undraped, exactly in proportion to the shapeliness of its configuration.

The huge clock of the Messageries Royales told three as I entered the gateway. The wide court had an air of humid dreariness. On one side stood a dozen of those moving caravansaras, the national vehicles, with their leathern caps—like those of Danish sailors in a north-wester—hanging half off, soaked with wet. Opposite was the range of offices, busy with all the peculiar importance of French *bureaucratic*. Their clerks, decorated with ribbons and crosses, wield their pens with all the conscious dignity of secretaries of state; and “*book*” a bale or a parcel as though they were signing a treaty, or granting an amnesty. The meanest *employé* seems to think himself invested with certain occult powers. His civility savours of government patronage; and his frown is inquisitorial. To his fellows, his address is abrupt and diplomatic. He seems to speak in cypher, and to gesticulate by some rule of freemasonry. But to the *uninitiated* he is explanatory to a scruple, as though mischief might ensue from his being misapprehended. He makes sure of your understanding by an emphasis, which reminds one of the loudness of tone used towards a person supposed to be hard of hearing—a proceeding not very flattering where there happens to be neither dulness nor deafness in the case. In a word, the measured pedantry of his whole deportment betrays the happy conviction in which he rejoices of being conversant with matters little dreamt of in your philosophy. Among the bystanders, too, there are some who might, probably with more reason, boast their proficiency in mysterious lore—fellows of smooth aspect

and polite demeanour, whom at first you imagine to have become casual spectators from mere lack of better pastime, but whose furtive glances and vagrant attention betray the familiars of the police—that complex and mighty engine of modern structure, which, far more surely than the “ear of Dionysius,” conveys to the tympanum of power each echoed sigh and reverberated whisper. It is a chilling thing to feel one’s budding confidence in a new acquaintance nipped by such frosty suspicions; yet—Heaven forgive me!—the bare idea has, before now, caused me to drop, unscented, the pinch of *carotte* which has been courteously tendered by some coffee-house companion. In the group before me, I fancied that I could distinguish some of this ungentle brotherhood; and my averted eye rested with comparative complacency even on a couple of *gens-d’armes*, who were marching up and down before the door, and whose long swords and voluminous cocked hats never appeared to me less offensive.

In the mean time, knots of travellers were congregating round the different vehicles about to depart. In the centre of each little band stood the main point of attraction—Monsieur le Conducteur—that important personage, whose prototype we look for in vain among the dignitaries of Lad-lane, or the Bull-and-Mouth, and whose very name can only be translated by borrowing one of Mr. Mc Adam’s titles—“the Colossus of Roads.” With fur cap, official garb, and the excursive eye of a martinet, he inspects every detail of preparation—sees each passenger stowed *seriatim* in his special place—then takes his position in front—gives the word to his jack-booted vice, whose responsive whip cracks assent—and away rolls the ponderous machine, with all the rumbling majesty of a three-decker from off the stocks.

I was roused from these contemplations by a hasty summons to the Bordeaux Diligence, which was now ready to start, and which, in a few minutes, was thundering, like its predecessors, along the Rue des Victoires. It consisted of three distinct *corps de loges*, capable of holding altogether eighteen passengers; but in the centre compartment, to which I had articulated myself, I found only one travelling companion. A numerous host of friends had attended his departure; and I had observed him exchange the national embrace with nearly a dozen young officers of the Royal Guard. He appeared about five-and-twenty years of age, with dark intelligent eyes, and an agreeable countenance; but the peculiarly mild expression of which checked the surmise—suggested by his demi-military costume—that he belonged to the army. There was an evident dejection, too, about him, which ill-assorted with the reckless buoyancy of spirit so characteristic of the young French soldier.

As we emerged from the narrow streets, and neared the Pont Neuf, a flood of glorious sunshine bathed the long vista of architectural magnificence which burst on our view. Every cornice, frieze, and pilaster of that dazzling perspective gleamed out in all the distinctness of their sculptured tracery: yet the effect of the whole was as that of a mellowed painting, and the eye slighted every detail to revel in the luxury of that sublime and fugitive emotion which abhors decomposition, and is destroyed by analysis! My companion leaned eagerly to gaze on the splendid scene, and sighed deeply as his last lingering look was intercepted by the projecting angle of the street into which we were now entering. The seriousness of his manner—so unusual in a Frenchman—checked any inclination which I might have felt to indulge that “spirit of free inquiry” so often adopted in these

case. He was too much absorbed in his own feelings to relish conversation, and we remained silent. In a short time, however, he seemed disposed to rally his spirits; and—evidently from a motive of politeness—addressed me. Sense, information, and talent marked all he said. In classical learning he seemed a proficient, and shewed an equal acquaintance with history, philosophy, and science. By degrees he became animated; his gloom wore off, and occasional flashes of wit proved that his intellectual wealth did not all consist of a *paper currency*. Still there was in his talk a guardedness on every topic pointing to himself—an anti-egotism—which evinced his wish to preserve the *incognito*.

At the end of the first stage, we were joined by a young officer—lively, frank, and spirited, and with a mind as brimful of the present as if there were no such things, in or out of the world, as the past and the future. The accession of his gaiety was a fresh supply of oxygen; and my Parisian friend and I, who ran some risk of growing profound and prosy, brightened up, like reviving chandeliers. Our new guest lost no time in informing us that he was a native of Brittany—that he had been bred at the *École Polytechnique*—had fought among the pupils at the memorable defence of *Mont Martre*—had fallen in love the week after—had tried to run away with his mistress—and had gotten into disgrace with his father, who hired him the next day in the disguise of a footman, and forgave him for the sake of the frolic—that, as a dutiful son, he had passed a month in a counting-house, and ten days in a lawyer's office—then followed nature, and entered the army—was fond of the flute—thought *Petit* the best boot-maker, and *Lamarque* the best tailor, in Paris—was now a captain in the Guards—was on his way to join his corps at Bayonne—liked all good fellows—and hated but one man in the world, and that was the chaplain of his own regiment.

A volubility like this, is generally unpromising; but there was a redeeming air of candour and generosity about this young *militaire*, which impressed us favourably; and I found on this, as I had done in many other instances, that a redundant flow of animal spirits is not certain evidence of weak intellects, or shallow feelings. “But, why, Sir,” said I, “this ungracious exclusion of the chaplain from the benefit of that rule of universal good will which you profess, and which ought surely to be a rule without an exception?”

“I cannot help,” he replied, “hating hypocrisy. It is a sort of refined treachery, and has always struck me to be that sin against the Holy Ghost, for which there is forgiveness neither in this world nor in the next.”

“So much the greater danger,” I said, “of imputing it rashly; and you will not be offended at my saying, that among young soldiers, it is too much the fashion to make some individual priest the scape-goat of all the ecclesiastical demerits of christendom. The clerical robe may save a man's bones; but 'tis a weak mantle of defence against prejudice.”—“I am an enemy,” he replied, “to all prejudice, and am neither a man-hater, a woman-hater, nor a priest-hater: but as you view this matter seriously, permit me to ask, whether religion can be recommended, or morality promoted in a regiment by a gloomy monk, or stray ascetic, who knows no difference between mirth and vice, demureness and virtue; who shuns society, or mars it by pedantry or fastidiousness; and whose theory and practice constitute the perfection of bigotry? For my part,”



he continued, "whatever be *my* practice, I have no antipathy to any form of religion; and if I could once meet with a priest of social manners, cheerful conversation, and liberal opinions, in the genuine sense of that term—I am not sure that the practical effect of such a rencontre would not go farther to convert me than all that has been preached and written for a century. But what is of more importance, the influence of a few such ecclesiastics in the army would be prodigious: for after all, Sir, scepticism is not a fundamental ingredient in the French character. The organ of veneration finds a place even in the pericranium of a soldier; and your Corporal Trim has, you know, ably defended our profession from the charge of never praying."—"But, surely," I rejoined, "your clergy must number many such as you describe."—"Not one, I assure you; and so inveterate is the mannerism of the whole body, that I would wager the best dinner Bordeaux can furnish, that, disguise a priest as you will, I should know him among a thousand."—"I accept your wager, Sir," said the Parisian, "and though my society is much more among soldiers than ecclesiastics, I do not despair of winning your entertainment."—"And I should be most happy to lose it," said the Captain, "were it only for the honour of the church; but I have little doubt," added he, laughing, "that we shall fare sumptuously at your expense."—"I run all risks," replied the other, "and pledge myself to introduce you to a young clerical friend of mine at Bordeaux, with whom you shall converse for an hour, or a day, if you please, without ever suspecting him to be a clerk."—"Done, done, by all means," said the Captain.—"Done," said the Parisian: and I was requested to register the bet.

We were just then entering a village where we stopped to change horses; it was a beautiful summer's evening. A group of peasants were gathered round the inn door; some at their light potations: a more juvenile party dancing under some elms at a short distance, while nearer to us a merry circle were enjoying the mimics and drolleries of a comical looking fellow, with a head of cabbage for a nosegay, and a cock's tail in his hat. He was evidently the jester of the village, and seemed privileged among the girls, whose shrill peals of laughter—(breaking through the staves of a Bacchanalian chorus from within)—responded to every new flash of his wit, or no less irresistible contortion of his countenance. Every surrounding object furnished matter for his quips and cranks; and our trio in the *Diligence* did not escape. He aimed at us some side-long jibes, which produced a roar of laughter; and such is the effect of ridicule, that even when of the cheapest quality, no one likes to pay for it. For my part, I felt that I was no match for this champion of fun, and looked for support to the young captain; but his power of repartee, after one or two unlucky attempts, was equally at fault; and our cause was growing utterly hopeless, when the Parisian thrust his head out of the window. The wit seemed determined to punish his temerity, and let fly a shower of barbed jests; but to the astonishment of all present, he was met by such a counter volley of jocular retort—*Rolands for Olivers*—*doubles for singles*—all delivered in so exact an imitation of his own voice, manner, dialect, and slang, that victory soon changed sides. The cabbage nosegay, from a badge of honour, became suddenly transformed into a mark of defeat: the cock's tail drooped: the luckless jester grinned, blushed, and finally slunk away, amid the jeers of his fickle audience, who complimented our triumph by giving us three cheers, as we rolled away.

"Well," said the Parisian, smiling, and evidently enjoying our almost incredulous astonishment, "it is fortunate for me that the morose chaplain is not here, for I suppose he would set me down as a profligate, past redemption; but as I take you to be like myself, orthodox lovers of a joke, what say you, if we devote ourselves to Momus, during the remainder of this journey? We must needs do something to beguile the tedium of the road; and I have ever found Molière a better travelling companion than Puffendorf or Locke."

We gladly assented to this proposal, and ratified the compact at supper in an extra glass of Burgundy. This repast, at all times exhilarating, is peculiarly so on a journey; and we rose to resume our route in excellent spirits. At the door of the Diligence, we found a young gentleman preparing to join our caravan: he was accompanied by an elderly female, who assiduously kerchiefed his neck, warned him to nurse his cold, and, as he stepped into the carriage, slipped into the pocket of his surcoat, a provision of barley-sugar, pectoral lozenges, and other toothsome specifics. "Behold our first victim to Momus," said the Parisian; and forthwith addressing the youth, he overwhelmed him with a thousand civilities, so strangely officious, yet so gravely volunteered, as to produce a highly diverting effect of gratitude and astonishment. He bewildered him by assuming sundry whimsical modes of expression—a slight stutter, and the tone of a privileged oddity: a combination which, while it nearly convulsed the captain and myself, placed our guest in the ludicrous predicament, unconsciously, of furnishing the jest,—being himself all the time under the compound torture of excited awe and suppressed laughter. It would require the dramatic talent of a Mathews to describe the scene that followed. Our young traveller was, it appeared, employed in the department of the forests; and his indefatigable mystifier, after putting him through a rigorous examination, on the various branches of his duty, ended by asking him if he could at a glance tell the exact breadth of a river? "No" was of course the answer. "Then," replied the other, "if you will attend to me I will give you a simple rule for that purpose, highly useful to a gentleman in your situation." At the same moment, his clenched hand descended with such force on the hat of his astonished auditor, as to bring the rim of it nearly in contact with his nose—(just then the light of a lamp, near which we had stopped, gave us a full view of the scene). "Pardon me, Sir," he continued, seizing the hands which were struggling to extricate the engulfed head, "this is the first part of the rule, and cannot be dispensed with. Now, Sir, fancy yourself on the banks of the Oronoco, or any other river. When you come within fifteen paces of the bank you must hold up your head, brace your knees, and step out boldly till you reach the water's edge. Now be pleased to shut the right eye, and look up with the left, till you bring the visual line in contact, as it were, with the extreme rim of your hat; keeping that eye so fixed, next open the other, and let it rest on the opposite bank of the river. The moment that is done, wheel half-round, suddenly, so! (and suiting the action to the word, he gave the hapless tyro a twirl, assuring him that this too was indispensable). Now, Sir, by this movement—pray, pay particular attention—your eye has described an arc, or section of a circle, which must, as you are well aware, be the measure of the angle formed by the two visual lines above-mentioned, of which angle—mark!—this (seizing his nose) "may be called the apex; and conse-

quently, having formed the said arc, you have only to measure the subtended chord, which will give you to a fraction the breadth of the river!" "I hope," he added, "that I make myself understood: if not, I shall be happy to repeat the proposition." But his bewildered pupil who had, by this time, reached his journey's end, and was rising to depart—evidently convinced that he had been under the examination of an inspector general of the forests—assured him that his explanation had been perfectly clear; and, amid a profusion of thanks for his condescension, hinted a hope that he would note his name for promotion.

From Orleans to Tours, and from Tours to Bordeaux, our compact of merriment was faithfully adhered to. But to follow our facetious companion through a tithe of the drolleries which he enacted, would overtax the pen of a Smollett. The versatility of talent, and compass of learning, which he enlisted in the production of "*broad grins*," was quite prodigious, and redeemed his feats of practical wit. To each new tenant of our vehicle, he exhibited himself in a different disguise, assuming, by turns, the manner and phraseology of every rank, profession, and even trade. With surprising tact he seized and developed, at will, the salient points of every new character, literally playing on each—as though he were modulating on a musical instrument; and, with still greater skill, so effectually guarded his own, that on reaching Bordeaux, neither the captain nor I could form the remotest idea of who or what he was. It was clear, however, notwithstanding the mask of waggery which he had chosen to assume, that he possessed a mind of no ordinary stamp;—and we gladly accepted an invitation to breakfast with him the morning after our arrival, that—as he added—no time might be lost in settling the wager between him and the captain.

The moon was just rising as we entered the second city of France, by the finest bridge in Europe. A beaded crescent of luminous points, reflected in the water, marked the outline of splendid masonry that sweeps round the broad Garonne, exhibiting a quay of such grandeur, as to prove the fitness of the appellation, which denotes that the main feature of the city is its fine position, *sur le bord de l'eau*. But my limits warn me to reserve this subject for a future paper, and the repose which I needed after this laughing journey, may not be unacceptable to some of my readers. They will not, however, I trust, decline to join the breakfast party of the Parisian unknown, to which I was summoned, next morning, at the appointed hour, by my friend the captain. We again interchanged surmises respecting our travelling enigma, but not a scintilla of probability could be struck from any of our conjectures. "Well," said the captain, "we may unriddle him at breakfast; and, at all events, I promise you another chance over a bottle of Lafitte, at the excellent dinner which I am to win presently by my skill in divination;" so saying, he led the way to the apartment of our Parisian friend, whose cheerful voice greeted our signal of approach:—but how shall I attempt to describe the paralysis of astonishment which smote us, on beholding, as we entered, the living image, the speaking prototype—nay, the very person and identity of him who was, but yesterday, the scholar, the philosopher, the wit—now standing before us a tonsured, cropped, and cassocked PRIEST!!! After a staring pause, so long, that even on the stage it would have appeared unnatural, he advanced smiling, and cordially shaking our passive hands, said, "Gentlemen, I am truly rejoiced to greet you at length in my real character. I am, indeed, a priest; and having now, I hope, fairly won my wager, I may congratu-



late myself on having begun the shearing of my flock; among which, Monsieur le Capitaine, you will perceive that I have the honour of numbering you." So saying, he exhibited, to our increased wonder, his official appointment as chaplain to the — regiment of guards. "I am aware," he continued, "how prone ignorance or malevolence might be, to misconstrue that vein of pleasantry which, I trust, has been, in the present instance, not only innocent, but in some degree useful. In taking from choice the sacred profession, I neither forfeited my feelings as a man, nor the genial tendencies of my disposition to social enjoyment. These ever taught me, and teach me now, to despise cant, and hate hypocrisy. In the ministers of religion these vices are doubly odious, and shall never escape the lash which it may be in my power to apply: but while I make no defence for such as resemble the description given of my morose predecessor in the chaplaincy, I cannot admit (Heaven forbid!) that the majority of my clerical cotemporaries are fashioned on so deformed a model; nor could I decline the opportunity of attempting to prove by one humble example, that misanthropic gloom, and monkish bigotry, do not necessarily enter into the composition of a French priest!—His animated and eloquent address, of which this is but a faint sketch, drew from the soldier a frank avowal of what he termed "his blundering logic." He shook the young chaplain most cordially by the hand, and assured him that, with such sentiments, he would find a friend in every man in the regiment." "And a friend," added I, "in every country in Europe!"

I need not add that the captain most punctually paid the penalty of his forfeit, and was amply compensated for the loss of his wager, by the acquisition of a friend. On the following morning, after bidding me a cordial adieu, they pursued their route together for the Spanish frontier; and I found myself once more in the solitude of an inn. P.

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#### UPON THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.\*

THERE is a phenomenon in the history of the English people, the existence of which we do not remember to have seen or heard remarked. It is their infinitely closer affinity, under every intellectual point of view, to the French, and perhaps to every Southern people of Europe, than to the Germans, or perhaps to any people of the North; and this in spite of the physical fact of the German national, original, and even present language, of the English or Anglo-Saxons. Can the dissimilitude of the migratory branch to the features of the parent stock be explained, by supposing that the Saxons, after all, have been the minority in England, and therefore have yielded to the influence of foreigners in the formation of their intellectual character? Did they, at their first arrival in England, imbibe the Celtic notions of the Britons, whom they subdued, or of the Romans, the previous masters of the Britons? Were they frenchified by their Norman conquerors, by the continued influence of a Norman dynasty, and by the admixture of Norman blood; or by their constant intercourse, whether in peace or war, with France—France, which has been taught to speak and think by Rome, by Italy, and by Greece? Or, lastly, is it the active—the commercial, the maritime, and the exploratory, life of the Anglo-

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\* Treatise upon the Origin of Language. Translated from the German of I. G. Von Herder. London. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1827.

Saxons, which has given to them, in the course of ages, and through their inhabitation of a narrow island, a tone of mind, and a consequent manner of speech, so distinct from those of the sedentary and speculative German, the continued inhabitant of a continental region, little tempted to sail over every sea, estranged almost from every great navigable river, shut out from southern intercourse, little engaged in commerce, little communicating with foreigners of any soil whatever, and still less with those of France, and of the rest of the South of Europe, in particular?

We are provoked to these inquiries by the marked and unqualified *Germanism* of the pages before us; a Germanism of thought and expression, that evinces how small a part of the difficulty of an Englishman's reading a German author consists only in the difference of language—or, as it really is, of *dialect* alone! In a French, Spanish, Italian, or other Southern author, upon the other hand, let an Englishman but once conquer the language, and he finds himself conversing—we had almost said, with one of his fellow-men;—but certainly with an individual of the same general education, mode of thinking, and mode of speaking with himself. National differences there still undoubtedly are; but, in spite of these, there is a general resemblance. But take up a German author, and whether we are ourselves conversant with the German, or the German is ever so successfully rendered into English, yet, at last, how small is the approximation obtained! Other remarks would offer themselves in other departments of German literature; but it is a philosophical work which is now under review, and it is only to German philosophical literature that we are here addressing ourselves. A “Treatise upon the Origin of Language” is before us; and, though the “Origin of Language,” upon any hypothesis, belongs to what is usually called “metaphysics,” yet what Englishman or Frenchman would conduct a metaphysical discussion in the manner of this “Treatise;” or can follow, with patience and pleasure to himself, the waste of words, the waste of thought, and the multiplied abstractions, and at least peculiar phraseology, which such pages, even when perfectly anglicised, present?

The diversity too of national education between the German and modern English is rendered, ten times the more remarkable in the instance here adduced, from the language employed by the Translator himself; in which, while the most correct English is confessedly written—while none but the most usual English words are confessedly employed—yet the modes of expression at once proclaim the German birth and education of the writer, and make, as we should fear, that writer's avowed purpose of being “instrumental,” through the means of this version of Herder, “to more amalgamation between the Germans and the English,” utterly hopeless! It is not merely the text of the Author which repulses, but the Translator's “Introduction” itself, written for the directly opposite purpose, must answer, as we actually fear, and sincerely regret, no other end than that of a scarecrow, to drive away the feet of the Englishman who would approach any German treatise in philosophy! The Translator, in the mean time—and while taking a just view of the “opposite spheres of speculative and practical life,” in which the Germans and English are respectively engaged—assures us, that, “by the strenuousness of their strongly-contrasted exertions, they are become more closely connected than they imagine.” But, for our own part, we can perceive no symptom of the desired and most desirable union! The character which is ascribed, in this very “Introduction,” to German philosophising, and the very lan-

guage held by the Translator, remind us more of the abstraction of an Indian Joghi, than of any thing like English thought or inquiry; and, after glancing over the whole work, we recal, without surprise, the saying of Frederick the Great, who, breathing the atmosphere of German philosophy and mysticism, averred, that man was made to be a postillion, and not a philosopher! The Translator, in anticipation of any charge of deficiency in his translation, reminds us of the richness of the German language, in words appertaining to the sphere of speculation and deeply excited feeling, while the English language is more copious in the sphere of action and *observation*. Now all this is exceedingly just, and, in itself, offers much that is valuable to the true philosophy of language; but does not so important a contrast forbid the hope of amalgamation between men whose tongues hold language so opposite, only because their minds are so differently engaged? What is intended by the phrases that follow is doubtless very true; but are not the English estranged from the Germans (we speak of the thinking part of both nations) at once by phraseology, and by those modes of thinking, or of *philosophising*, of which that phraseology is the result? "The sphere of the deepest internal existence," says the Translator, at the outset of his Introduction, "is where the German is most at home—here he has become most intellectually enlightened; while the Englishman, from the active spirit which characterizes his country, has made greater progress in the *external world*."

We shall readily grant that much of the obscurity which presents itself in these and similar pages, is capable of dissipation through a proper change of German for English *idioms*, and of *terms* employed by the German philosopher for those in use with the English; but, these concessions made, and these changes supposed, what is an Englishman to pursue? An inquiry into the "Origin of Language," amid reveries, fantasies, abstractions, modes of expression, and style of argument, so peculiarly exotic, as those which, for example, present themselves, as well in the text of Herder, as in the "Introduction" of his German translator into English! The following paragraphs from the "Introduction," will contribute, among other things, to explain the German distinction between "internal and external existence:"—

"This translation of Herder's masterly treatise, 'Upon the Origin of Language,' is offered to the cultivated of the English nation, as the commencement of a series of selections, from the philosophical literature of the Germans."

"The Germans and the English have, indeed, entered so deeply into, and effected so much in the opposite spheres of speculative and practical life, that, by the strenuousness of their strongly contrasted exertions, they are become more closely connected than they imagine; and more intimately related, than ever nations were before. Internal and external existence have value and true signification only when viewed in relation to each other.

"The necessary connection, in which every created thing stands, with the infinite and multifold variety of all created things and beings; the infinite fullness of power, which constantly streams in, incessantly and progressively effecting a higher development: this constitutes the internal state of all existence. But that limitation, which manifests itself in a visible form, arising from the play of action and re-action, in short, that finite nature which is appointed as the sphere of exercise for life in every stage, that is the external state of all creation.

"We should feel, think, and act as finite beings, but at the same time, by continual solution of all opposition, in the limited sphere allotted to us, should elevate ourselves towards the next above, and thus approach nearer to divine light, to more unsullied joy, and to a nobler state of being. Our nature is both finite and infinite; by withdrawing ourselves from our finite nature, we should fall into a confused, phantastic state of unconsciousness; or by estranging ourselves from our infinite nature, should sink into a kind of morbid insensibility, whose limited



boundary for thought and action admits of no higher aim than dead form, devoid of all superior spiritual sense.

"I trust it will be excused, if, by way of introduction, I enter somewhat further into this subject. It may possibly tend to render the peculiarities of German literature more intelligible to the cultivated Englishman, and to make him estimate more correctly the value of that internal sphere of existence, where feeling and intellect, together with the arts and philosophy (which arise from them) are more especially nurtured.

"I could wish to be instrumental to more amalgamation between the Germans and the English, as between external and internal life. I could wish to contribute towards our further insight into that depth of science, to which the Germans have attained, and which contains treasures not easily conceived. These, however, can only be discovered and appreciated after the mind has been trained for a certain period, in the profound sphere of intellectual cultivation and elevated feeling, and thus fitted to receive the revelation of higher truths."

The Translator then speaks as follows of his Author:—

"Herder's writings appear, in a philosophical point of view, pre-eminently calculated to direct the attention, with more certainty, towards that deep internal state of existence peculiar to the Germans.

"Herder is equally free from too flighty speculation, and from that too deep immersion in the spiritual realm, which is incompatible with perspicuity, and which, from deviating too far into the sphere of mere possibility, loses sight of all reality. Herder's ideas flow rapidly and decidedly, they furnish continual novelty in his views, and, proceeding upon the basis of history and nature, adhere to what is intelligible and true, as presented to the mind of man from every thing around him, which, like his own nature, is both finite and infinite.

"Herder's proposition is, 'Language arose with the first spark of consciousness.' This, like every other production, became gradually more perfectly developed. The first gift is followed by a second, as soon as it has been appropriated and consciously assimilated by a free intelligent being. Thus each progressive step succeeds the other. Every revelation, when intellectually resolved, brings fuller manifestation to the mind, which becomes more and more elevated by every act of assimilation.

"The most important task of life, is progressively to resolve into thought and action, all that is gradually revealed through the medium of sense and feeling. This is the noblest avenue of approach to God; for in God is comprehended all freedom and fulness of being in thought and action, throughout eternity."

The subjoined concession also, while it points to an additional repulsion in the mode of German philosophising, affords, at the same time, a fresh and original example of that mystic enthusiasm, that air of "deep internal existence," which is so prominently and mischievously obtruded (to speak with the ideas of an Englishman) into every path of German inquiry:—

"It must also be difficult to the English reader to admit many things as positively true, which are asserted here in a positive tone. And it is characteristic of the Germans, that in the course of exposition (perhaps from too great zeal) they pronounce many things too absolutely, although fully convinced that every system, every thought, every view, and even every observation and fact, has only symbolical worth, as instrumental to the discovery of truth; as a symbol of the eternal, invisible, Supreme Being. And the only use of all, to finite man, is to bring him nearer and nearer, to a fuller manifestation, and more conscious intelligence of the Great Incomprehensible."

This "Treatise" appears to have been written at the public invitation of a philosophical society or academy, and in reply to the following question—so inserted in these pages as not to appear, what it really is, the thesis of the whole discussion:—"Could man, by his unassisted natural powers, have invented language for himself?" That question it answers in the affirmative, or against the hypothesis of "divine origin;" and, with this conclusion of the German philosopher we are so entirely satisfied, that

we have no subject of complaint, other than that against the *German* mode of analysis, argument, and illustration, of which these pages afford us so many examples! Very many of these subordinate parts have our admiration; while, from others, we are turned away by what we describe as the national difference of thinking and expression.

It may be observed that the question proposed, at least as it is here given in English, does not regard the actual fact of the "Origin of Language," but only the hypothetical inquiry, "Whether, *if* man had been left to his natural unassisted powers, he *could* have invented language for himself?" For ourselves, we say, that man *did* invent language for himself, simply as he invented walking for himself! He walked, because he had feet; and he spoke, because he had a tongue. He walked, because he felt the impulse or the inducement to walk; and he spoke, because he felt the impulse or the inducement to speak. God, when he gave man feet and a tongue, and the motives to use both, sent man into the world fully qualified both to walk and to speak. But man cultivates both his walk and his speech; and the cultivation of speech has produced that whole science and variety of words to which we give the collective name of language, or *the action or produce* of the tongue.

M. Von Herder is of the same general opinion with ourselves; but his arguments and modes of expression are not always equally to our taste. He calls language "a sense of the mind;" while we should call it a product consequent upon "sense"—that is, we speak, because we feel or think; and, unless there is some error in the translation, we think our philosopher singularly unhappy and forced, both in his doctrine and in his proof, when (p. 41) he tells us, that "man invented his own language from the *tones* of living nature."

"I ask whether the following truth, viz. that the intelligence by which man rules over nature, was the parent of a living language, which he abstracted as distinguishing signs, from the tones of every creature which uttered sounds? I ask, whether in the oriental style, this dry proposition could have been more nobly and beautifully expressed than 'God brought the beasts of the field to Adam, to see what he would call them, and whatsoever he called them, that was the name thereof.' In the oriental style, it can scarcely be more precisely said, 'man invented his own language from the tones of living nature, thus forming marks for his sovereign intellect.' And this is just what I endeavour to prove."

This text and context of Genesis, indeed, plainly imply that God did not teach man language, but absolutely called upon him to exercise a faculty which he already enjoyed; and, as to the names which Adam gave to the "beasts of the field," they might, or might not, express his ideas concerning them, either as to their figure, their size, their habits, their *tones*, or any other characteristic; and, by the way, there is, in this place, some danger of confounding language with thought—things which M. Von Herder insists upon as naturally identical. If we were to say that God invented the words or names which Adam proposed (a supposition contrary to the text), and if Adam's names expressed his thoughts, then we must attribute to the Divinity,—first, the invention of the thought,—and next, of the word or name to convey it; or, if we suppose the thought arising naturally in the mind of Adam—that is, from the nature of the mind which God had given him—then all that remained was to invent the name or word which should express the thought.

Our author treats the "Confusion of Tongues," or, as it has otherwise been translated, the "Confusion of Lips," as "a poetical fragment for the archaeology of the history of nations;" but we cannot think him more

happy upon this than upon the former occasion, in his view of the "idea" which the book of Genesis has intended to convey:—

"An ancient oriental relic upon the division of languages (which I only consider as a poetical fragment for the archæology of the history of nations) confirms, in a very poetical narrative, what so many nations, in all parts of the world, have proved by their example. 'Languages were not suddenly changed,' as the philosopher multiplies them by migration. 'Nations united themselves (says the poem) for some great undertaking, then came upon them the dizziness of confusion and of multiplied languages, so that they left off their work and separated.' What was this but sudden exasperation and discord, for which any important work furnished fittest occasion. There, perhaps, some trifling point gave rise to offended family pride; union and mutual intention were destroyed, the spark of dissention shot into a flame, they fled from each other, and from their violence, caused the very thing which their work was intended to prevent—they confounded their origin and their language. Thus arose different nations, and the ruins, says a later writer, were called the 'confusion of nations.'

"Whoever understands the oriental spirit in such metaphorical introductions and histories (though, for the sake of theology, I willingly yield here to a higher decree) will not in this allegory mistake the principal idea, though sentimentally expressed, that dissension upon any important design undertaken in common, and not merely the migration of nations, was the reason of the rise of so many languages. But setting aside this oriental testimony (which I only adduce here as a poem) it is apparent that multiplicity of languages can furnish no objection against the natural and human progressive cultivation of language."

M. Von Herder appears to feel himself strongly called upon to overcome the prepossession of those who teach *the divine origin of language*. The following are his concluding propositions:—

"The divine origin has nothing in its favour, not even the testimony of the oriental scriptures, upon which it relies, for these clearly indicate the human origin of language, in the designation of the brute creation.

"Every thing is in favour of, and nothing absolutely against the human origin of language. The inmost nature of the human soul, and the elements of language, the analogy of the human race, and the analogy of the progress of language.

"The important example of all nations, in all ages and quarters of the world. The divine origin, however pious it may appear, is altogether irreligious. It degrades God at every step, to the lowest and most imperfect anthropomorphism.

"The human origin manifests God in the highest light.

"His work, a human soul, is able of itself to create and perpetuate language. Because it is his work, because it is a human soul, gifted with the faculty of free will, it is able to produce language, this ingenious organ of its reason, as a mediating symbol of its existence. The origin of language can then only in a dignified sense be termed divine, in as far as it is human.

"The divine origin is rather injurious than beneficial, it destroys all the activity of the human soul, and renders both psychology and the sciences inexplicable. For with language man must have received the seeds of all knowledge from God. Nothing, therefore, proceeds from the human soul. The commencement of every art and science, and of all knowledge, must be thus rendered inconceivable. The human origin admits of no step, without some view, or without the most useful elucidation in every branch of philosophy, in all kinds and compositions of language. The author has presented some of these here, and may have more to offer upon a fit occasion.

"How would he rejoice, if this treatise should invalidate an hypothesis, which considered, in many points of view, has long tended, and can only tend, to obscure the human mind!"

We have pointed out some of the difficulties which stand in the way of an English perusal of this work; but, to such readers as are prepared to struggle with them, we can strongly recommend it, as abounding with many attractions, and as leading to unquestionable truth. \*K.



## ANECDOTES AND CONVERSATIONS

Of the Reverend THOMAS BOTHERUM, S.T.P., Archdeacon of Leatherhead, Rector of Braintown Parva, cum Mucklepudding, F.A.S., &c. &c. &c.

"Così sen vanno l'arti, e i magisteri,  
Tutti in rovina, e non è, chi sollevi  
Chiuro ingegno, di cui fama si spera."—ARIOSTO, SATIRE.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
Tam cari capitis."—HON.

It is now many years since I first promised myself the pleasure of committing to paper those passages in the life of an ever-to-be-lamented friend, which came within my own notice, and thus preserving for posterity a slight sketch of the domestic habits and table-conversations of a great man. But procrastination (it has been well observed) is the thief of time; and the numerous memoranda I collected in those happy times, "*oh, noctes cœnæque deum,*") in which he was yet among us, have for some years lain untouched in the drawers of my bureau. I take shame to myself for this neglect, and the more so when I reflect that in these degenerate days, in which steam-engines have taken precedence of classical lore, and "rude unwashed mechanicals" hold their heads above the doctors in the faculty, the reverence for illustrious public characters has so much diminished. If a "great man's memory in these times may outlive his life," it certainly is not by "building churches:" "*virtus laudatur et alget;*" and popery and dissent o'erspread the land. At the eleventh hour, therefore, I take up the pen; and while every paltry playwright and actor is permitted to thrust forward his two octavo volumes of auto-biography, I shall, ere I descend to the grave, consign to the press, the precious record of the *gesta et dicta* of Archdeacon Botherum; and leave behind me, for the benefit of my children, a monument of that intercourse, which, like the friendship of Sir P. Sydney, may be a boast and an ornament to the end of time. I was but seven years old, when the decease of old Zachary Bluebottle prepared the way for Archdeacon Botherum's (he was not then archdeacon) collation to the parish, in which my father had his habitual residence. The presentation to the living is in St. John's College; and Botherum, who had long had an eye to the mastership, accepted of this collegiate ostracism, I believe, with regret. When a man has been used to be capped by sizers, and to have his jokes laughed at by complaisant fellow-commoners, the obscurity of a remote country village is any thing but flattering. Botherum had likewise inveterate college habits; and was so unprepared for house-keeping, that, (as he used himself facetiously to repeat,)—when he left the college gate, one fine summer's morning, to take possession, having four shirts, a pair of black small clothes, and a set of sermons strapped in a portmanteau behind the saddle of his dapple mare, he cried out to the Dean, "*mea omnia mecum porto.*"

The arrival of the new rector was a great event in our parish. A merry peal was rung from the steeple; and it was upon this occasion that the curate, who was about to be dismissed, vented his spleen, by giving utterance to a joke, afterwards embodied in a Cambridge epigram: for the squire riding into the town, and asking what the meaning of all this noise

was, and observing that it was neither the anniversary of the king's *ascension*, nor of the gunpowder plot, he contemptuously replied, "they are only ringing a hog."\* My father, who was a zealous high churchman, and old-fashioned enough to fear God and honour his king, was not the last to call on the rector: on the next Sunday after his arrival, our worthy pastor gave his blessing to our plenteous table; and ever afterwards, on the return of the Lord's day, he was our constant guest; when "church and king," you may suppose, was not forgotten. Even now, at the distance of nearly fifty years, I remember the consternation which this first visit occasioned in the nursery. No episcopal visitation of Horsley or of Magendie themselves, ever struck greater awe into their assembled curates! The authoritative tone of a voice long accustomed to command attention, and the stern contraction of the new rector's bushy eyebrows, when patting us on the head, and asking each a question from the catechism, were almost too much for our tender nerves. Fortunately, we answered without much hesitation, and he called us good children; and turning to my father, he said, with much complacency, "Mr. Tomlins, you have made a great way in my esteem. Parents are too apt to neglect the timely inculcation of a prejudice in favour of the church's dogmas into the infant mind. He who fails to sow the seeds of orthodox theology early in the spring, will never fail to reap in the autumn—an harvest of sectarianism, or of indifference."

The Doctor, I have said, brought into rural life many college habits. He had no objection to a glass of good port; and though he never disgraced the cloth by an unsteadiness either of head or foot, yet sometimes, "*indulgens genio*," he would, in agreeable society, and among men of good principles, take his glass; and then he would open the storehouse of his erudition, and pour forth ample quotations from Longus or Tertullian, Tryphiodorus or Origen, St. Chrysostom (whose verses he greatly praised) or Dr. Sacheverel; now and then cracking a merry jest from Aristophanes, to the great delight of the squires of the neighbourhood; who were wont to declare, that since Latin was no longer quoted in sermons, they did not wonder at the increase of sectarians; and that the Archdeacon's Greek did them good to hear, though they did not understand a word he said. However, I must do his good nature the justice to add, that he never spared to translate, when properly requested. True genius is ever condescending.

The Archdeacon, who justly thought that there is a time for all things, and that too much severity is a misprision of Presbyterianism, was fond of a game of backgammon. He wrote a treatise to prove that this was the

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\* The members of St. John's College, Cambridge, are nick-named "*hogs*," in the University. The epigram alluded to was made by the late Sir B. Harwood, on the knight-  
ing of Sir J. Pennington. It was as follows:—

"When the knight of St John's from St. James's came down,  
The bells were set ringing throughout the whole town,  
A blue-stocking sizer, alarm'd at the noise,  
Asked one of the starve-gutted bed-maker's boys,  
What the cause of it was? 'What?' replied the arch dog,  
'Why, there's always a noise, when they're ringing a hog.'"

I do not, however, mean to assert that Sir B. H. was not original in his epigram. Wits often jump; and I have no reason for supposing that the curate's *bon mot* reached the ears of the late facetious professor of anatomy. This observation is due to justice.

Note by the Author.

game invented by Palamedes, and not chess; averring in his own person, that it had often made him forget his supper till it was quite cold. He confessed that he played, on an average, twelve hundred hits in a year; and such a hold had the game on his imagination, that he not unfrequently illustrated his discourse by metaphors taken from its technicalities. On one occasion, I remember, when he was sore pressed in an argument by a malignant, who had clearly proved an oversight in the minister's operations, which might have ruined the campaign if properly taken advantage of,—he triumphantly replied, with a voice of thunder, "Like enough, Sir; every body makes mistakes—*humanum est errare*. But, Sir, a blot whatever you may think of the matter, is no blot till it is hit:" the reply was unanswerable.

The archdeacon's temper was essentially equable and bland. Two things only were apt to disturb his equanimity; and these were, a whig and a papist. Hence he was greatly puzzled what consideration to give to the Scotch rebels. Their attachment to divine right and their martyrdom in defence of the Pretender, he could not deny, were most commendable: but then, that Pretender was a papist, and the Pope was Antichrist. I remember he told me in a confidential conversation, in which he laid open his whole heart, that he never could make up his mind concerning those *απειθισμοί* politicians; but, he added, in a half-forgiving tone, "the dogs loved their king after all."

The archdeacon, like many of the Cambridge men of his day, was given to tobacco; and never said better things, than when he puffed care away after dinner. Had he lived to the present times, he would have doubtless discouraged the modern innovation of cigars, which have so greatly contributed to the decay of mathematics in the university. The true Virginia, as he himself used to say, "ascended into the brain," and "favoured contemplation;" whereas every body knows, that the boys who smoke cigars, never trouble themselves to think at all: and this is the reason, perhaps, why the Spaniards have never thrown off the "slough of a slavish superstition." My mother, who by long intercourse with the archdeacon, did not hold him in that awe, with which the females of the parish were accustomed to regard him (so much does familiarity breed contempt), used often to rate him soundly, for what she called his beastly habit of smoking before females: and she once carried her vituperations so far, that a shyness took place between them; the Doctor fulminating against her the epigram—

"Aspide quid pejus? tigris;—quid tigride? Dæmon,  
Dæmone quid? mulier; quid muliere? nihil."

Which being interpreted, my mother vowed she could never forgive. We were all sorry for this breach, and, with some difficulty, over-persuaded her to apologize. This she did, with a truly feminine resignation; at the same time, presenting the doctor with a silver tobacco-box, with his own portrait engraved on the lid, with his pipe in his mouth; to which I furnished the motto, "*ex fumo dare lucem*." The good man was highly pleased with the compliment; and gallantly saluting the back of the offended lady's hand, he assured her, that he was well pleased so unpleasant a dispute should end in smoke. The next Sunday, I remarked that he preached from the text, that the price of a good woman was above rubies.

In the summer of 1786, all the world, in our part of the country, went



over to the county town to witness, what was then a rarity, the ascent of an air-balloon. The archdeacon, however, would not budge. The invention, he justly remarked, was French; and he added, "*timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*." Besides, he asked, "where is the pleasure in seeing two fools impiously setting Providence at defiance;" a remark, the justice of which I have often had reason to recal. It was on this occasion, that our village surgeon presumed, somewhat too jocosely, to say to him, "you are afraid, lest they should get near to Heaven, and find out how little you doctors of divinity know about the matter." I never saw the archdeacon so seriously angry as then. Rebuking the surgeon for his levity and indifference in religious matters, which he said belonged to his cloth, he continued with a prophetic solemnity—"this reigning taste for experiment, bodes no good. Franklin's rods and his blasphemous boast of "*eripuit fulmen calo*," have deeply injured religion. Men no longer can say, "*calo tonantem credimus*." He who is solicitous concerning second causes, is but too apt to overlook the first." For the rest of that evening he sat silent; nor did he ever afterwards hear balloons mentioned without launching forth some contemptuous sarcasm. Another fashionable folly, which roused the indignation of the archdeacon, was, the unlimited admiration of Sterne. The fellow, he would say, is a disgrace to the church. His religion is full of levity; and what is worse, his levity is not full of religion. The antithesis was striking.

At the breaking out of the French Revolution, the Doctor, in common with all right-thinking men, was seriously alarmed lest the principles of the people should be injured; and when Burke published his diatribe against that insane and atheistical ebullition of a stiff-necked generation, he took a journey to London, solely to see that splendid orator; availing himself of the opportunity to solicit the then vacant archdeaconry; an energy wonderful in a person of his years and infirmities. Burke received him as he deserved, and invited him to Beaconsfield. Pitt was of the party, and port and politics were the order of the day. The port was as sound as the politics, and the politics as old as the port; so the Doctor, we may be sure, enjoyed the feast of reason and flow of soul. Indeed, this evening was a constant theme of conversation with him for the rest of his life. Among many anecdotes that he was in the habit of telling, I shall repeat only one or two. The French armies were in rapid advance, and the stocks were falling. Pitt, for once in his life, spoke despondingly; and Burke said something about the chivalry of stock-jobbers being gone: but Botherum reminded the premier of the just confidence a British prime minister ought ever to have in Divine Providence, which would not suffer a set of miscreants, who had not only killed their king, but had actually abolished tithes, to prosper. A foreign ambassador, who was at table, whispered something about "*gros bataillons*," which the doctor was not Frenchman enough to understand, but which made the premier smile. However he was not discouraged; but pledging the master of the house in a bumper, he thundered forth with an air of inspiration. *Οπαίδες Έλληνων ἴτε, ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδα, &c. &c.*; and Pitt shaking him heartily by the hand, bid him not to fear, "with such right-thinking persons on our side," he said, "we are confident against the world in arms; and so, doctor, I hope for your vote at Cambridge on the approaching election." The doctor lamented that the distance of his living and his age, had prevented his voting the last time; and Pitt significantly shaking his head, replied, "I think we may remedy that before long."

The conversation afterwards turned on taxation, and Dundas, holding his glass to the light to look for the bee's-wing, said it was a thousand pities, so it was, such wine should be taxed, when a halfpenny a pot on porter would raise a greater revenue. Pitt said, that something must be done now and then to please the populace; but he added, facetiously, he was sorry to lean so heavily upon Harry's *prime article of consumption*, at which, says Botherum, we all laughed very heartily. A certain bishop who was at table suggested, that the clergy, at least, ought to drink the orthodox liquor tax free; and, as for the people, they had nothing to do with the taxes but to pay them. True, replied Botherum, taxation sharpens industry. It is taxation that has made England the first commercial nation in the world; poverty, as Theocritus observes, being the mother of all the arts. The bishop begged to drink wine with the doctor, and thus commenced a friendship which ended only with the lives of the parties. Three days after this visit Dr. Botherum got his archdeaconry, and on his return, wrote his famous pamphlet against Priestley, to shew his gratitude to the administration. An angry and acrimonious polemical war ensued, in which there was no lack of abuse on either side; but the archdeacon used to say that Priestley was not worth the powder and shot. "He is a shabby fellow, Sir, and not orthodox even in vituperation." While in London, Botherum was elected fellow of the Antiquarian Society, and put in his elaborate account of Braintown Parva, which he proved to have been a Roman station, and the site of a Druidical college. On this occasion, he presented the society with three fragments of broken pottery, and a pike-head, which he had himself dug from a barrow, and received the thanks of that learned body. About this time, also, he supplied Sylvanus Urban with his elaborate account of the monumental inscriptions on Mucklepudding Church-yard, together with an elegant view of the ruins of the chancel (*Gent's Mag.* vol. ccccxliii.), which, truth to tell, was drawn by the parish clerk; and also a fac-simile of a Celtic inscription in the tree character. This drew upon him a somewhat unpleasant controversy; for the surgeon before-mentioned (probably out of pique at the archdeacon's rebuke), privately conveyed intelligence to a rival antiquary, that the inscription which he interpreted, "*Divus Belus*," was merely the initials of a stonemason's name, who was yet living in the memory of the older parishioners, with the date of the year—turned upside down.\* Upon turning the stone, as the archdeacon continued, t<sup>o</sup>psi-turvy—or, as his opponent would have it, the right side upwards, there certainly did appear a provoking resemblance to the Roman capitals and Arabic figures, necessary to establish the hostile hypothesis; which caused the wicked wits of the day to laugh at the archdeacon's expense. But the doctor made an excellent defence; clearly proving that *his* inscription ought to have been erected in the very place where it was found; and strengthening his case with great erudition by many pregnant analogies. In the appendix to this paper, he gave an ample account of the bowl of a tobacco pipe, found five-and twenty-feet below the surface of a peat bog, in the neighbourhood of a Roman station; which distinctly proves, that the Romans were in the habit of smoking, if not tobacco, at least some indigenous weed; a neglected verity, still further corroborated by many classical texts, especially Virgil's account of *Cacus*:—

\* This fact is said, likewise, to have occurred to an Irish antiquarian.

“Ille autem,  
Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,  
Evomit;”

and the satirists “*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*,” the last, likewise, indicating that the habit of smoking was not, as with us, chiefly prevalent among the lower classes, but was practised by the rich. The “*fumus et vapor balnearum*,” mentioned by Valerius Maximus, shews that smoking was among the luxuries of the bath : and Martial speaks of “*vendere canos circum Palatia fumos*,” as an usual mode of getting bread. Cicero’s “*fumosæ imagines*,” affords still further confirmation, if any were needful, of so evident a discovery.

I have very little to add to what the world already knows, concerning the doctor’s Greek translation of Chevy Chase, which drew upon him the ill-natured epithet of “seventh form school-boy,” a reproach which he felt very keenly. “Many wise and good men,” he remarked to me, almost with tears in his eyes, “had exercised themselves in Greek translations from the English poets; nor could he conceive how a man could be a worse christian for writing the language of the New Testament, or a worse statesman for practising the nervous diction of Thucydides and Demosthenes;” “but,” he added, in a solemn and awfully prophetic tone of voice, “the run which is made against Greek is part of the jacobin conspiracy against social order. He who despises learning wars against his superiors, and is wanting in that humility and prostration of intellect, without which there can be no true religion.”

The archdeacon was amongst those who believed in the authenticity of Ireland’s Shaksperian MSS.; and as he had been intimate with Dr. Farmer at Cambridge, and was enthusiastic in all that concerned the great natural poet, he could not bear with patience being jeered on this mistake. “Sir,” said he, “if the play was not written by Shakspeare, it ought to have been : not indeed for the matter (though Vortigern is at least as good as Titus Andronicus)—but on account of the evidence, which he who doubted might as well doubt the thirty-nine articles.” The strength of his conviction could not be more forcibly demonstrated. Another point on which he was sore, was Pitt’s resignation about the Catholic Question. He was amongst those who never believed that statesman in earnest, and to the last declared it was an hallucination wholly inexplicable. But, “*nemo*,” he said, “*nemo omnibus horis sapit*,” and though he had given his support at once to Mr. Addington’s administration, he could not but forgive his old favourite, as soon as he found him once more at the head of affairs; a circumstance that fully evinced my respected friend to have been as good a Christian as he was an eminent scholar, and shewed that if he had zeal, it was not untempered by discretion. The archdeacon, holding good church preferment, it was often thought that he would marry; and when he painted the parsonage house, we all set it down that his friendship for a certain maiden lady, who shall be nameless, would have terminated in a conjugal alliance. Whether it was through the doctor’s fault, or the lady’s, I never could learn; but the marriage did not take place. That he would have made a good family man is barely possible. He was a professed misogamist, and was never at a loss for a quotation from Euripides to back out a sly hit at a sex, from which, I more than suspect, he had in early life received some slight. “Sir,” he would say, “there is one thing in which I think the papists are right, and that is, in representing



their good woman without a head,"—a piece of humour in which, by-the-by, he rarely indulged before the ladies—so great was his sense of propriety.

About the time when Sir Samuel Romilly was endeavouring to overturn our judicial institutions, the archdeacon was called on to preach the Assize sermon before the judges. In this sermon he laid it down that, as Christianity was part of the law of the land, it followed that the law of the land could not be contradictory to Christianity; and that, consequently, to alter the law was as bad as to alter the gospel. He cited the example of the French revolution, in which the law and religion had perished together; and praising the wisdom of the Medes and Persians, thence took occasion to eulogize the existing government, whose hostility to all amelioration was truly Asiatic. For this sermon, which he printed with the motto of "*stare super vias antiquas*," he was so unmercifully handled by the opposition press, that, as he once told me with great glee, he was not without hopes of being kicked into the prelacy. Whether this promotion was in reality intended, it is now hard to say, for death deprived the parish of Braintree Parva of its ornament, and the world of a luminary, somewhat suddenly, just as the archdeacon put the finishing hand to his treatise, "*de inutilitatis præstantiâ in disciplinis academicis*," in which he ably vindicated

the British universities, and proved by the equation of  $a+b-vx=0$ , that the whole genius and talent of the country gentlemen, as exhibited in both Houses of Parliament, which were the efficient causes of the unparalleled greatness of England, were exclusively owing to a discipline that palpably refuted the maxim of "*non ex quovis ligno*." The king, he justly observed, could make a peer of whom he pleased: but Oxford or Cambridge could alone form the truly aristocratic mind, and level genius to the senatorial calibre. Thus did this truly great man die as he had lived, the steady and able advocate of the wisdom of our ancestors—the studious cultivator of all those inapplicable sciences, which, by keeping the human mind aloof from the realities of life, preserve mankind in innocence, docility, and obedience to the powers that be—and the able opponent of that *ignis fatuus* illumination, which, under the modest designation of innovation, is in reality, and to the whole extent in which it is conceded, nothing more nor less than revolution. In the evil days upon which we have fallen, the example of such a life cannot be without its use. Would to heaven that the Rev. S.S., and many others who are looked up to in the church as "wits and philosophers," and who openly profess a latitudinarian liberality, would profit in time by the instruction it affords, and step forward manfully to fight the good fight, while it is yet time, in the ranks of the ex-ministers, against the two great evils of the age, Popery and George Canning.

T.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF A LOVER.

I FIND myself compelled to differ *toto cælo* from those who profess to hold modesty in such high veneration. My own modesty, I conceive, has been long in that predicament mentioned by young Woodall in Dryden's play—who had hidden his blushes where he should never be able to find them again. In short, not to be diffuse, I think I may aver that I am

“A flower born to blush—unseen.”

Not so was my deceased friend Diaper, of whom I purpose to speak. Perhaps that ingenious person died a martyr to that very weakness from which I have just declared myself perfectly free. As a theoretical professor of assurance, *there* I admit his claims were hardly to be disputed; but he broke down in the practice. The difference between us was this—his views were good—my manner was inimitable: in resources he was great—but my comprehension was vast. In a word, what he could so exquisitely contrive was perfected by me.

But Diaper had his faults.—Firstly, his ideas of property were vague and unsatisfactory; his principles of action, loose; and the current coin of the realm, once deposited in his hands by way of loan, like the tides of the *Pontick* sea, knew no return.

Secondly, Diaper was a genius—in truth, of that kind denominated queer. He was, however, assured by some of our periodical critics, that he possessed great poetical talent; consequently, he was often to be found contemplating a basin of water, and apostrophizing the ocean; or toiling up the craggy precipices of Primrose-hill, to pay adoration to the glorious spirit of Nature. Again, it was his custom to cast himself listlessly by the side of a kennel,

“And pore upon the brook that bubbled by.”

Thirdly, It pleased him to encourage a lowness of spirits, and to cultivate an acquaintance with unclean demons. Day after day he strolled about, as melancholy as a bear in a barber's shop, but with no appearance of that fatness which is so desirable in the quadruped. Some portions of the fat of that animal, by-the-by, might have been adopted with advantage at this period; for the youthful enthusiast, by clipping off locks of hair for his numerous fair admirers, and by shaving the front of his skull for a high forehead, had succeeded in reducing that globular appendage to a primitive state of baldness, and now furnished a lively idea of a newly-discovered maniac—to which, in other respects, he bore no slight resemblance.

These were faults, nay, positive blemishes in his character, which I vainly endeavoured to eradicate. I vindicated my friendship, but without avail. He told me that they were part and parcel of his idiosyncrasy—that I knew not how to make or to find an excuse for the errors of genius—and, in fine, turned his back and a deaf ear to my advice. Diaper was one upon whom remonstrance was as much lost as of whom the poet says or sings,—

——“*Cæsar, qui cogere posset,  
Si peteret per amicitium patris atque suam, non  
Quidquam proficeret.*”

His was a madness without benefit of Bedlam.

This ill-fated gentleman incautiously fell into love—a most unhappy declension, and to which I attribute his untimely end. The “bridge of

sighs," or the "*pons asinorum*" of existence, is, I apprehend, that part of the journey lying across the ocean of love; into which ocean, mark me, too many do lamentably become immersed. Now love, though a grievous dolour, admits motives of alleviation; but to plunge in "*usque ad Esculapium*"—to be, as it were, love-sick—is, not to speak it mincingly, excessively affecting—a romantic bore. It is the affliction of a kind of sentimental nightmare, during which an ugly beast (Cupid) sits heavily on the breast, and an ass (the doctor) grins through the bed-curtains.—And so was it with Diaper.

I was surprised by a visit from my infatuated friend soon afterwards—the purport of which was to lay open his whole heart to me, and to engage my assistance in the furtherance of his views towards a lady, whose name, after oaths of secrecy extorted from me, he divulged.

But, that this might be the more comfortably explained, we adjourned to an adjoining tavern, and called for a bottle of wine—during which it appeared that his inflammable bosom could in nowise withstand the triple fascination of mind, person, and purse possessed by the fair one's in whose scale of affection he flattered himself (he did indeed!) that he had been tried and found "wanting." He assured me that he was bent upon winning her, "for love or money;" and began to recapitulate the steps he had taken, in consequence of such determination.

This agreeable intelligence could not have been received by me otherwise than with rapture. Another bottle was called for: we thrust the decanters towards each other with amazing velocity, from which we continued to quaff huge libations, exchanging mutually congratulation and professions. He proceeded to inform me, that the family having been to their country-house at Clapham, he had flown down every afternoon upon the summit of the stage, bearing along with him a shrill octave and "*Six Lessons for the Flute*;" and, "seated on a ruined pinnacle," his musical score hanging on a tree, he had "made sweet melody," which, regularly performed, the book was closed, the joints of the instrument unscrewed, and the lover returned to town. Also, when she went to church, his devotion was sure to be making itself audible in the adjoining pew; if she visited the theatre, he was enscrewed in the next box; and if she was taken to the exhibition, the "portrait of a gentleman" fortified the walls of the academy.

In return, therefore, for incense thus devotedly offered up, he had given himself to expect a speedy fruition of joy, in the candid avowal, by the lady herself, of a mutual passion; though he confessed to me, that he had hitherto contented himself with indications of love uttered in the language of the eyes—an absurd miscalculation of chances! I can't say I admire optical orthography or visual expression: it is like a lecture on phrenology—a great deal said, and no understanding a syllable.

The degree of faith, then, I chose to attach to this tale was, for a time, just as much as is understood by the reception of what is termed "a flam"—the due acceptance whereof I have seen expressed, in vulgar society, by placing the thumb on the extremity of the nose, and agitating the fingers in a peculiarly significant manner.

While I sat ruminating upon this subject (for I had fallen into a deep reverie), I took no heed of the manner in which my friend was engaged—which was, in fact, by snatching enormous pinches of snuff, and applying them incontinently to his nostrils, and by swallowing the nut-shells and orange-peel. Struck, however, at last by the somewhat frequent manner in which the waiter was flinging his hands up after his eyes, I turned, and



beheld my intemperate companion lying involved in his chair, with a most cruel distortion of feature; his whole appearance betraying what it had been more prudent than ingenuous to conceal; namely, that he was, "*in vino*," very drunk—a new adaptation of the well-known laconic axiom which he forthwith began to illustrate.

For, having effected a transition of his body into the street, this "beastly pagan" began shouting forth hymns to Diana, accompanying the same by saltatory motions, and recommending himself to her goddess-ship's notice as her Endymion, while he protested his intention of meeting her in a submarine apartment—an engagement, the completion whereof was a little facilitated by the fact that he was considerably more than "half seas over." For my own part, I found it very shortly expedient to relinquish a personal attendance upon him; for, by reason of these unnatural upspringings, I expected nothing less than the instant destruction of his frame "*in toto*," or his rapid disappearance through one of the coal-holes in the pavement; to say nothing of a difference of opinion that might arise between us, and that worthy Diogenes of the night, who makes it his business to look after honest men with a lantern, and who was now approaching, dressed in a drab-coloured great-coat. By this peripatetic professor of moral philosophy was he eventually "reprehended," and by him conducted and introduced to the interior of an agreeable but small mansion, where he passed the night.

In pursuance of a resolution, approved and adopted by us the preceding evening, I sallied forth the next morning to reconnoitre the residence of his charmer, with the view to the completion of a plan of elopement, in which I profess my entire skill—my attention through life having been particularly turned to flights of all description—from the gently abrupt injection of the personal identity into a shop, upon the sudden appearance of an incipient dun, to the superhuman scramble from the outstretched palm of a full-grown fingerer of shoulder-blades. But I wander.

The possibility of completing this rather premature arrangement having been ascertained by a minute survey of the house—by which I perceived that Diaper could, in case of emergency, escape *through* the iron railings, and delighted to observe, that the discharge of a pistol from the street-door by the alarmed father, or any of his domestics, must infallibly lodge its contents in the *os frontis* of the watchman opposite;—having ascertained, I say, these things, I was preparing to depart, when a figure at the window attracted my observations—the fair cause of my friend's disquiet! "Oh! call her pale not fair!" Not to flatter, her's might be said to be

"Beauty, which, whether sleeping or awake,  
Shot forth *peculiar* graces."

And yet, I know not, her style of countenance was neither in the Grecian nor the Roman mould, but might be more aptly termed the Gorgonic. I was more than ever convinced of the truth of the line,—

"None but the *brave* deserve the fair,"—

and hurried away with some precipitation to reveal to Diaper *what*—I could not say *whom*—I had seen.

This recital was listened to by him with intense satisfaction; and, upon its conclusion, he produced a parcel, which, with sundry winks, and dozens of self-satisfied smirks, he delivered into my hands, enjoining me to bear it suddenly according to its direction. Sanguine of success, he would take no denial, but thrust me forth, instructing me to meet him at the corner of the street.

I was ever an indifferent substitute for the god of love, my ovention being altogether hostile to such embassies of moment, but, faithful to the duty I had imposed upon myself, I lay in wait for the man-servant; and placing the letter in one palm, I infused a sixpence into the other, to secure its safe delivery into the young lady's own hands.

Being ushered into an elegantly furnished apartment, I began to speculate upon the brilliant prospects of my friend. He has disdained, thought I, to pay an abject homage to some proud beauty, who, every time she opened her mouth, would shut his eyes, that he might afterwards see what the devil had sent him;—no, he has wisely sought elsewhere, and the property will be all the safer for the scarecrow on the premises. In the midst of these delighted visions, I was astounded by the violent opening of an adjoining door, from which flew first a tremendous courier of a voice, articulating, "Where is this impudent rascal?" followed by its master, a tall military figure; to whom succeeded the identical daughter—the "*monstrum horrendum*" of the morning—torturing her unique frontispiece by demoniac cachinnations.

Approaching me, a scroll in one hand, covered over with slender iambs (the detestable versification of Diaper), and an uplifted cane in the other, this military man began to imprecate curses, and to hold out threats of a very horrid description. My presence of mind instantly suggested my absence of body, which I, who profess only a moral courage and am not quarrelsome, happily succeeded in effecting.

I have said that I am no god of love; yet truly did I shew my wings in this critical moment—flying down the flight of steps, and darting from the house with as much precipitation as a tenant at quarter-day. Hurrying to the lover at the corner of the street, I upbraided him bitterly for having so cruelly trifled with my personal safety—perhaps magnifying in my wrath the indignation of the captain, and the insane grins of his daughter.

The state of mind of the ill-fated sentimentalist at this intelligence can neither be conceived nor described. He cast himself upon the earth, and exhibited several mathematical lines upon the pavement; and rising suddenly, assaulted the dead walls with his head. To these exertions, another train of thought succeeded, as I collected from his frequent imitation of the action of a knot under the left ear; and now he threw out more than hints of self-destruction. Not content with the bare imagination of making away with himself, he luxuriated in all the possible modes and practices on record by which it might be accomplished—from strangulation in a water-butt to immersion in the crater of Vesuvius; finally, entreating, with tears, the loan of my garters for a few minutes, that he might attach himself without delay to the lamp-post opposite his inexorable fair one's abode.

Upon these symptoms, I was for bearing him away to the Lambeth Asylum; but this he would by no means permit. I was under the necessity, therefore, of leading him to the door of his lodgings, where I gave private injunctions to the servant to screw down the windows, and to secure all knives, washing-lines, and bodkins; accompanying the *douceur* of a shilling with another request—that she would refuse to furnish the sufferer with any Epsom salts, which the apothecaries have lately discovered to be the same thing as oxalic acid.\*

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\* It is the *patient*, we are afraid, that makes the discovery.—Ed.

A few days after this, I was apprized that the lover, unable to withstand the shock that this entire rejection of his claims had occasioned, and borne down by a complication of misfortunes "too numerous to mention," had taken to his bed; from whence I received a hieroglyphical scrawl, entreating my instant presence, and affirming that, if I had any desire to behold him yet alive, I must come, "*per saltum*," or by leaps,—

"Like angels' visits—few, and far between,"—

which, seizing my hat, I obeyed.

Being come to the house, I knocked with that sort of respectable precision which indicates that there is "somebody" waiting for admittance—where to I received that kind of attention which implies that that "somebody" is likely to wait. A length, a begrimed lad made his appearance, with a man's coat on his back, a human being too large—one arm buried in a monstrous boot, and, drawn down over his eyes, a huge hat, which, upon discovering me through a crevice in the brim, was, with some difficulty, laid aside. Receiving no answer from this youth to my thrice-repeated inquiry, whether I could see Mr. Diaper or not? I took the liberty to add a supplementary appeal, by lowering my cane with remarkable perpendicularity upon that extremity of the frame terminated by a head.

The boy, thus appealed to, discovered immediately an irregular aperture in his jaws, from which he emitted yells quite anti-silencial and perfectly discordant; which yells, as if by miracle, pierced the long-discarded tympanum of an aged hag, who now made her appearance.

This ancient beldam, placing herself before me, put both her ears into her left eye, and began to listen with it; that organ of vision, at the same time, carelessly lolling from its sphere with a *sang froid* and immoveable curiosity not a little astonishing. In vain did I muster the powers of a pair of lungs that might have "torn hell's concave," and pour them into one ear; in vain did the little boy shriek wildly into the other;—she did but smile complacently, as though she said, "Be such sweet silence eternal!" At last, by furious signs and violent gesticulations, I gave her to understand the purport of my visit, and was conducted to the chamber of my dying friend.

This was a room situate on the third floor of the house, and stuck (like a parenthesis) in the middle of a long passage. The want of a stove was relieved by the presence of a large fire-place, between which and the windows there was evidently a vile collusion. It was, I verily believe, a house of call for the four winds. This Æolian hole was split asunder by a pasteboard diaphragm or screen; and, in one of these moieties of misery, stretched upon a bed, lay the once graceful, ever graceless, Diaper.

Here was a scene! I approached the couch tremblingly—he was asleep! Alas! disease had got the start of the worm by a strange anticipation. He was of a lean habit of bone. I dropt a few tears—but they missed him! and attempted to accomplish a fleeting remembrance of him, by way of a front likeness, but could cut no pencil fine enough. It was never my fortune, or misfortune, to behold a living subject cleaner picked. The digging of a grave, as I told the undertaker, was entirely a work of supererogation. Enough to have borne him forth, and, the service of burial performed, to have decently dropt his remains through a crack in the parched earth—for it was sultry weather. But of this no more.

After some time, opening his eyes, my departing friend recognized me, and, raising himself in the bed, began to discourse eloquently upon his



"future prospects." He said that it was all up with him, which I was glad to hear, and remarked that, "in the other world, there would be found no anxious tumults of the mind—no falsehood—no perjured inconstancy—no——" Here I drew out my pocket-handkerchief; and he plucked forth a lock of hair, in extent and quality resembling a horse's mane, which he gazed upon with much sorrowful metamorphosis of visage. This settled, he turned his memory to the manifold extravagancies of his youth—particularly dwelling upon a night of inebriation and imprudence; and solemnly recording, as a warning to youth, an exacted sum of five shillings, in which he had been mulcted by the offended watchman. He also gave me a post-obit. claim upon his aunt for the eighteen-pence and other loans I had advanced on his account—an instance of affectionate remembrance, that affected and, at the same time, comforted me.

And now, all temporal affairs being concluded, it was evident that his strength was quite spent, which was shortly afterwards verified by his soul's perfectly unostentatious departure—no notice whatever being given, save an oblique protrusion of one leg, that dislodged a bundle of transversely-arranged bones, which, upon examination, proved to belong to a helpless being, 'yclept the nurse. This somnolent person, picking herself up, and rubbing her eyes, observed, that her patient had died "like a lamb,"—which satisfactorily accounted for his being "dead as mutton."—Peace to his ashes!

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Thus have I, with infinite impartiality and justice, set down such particulars of my late-lamented friend's fortunes as must extort no common sympathy from readers of sentiment—from lovers, whether hastening to a wife or to a willow—to a stagnant pond, or a less perturbed parson. *I am desine*—it is enough.

After all, I cannot but agree with the philosophic Falstaff—"There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof."

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#### TO THE ZEPHYRS.

HAIL to your glad return, ye Zephyrs bland!  
 Joining in dalliance with our new-born flowers,  
 Whose odorous beds are sweet as spicy bowers  
 Of your loved southern vales,—or where ye fanned,  
 Upon her couch of roses, Beauty's queen,  
 What time enamoured of an earthly scene,  
 In her own Paphian groves she loved to stay,  
 Attended by her handmaid Graces fair,  
 With whom, in myrtle arbours as they lay,  
 Passing the noontide hours, ye joined in play,  
 Loosening the bright braids of their golden hair,—  
 Or the light covering stealing soft away,  
 Ye to their glowing bosoms would repair!  
 Though those times are long past, nor Venus there,  
 Nor Graces now are known, your pastime still  
 Ye love to take by fountain, grove, and rill—  
 Nor to one spot confined, but with the spring  
 Ye coast the world around on viewless wing;

And winter's frowns by you are never seen,  
 Whose influence lays all Nature's beauty low—  
 Where fields are all in flower, and groves still green,  
 And, but your sweet breath, not a wind can blow.  
 Ye 're ever found—and as the fountains flow,  
 And brooks around with chiming murmurs play,  
 Ye waft the soft sounds on your wings away,  
 Mingled with all the music of the grove,  
 Where thousand throats are warbling all the day  
 Their choral symphonies of joy and love.  
 Soon as with fragrant kisses ye awake  
 Your mother, young Aurora—she whose smile  
 Glads the green earth—your joyous flight ye take  
 To visit every lovelier scene awhile :  
 Forth from her bosom with the winged hours,  
 Through summer realms of life, and light, and joy,  
 Ye go—and gathering from the opening flowers  
 A balm for Beauty's breath, is your employ ;  
 And whether along the sunny shores of Nile,  
 Or through the balmy fields of Araby,  
 Or in the bosom of some ancient isle,  
 Your gentle mission all unweariedly  
 Ye oft pursue,—or to our streamy vales,  
 Where vernal sweets invite, as now, ye stay,  
 Ye still are blest. Oh ! would I might partake  
 Of your invisible being, and this clay  
 That loads the buoyant spirit henceforth forsake,  
 And as I list light wing myself away,  
 In endless pastime, o'er the hills and dales !  
 Then, when the milkmaid roamed in morning gay,  
 Or lovers met at eve to tell their tales,  
 I would be present, or to hear *her* lay,  
 Or listen to the tender vows *they* made ;  
 And I would waft the first sound to their ear  
 Of hated spy, or loiterer wandering near,  
 With ill-timed visit to profane the shade.  
 Oft, too, should deeds of mercy me engage,  
 When to imprisoned beauty's joyless bower,  
 With vernal fragrance at the morning hour,  
 I'd fly a welcome visitor—and the dew  
 Of heaven around her lattice I would strew ;  
 And when I saw her pining cheeks presage  
 Of early dissolution, I would come  
 With every soft aerial melody  
 That charmed the groves, to hymn her spirit home ;  
 And when beneath the willow she was laid,  
 Long would I linger in the pensive shade,  
 And whisper all unseen her elegy.

H. B.

"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADEMOISELLE SONTAG;**  
Thus, the room, which was usually full of students on account of the necessity felt by so many young folks of of education their shaken nerves and spirits by the help

**INTERSPERSED WITH CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LEADING FASHIONABLES OF BERLIN.**

right, as a matter of fact, that the head, but the infinite consolation of Lichmannoff was even more sensibly shared with him than his own. Accord- ing to the prevailing character of the German mind, this was a jovial, free- thinking man, by no means averse to the life in consequence of his monastic education, but who loved his oysters and his music—not

[The little work from which this sketch is extracted—"Henriette die Schöne Sangerin," or, Henriette the beautiful Songstress—has excited so much attention at Leipzig (where it was published) and at Berlin, that we think an abridgement of it may not be wholly unacceptable to our readers. It is said, that the fair lady to whom it refers, and of whom so many strange reports have been circulated, is at length actually engaged, and to make her *début* next season at the Italian Opera House in England.]

THE Opera was over! Still, however, the tumultuous applause uplifted in honour of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of Henrietta,\* and in demanding her momentary re-appearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison to the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisances; her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of Henrietta's gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature) and to have included every class and every age within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch,† upon whose head, worn grey during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared, in his old age, to have been wounded by Love's dart, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, these right noble warriors were fascinated by the syren, he was more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs. Hemmstoff and Wicke,‡ who had become close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama. The latter, his eye fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation—"Oh, friend! what is life without love? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet."

"True, very true!" interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavouring to pass, in the true *exquisite* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—"very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the Restaurateur or where?"

\* Mademoiselle Sontag.

† Marshal Von Brauchitsch, Governor of Berlin.

‡ Gemmstoff and Wilke.



"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *eau-de-vie*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied; next our two friends, to the right, sat a rather elderly French Abbé,\* whose head, to the infinite consolation of Hemmstoff, was even more scantily strewn with locks than his own. According to the prevailing character of the French ministers, this was a jovial, free-thinking man, by no means dead to the joys of this life in consequence of his monastic education, but who loved his wine, his oysters, and his music—nor did the third article of the Lutheran Catechism seem to be either unknown or unpleasant to him, as appeared by the ecstasy into which the young songstress had thrown him. "Ah, mon Dieu! qu'elle est belle!" exclaimed he: "here, garçon, a bottle of champagne!—to the health of Henrietta."

To the right of the Abbé was placed a tall thin figure, in a blue coat, with an Order of the Cross in his button-hole. This man's grey though well-dressed hair formed a singular contrast to his red, and at the same time wrinkled, face; the latter quality whereof shewed that the owner had exceeded his sixtieth year, notwithstanding he was desirous of passing muster as a dandy of five-and-twenty.† He wore a double lognette constantly round his neck—had an opera-glass in his hand—and his cravat was tortured into the elaborate tie of an Englishman, who wishes on his visit to the continent to be thought of the *first water*. He was styled by some members of the company *Lieutenant-Colonel*; and to aid his assumption of a consequential air, he minced and muttered his words as if he thought it beneath him to give any body or any thing an intelligible answer. It is true, he was not long put to much expense, even of this sort of conversation: for the seat beside him was taken by the manager of the theatre,‡ an intelligent and agreeable man, to whom were addressed, as a matter of course, all questions relating to the charmer of the evening.

There was, however, present a young man of very interesting exterior, who was seated at the bottom of the table, and who, wrapped in utter silence, still paid attention, as he sipped his wine, to the discourse of the individuals surrounding him. He could not be a native of the capital, or indeed a resident there of any long standing, as neither of the guests already mentioned (who piqued themselves upon knowing every body, who was any body) were acquainted with his name or rank, although his whole air and aspect betokened a person of consideration.

The discourse naturally turned on the opera; and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. Hence, the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) when it was suddenly checked by the manager rising, and politely calling upon the young stranger to favour the company with his opinion.

"Most willingly," was the reply: "although I fear I stand but an indifferent chance in the society of so many enlightened connoisseurs. In my estimation, the *debutante* is endowed with irresistible grace, and with a voice at once melodious and full of sentiment; her execution, also, is blameless: but she evinces little taste in the selection of her operas, and still less in that of the theatre whereat she performs (here our friend the manager was all attention), which is well known to have no higher ambition than that of money-getting, however it be compassed. In this point Signora Henrietta must certainly be held to have squared her views with those of the sordid multitude in no very worthy manner."

\* M. B.—, now in England.

† The Chevalier Von Treikow.

‡ Von Holter.

|| The "Konigstadter Theater" is a sort of minor theatre of Berlin, situate in one of the faubourgs of the capital. It is limited to the performance of second-rate pieces, or

The stranger was silent, and the company seemed disposed to continue so; the Lieutenant-Colonel, it is true, whilst he picked his teeth, muttered some unintelligible words between them, as if he would have spoken out, but durst not; and the manager seemed too much taken aback by the *truth* of the imputation to be provided with an apt rejoinder. The Abbé was the first to recover his voice, and said, having previously moistened his palate with a glass of champagne—"I love the gentleman's enthusiasm, and disesteem of sordid motives. If, too, have myself a preference for nobler pleasures! Here, *garçon*, a couple dozen more oysters."

Just at this moment, the night-watch proclaimed the eleventh hour, and spite of the pathetic remonstrances of the Abbé, the party made preparations for breaking up. I shall leave them to put these duly in execution, and introduce my reader to another scene.

The first visit I paid next morning was to the house of the beautiful Caroline,\* who had hitherto ranked as the *prima donna* of the K— Theatre. This amiable young lady exhibited a complete picture of the mingled workings of rage, jealousy, and disappointment at intervals, relieved by a passionate flow of tears. I strove to console her, in vain; nor was it until the entrance of her bosom friend Auguste,† the first actress, that she began to rally. A consultation ensued as to the most effectual means for interrupting the progress and thwarting the success of the hated *novelty*. The only hand whose extension appeared likely to save the mourning Caroline, was that of criticism: and the twain lost no time, therefore, in pitching upon a select few of its professors to enlist in their favour; and, with the view of securing the full co-operation of these, they determined to relax in a great degree that haughtiness and reserve wherewith they had accustomed themselves to treat the gentlemen of the press.

Thus had the lovely songstress's appearance put in motion a double train of feelings—those of adulation and envy: the shallow-minded eulogies of the one, and mean injustice of the other, are alike disgusting; and we turn with pleasure from both to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure, and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was any thing but congenial. She was conscious that the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indelicate to true feminine feeling; but circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise) tended greatly to overcome this sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the *appearance* than the *reality* of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of the critics, who (probably because they knew nothing of music) seemed to prefer descanting in no measured terms upon her *personal* accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed, all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular train, it will not be difficult to imagine that our friends the orators of the Restaurateur were duly numbered, including the *young man* (of whom the rest knew no more than we did). He spoke but little, although a sarcastic smile now and then curled his lip: by Henrietta he was uniformly well received—but this courtesy was not extended to him by his fellow admirers, who, indeed, appeared alone withheld by fear (inspired by his evident decision of character) from treating the stranger rudely. Nothing further could be gathered respecting him than that he was a young musician, by name Werner; and he was, as we have before observed, of superior presence, although his dress betrayed not the man of opulence.

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such (of a better order) as have been already acted a full twelvemonth at the two great houses. Mademoiselle Sonntag's engagement there was extremely lucrative, being understood to amount to 10,000 Prussian dollars a-year—almost an unheard-of salary in Germany.

\* Caroline Seidler.

† Augusta Stick.

One morning, the party assembled in Henrietta's saloon, were engaged in discourse respecting the journals of the day, and the criticisms they contained, which (judging from a certain tone of asperity, and even banter, regarding our songstress) had imbibed the poison dealt out by the rival queens, when the Lieutenant-Colonel, who had been looking out of the window through his lorgnette, exclaimed—"My honoured friends, I have to announce Lord Monday;"\* and his lordship immediately after ascended the stairs—a succession of coarse oaths resounding, the cause of which nobody knew. Without waiting to be announced, he burst into the room—his huge mantle hanging over his shoulders. "Good morning, most adorable!" was his first exclamation: "how have you slept?"

"I am obliged by your lordship's inquiries," answered the somewhat embarrassed Henrietta. "Louise, a chair."

"Oh, never mind," said the peer, "I will sit upon the sofa;" and he forthwith stretched himself thereon at full length—but his cloak embarrassing him, he hurled it, with a dignified God damn, upon a chair, near which stood a side-board, full charged with coffee-cups; his lordship's aim was unsteady, and down went the apparatus.

The whole room was now in confusion; Henrietta looked terrified; the gentlemen busied themselves in assisting the servants to remove the broken china; and the lord gave his aid in the shape of stamping and cursing. Henrietta, on observing one of the fragments, uttered a half-suppressed exclamation of regret, which struck in a moment the ready ear of Werner, who looked extremely indignant at the whole transaction. "What is the matter?" said he.

"Oh, nothing," replied Henrietta, endeavouring to brighten up, "except that my poor departed sister's favourite cup is amongst the wreck, and that gave me a momentary pang."

The Englishman caught these words, although uttered in a low tone; and thinking perhaps that they demanded some notice, cried out—"Never mind, beauteous Henrietta, I will pay you† for the cups threefold. You shall have a dozen for every one—far more handsome."

Werner looked very much inclined to chastise this coarse presumer on his rank; but his rising passion was checked by a few deprecating words which the lady contrived to say to him apart.

The company was now on the point of resuming their seats, when there arose a general exclamation of—"Here comes Count Regenbogen,"† who in a moment or two entered the saloon.

Count Regenbogen was held to be the most polite and well-dressed cavalier at the court of Berlin. Nobody had a more stylish head of hair; his perfumes were all procured direct from the French capital; his boots and shoes were uniformly made at Vienna—his coats at Paris—his nether-garments and surtouts at London. Even at the very first period of the morning (namely, about 12 o'clock) on lifting himself out of bed, he was elegant! and the report went, that he absolutely slept in two waistcoats, and a cravat of the finest mixture—*à l'incroyable!* and that, for greater luxury, he was accustomed to dress his hair himself in bed, for which purpose a sheet of looking-glass was affixed to the top! It was also rumoured, on the authority of his lawyer, that he had made provision in his will for being buried *en habit habillé*—deeming it unbecoming to appear at the day of judgment otherwise than full dressed.

This notable gentleman was assiduously paying his devoirs to the assemblage, amongst whom he used particular attention to my lord, when his brilliant nothings were interrupted by the stalking in of a very ghastly apparition, which bore some resemblance to M. Bruckbaner, director of the K— Opera. A universal exclamation ensued upon his entrance—the more particularly as his garments displayed some stains of blood.

"Good heavens!" said Henrietta, "what is the meaning of this?"

"God damn it!" cried the Englishman, "a duel."

\* Lord C—m.

† Regenbogen (*rainbow*)—Count Arnim.



"Let me breathe, dearest lady," said Brückbaver, "and you shall learn the cause. Never, surely, was any director of a theatre at once so gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes. I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to-morrow's opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learnt that one only was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if with one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it: a dispute arose; we tried to interfere, but in vain! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together: both were practised fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hailstones! Nor had more than a minute scarcely passed, before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of his sword into the ticket, and retired with his dearly-bought prize.\*"

"And the wounded officer?" demanded Henrietta.

"They were taking him to his barracks," answered the director.

"God damn it!" cried my lord, "this affair merited to have taken place in London."

"Yes," exclaimed Werner, emphatically, "in *Bedlam*!"

Lord Monday fidgetted about in evident annoyance at having no ready rejoinder, and would in all probability have sought refuge in some brutal vulgarism, had not a fresh occurrence attracted universal attention. The beautiful songstress herself, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance; and his lordship, anxious to shew himself forward in the business, cried—"Her corset must be loosened!" Werner, however, pushed him unceremoniously aside, and, with Louisa's aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately, and addressing the company, said—"The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example." With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

My lord now inquired of Regenbogen—"Tell me, who is that impudent fellow, who acts here as if he were master of the house?"

"Who can be supposed to know every *mauvais sujet*?" answered Regenbogen, somewhat drily; "but come," continued he, "doubtless we dine together at his Serene Highness's?"

"Certainly," replied Monday; and they quitted the house, as did likewise the remainder of the party, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta's sudden disorder when they reached the street, namely, that the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves had experienced on viewing the body of Maulbeere† carried out of the cashier's house (opposite which she resided) rendered her for some time speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded officer, which the servant was enabled to answer, through the attention of Werner (who had meanwhile made inquiries) satisfactorily. The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and favoured with an interview in the evening, as he had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with, and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at the moment engaged in reading, and every thing around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp. "I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor. "Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which

\* Matter-of-fact.

† Molliere, an officer of artillery.

Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it—and through it I became acquainted with you."

"Ah, Jean Paul's *Titian*," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same; and I now peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circumstances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth, taking her hand, was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come, I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced; but a chord had been touched, which ceased not to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of firs on my right. Aye," continued she, "I could even paint the stone whereon I found your open book, and, curious (woman-like) took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgetfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me! What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favourite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other. Ere we had reached it, I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in *the world*, and what in *your heart*; whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they did not *wish* to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it, Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of the glittering splendour wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of a governess, and that of mere *companion* would only be a change for the worse! The *labour of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honourable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted herself, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaning her head upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said—"Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and your's. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?" She answered not, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were starting, full upon him, sank upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which, Henrietta was to bid farewell to public life, taking her leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would pro-

bably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects: that, meantime, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the University. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made; and Henrietta, now fully contracted to Werner, resolutely declined the gallantry of her host of other beaux, who, at length perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced, when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the syren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonies of respect to the fair songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured—and hence it was announced that no pay-office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert-day, a visitor was announced to Henrietta—Count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learnt with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to inquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert-room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by this compliment on the part of the Count; but assured his Excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as, literally speaking, every place had been long engaged.

The Count expressed great mortification on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta, smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

This offer was made with so much grace and modesty, that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating herself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The Count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it, said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer; and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning, Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:—"My daughter, Fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favour of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt; but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered—"I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and ill would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She then inquired the necessary sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!" His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced. After some mutual passages of ceremony, the Count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:—



"I am not a man of many words; nor will I now attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our Prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, Count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false light. The Prince will avow that he not only loves but also honours you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat: her bosom heaved tumultuously: she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it him—"I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift;" and the starting tears prevented further speech.

The Count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed—"Well, then, I will proceed to unfold to you *the whole* of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," answered she: "I dare not—I *will* not hear you!"

"You dare! you must! The Prince anticipated your reply, and was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the state forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign, to resign in favour of his brother; and, in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to the private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the *wife* of my prince."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said—"Count, I am indeed grateful for *this* proposal, and I honour and esteem the party from whom it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be *desirous* to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me farther!"

The Count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion, he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried—"Noble, excellent girl! come to my heart! You shall be *my daughter*!" and, at the same moment, the door sprang open, and Werner, rushing toward the old man, exclaimed—"Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The Young Count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, as might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happiness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had, indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendour;—and that our old friends of the Restaurateur, &c., being each necessitated to *sink* the *admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

## NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

THE whole of the circumstances connected with the recent regretted death of Mr. Canning, have been already so fully canvassed, that we shall detain our readers a very few moments only in referring to them. The disease of the right honourable premier was one for which there is no cure. It was premature old age;—an early but rapid breaking-up of the system, brought on by over bodily exertion and incessant mental fatigue. It was the same complaint that killed Pitt and Fox, and which overthrew Lord Liverpool; and we may add the names of Romilly and Londonderry; for whether the inflammatory action does its work upon the brain, and produces, first, nervous irritability, and then insanity; or whether it attacks the viscera, and ends in the horrible form of general mortification, the originating cause is the same.

For Mr. Canning's political character, with much to praise, one word is no less necessary in extenuation of some parts of it. Throughout his career he laboured under those disadvantages which inevitably attend every man who has his fortune to *make* by politics. Such a man can seldom have the power—a power, without which no statesman can escape occasional compromise—of withdrawing himself from the arena of public life, when he can no longer appear on it with perfect consistency and dignity. He has no stake in the country—no station—no ground to fall back upon; he may support government, or he may oppose it;—but he must be *in action*, or he is nothing. To a man so circumstanced, politics can hardly be a pleasurable trade; and, certainly, in Mr. Canning's case—beyond whatever may be the enjoyment of gratified ambition—it was by no means a very profitable one. If he had gone to the bar, as he purposed to do in early life, he would have made a large fortune; probably have become Lord Chancellor: certainly, if it be true (which we believe) that his exertions have cost him his life, he has purchased dearly, by a death at fifty-seven, more than all the honours and emoluments that the state has bestowed upon him. The personal habits of the late Premier were not lavish; and the fortune of which he died possessed is considerably less than that which he acquired by his marriage. As the country has been told five hundred thousand times over of “pensions” and “annuities” granted to his “mother and sisters,” it may be as well to observe, that no statesman's relatives or connexions ever received less from the purse of the public. His eldest son, Captain Canning, is captain of a man-of-war, and, at the time of his death, was stationed in the Black Sea. This is not a very unreasonable provision for the eldest son of a prime minister.

The ministerial arrangements consequent upon Mr. Canning's death have been made with great rapidity; and the King's immediate choice of Lord Goderich, as the right honourable gentleman's successor, assured the country as to one main object of the anxiety connected with his decease—to wit, that the Liberal party was to continue in office. This decision is a triumph to reasonableness and common sense. What the Whig ministry will do, is not certain; but to have the mere principle recognized, that the men who will march on with the changing state of society, instead of attempting to hang back and retard it, are the men to be employed and entrusted, is of itself an acquisition of great value. One circumstance in favour perhaps of fair measures is, that the strength of the ministry will lie chiefly in its principles. In shewy talent, and especially

in debating talent, it is singularly weak. The powers of Lord Goderich, as an orator, are certainly very slender. His lordship's manner is unpretending, and his delivery is sufficiently intelligible, and his style is so far to be tolerated, that its fault lies in its being too light, rather than oppressive or heavy; but all this is negative praise; and yet it is the best that his own friends, in candour, can afford his lordship; excepting only some touch of occasional readiness, he has not a single quality of a debater about him. As we go lower, affairs hardly mend. Mr. Huskisson is an invaluable coadjutor in the administration; but—he cannot “manage the House of Commons.” Mr. Herries may do well as Chancellor of the Exchequer; that is, what he can do in that *office* remains to be proved; but it is certain that, as a speaker, he can do nothing at all. The comfort of the ministers is, that what unofficial talent there is in the House of Commons, it is all on their side. With Mr. Tierney as a regular retainer, and Mr. Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett as volunteers, they have not a great deal to apprehend (as far as eloquence is concerned) from the attacks of the Opposition.

The autumn assizes have passed over since our last, and have been marked by an increase in the number of Actions for Libel, brought in the *names* of plaintiffs who have no hope of recovering more than a farthing damages, but *really* instituted by attorneys, for the sake of obtaining profitable jobs, by the payment of their “costs.” This system—like the new Old Bailey science of horse-stealing—is now making its way up into a regular trade; and we are not very sorry for the fact; because, when it gets a little farther, it must produce one or two advantageous results: it will either compel an alteration in the present absurd and unjust construction of what is “Libel” by the courts,—or it will lead to a departure from the practice of allowing a verdict of *one farthing* damages, in cases of libel, to carry costs. We should be well pleased, for our own parts, with this last arrangement. It could do no mischief; because, where a jury thought a plaintiff entitled to costs, they would give him a *shilling* instead of a *farthing*; and the increased amount of “damages” would be no great infliction on the defendant; while it would arm juries with power—which under the present system they do not possess—of protecting a defendant from being put to enormous expense by an action which their own verdict declared to be purely litigious and vexatious. As the law which defines libel now stands, every newspaper proprietor *must* publish two or three libels every week. It is sufficient that he writes, or copies from another publication, any statement which may (even remotely) tend to prejudice the reputation of an individual, and which he cannot prove to be true, in the very *letter* in which he publishes it. The moral absurdity which this demand of *literal* proof constantly involves, is so notorious, that we need not observe upon it. There can be no doubt that, if a newspaper stated that a particular individual, A. B., had been convicted of *burglary*, and it turned out that the conviction had actually been only for *stealing in a dwelling-house*, that individual, A. B., being charged by the newswriter with a *higher* offence than the writer could prove against him, if he were to bring an action for libel, *must* recover a verdict. But, what is far worse—by the law, which, in *every* case of libel—no matter what the amount of damages—gives *costs* to the plaintiff, although the complainant, in such a suit, may gain nothing (for the jury would dismiss it probably with a farthing for the injury he had sustained); yet any attorney, who can get leave to bring the complainant's action, gets certainly a *job* in his



*trade* to the amount of from one to three, or perhaps to five hundred pounds.

Now the same practice of allowing nominal damages to carry costs, exists in all actions of Assault; and it is true that, at first sight, the cases appear to be the same. And frivolous actions for assault are not very numerous; although it would be possible to bring them on very slight, yet *sufficient* grounds, every day. But the truth is, that the advantage of bringing these actions (to an attorney) is extremely different. In the first place, the persons among whom the assault and battery cases arise, are not often in a rank of life from which much money is likely to be gained. They are either parties both in a low condition, who have no money; or both in a respectable condition, who have some character. It seldom happens that a man of straw is beaten by a man of substance; but where that does happen, five times in six an action *is* brought. In the next place, an assault case is one that must be *proved*; and an attorney knows that it is always a case proved with difficulty and uncertainty. The jury have some discretion as to the verdict they give, and will consider whether the circumstances *amount* to an assault or not. And, lastly, it is to be particularly recollected, that, for an assault—however well-packed and got up—we can bring no more than *one* action: one case, when it is arranged, can only serve for *once*; we cannot, because a man has had his ears boxed, bring actions against a whole county. Now this last circumstance alone constitutes a sufficient cause for the preference shewn to an action for libel;—a matter in which, when once—to use a printer's illustration—we have a case *set up*, we may go on striking off as many impressions as we please. Seven actions, it appeared, had been commenced for *one* newspaper paragraph, at the suit of a man called Cheswas, who lately obtained a verdict for a *farthing* against the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*! But the whole process is sure gain, and plain sailing. Some man—no matter who—has something said of him, or some report referred to concerning him, which *no one doubts*, but which no one can prove to be literally true. A prize-fighter is reported to be suspected of having made his last battle a "*cross*;"—our "*Mr. Cheswas*," we believe, was spoken of as having incurred blame, by his mode of riding a race. Nowhere is a case that is cock sure! Nobody can prove that the battle *was* a "*cross*:" and the judge will certainly declare that the paragraph *is* a libel. For us to break down in our *evidence* is impossible; for we have no evidence to give but the copy of the paper, and the register of the proprietorship from the Stamp-office. If the jury do their worst against the plaintiff, therefore—if they give him a Farthing damages—the *attorney* (who is the real promoter of the cause) will get *his* "*lumping*" damages—not a "*Farthing*," but a good Two hundred pounds, under the name of "*costs*!" And—"The greatest is behind." This "*libel*" is not a question of *one* action; not of one two-hundred pound job, but of twenty. For the offensive paragraph has made the usual round of the newspapers; and the attorney, with his verdict against the *FIRST* in his hand—with his point *settled* and *decided*—goes to work against all the *OTHERS*. In every case where the "*libel*" has been copied,—nay, in every case where it has been *sold*,—the judge will declare that "*the party*" (the attorney) is entitled to a verdict; and, no matter how much of contempt or disgust the terms of that verdict may exhibit on the part of the jury, while it gives him two hundred pounds in the shape of "*costs*,"—which it must do,—the man of parchment is perfectly content.

Now the duty of juries, in civil actions, is to do justice *between* the

parties. They are not empaneled to decide merely what compensation a plaintiff shall *receive* for the injury that he has sustained; they are also to say what fine a defendant shall *pay* for the wrong that he has committed. It is laid down by judges every day as law, that "a defendant who cannot pay in his purse, must pay in his person;" *i. e.* that the expense and charge to which a verdict puts him, is a punishment for the act which he has done, quite as much as a remuneration to the party who complains against him. And is it not perfectly monstrous to provide, that where a jury declares the very lowest coin of the realm—the wilfully and prepossessingly *meanest* and *basest*—to be all that the plaintiff (as complainant) deserves for a frivolous and vexatious action,—that he should be allowed (as *attorney*) to exact a penalty from the defendant to the enormous amount of three hundred pounds!

The fact is, that some part of this scheme must be altered, or juries will very soon refuse to execute it, and so alter it themselves. For the practice which is held somewhat to correct the evil as it stands—that of allowing the judges to deprive the plaintiff of his costs, by "certifying" that the action is frivolous and vexatious—it is a remedy, in our opinion, highly dangerous and inconvenient. In cases of libel, it is all that was wanted to complete the nonentity of the jury, and to make the court sole arbitrator of the whole question—law and fact together. It is the judge who, by his power of direction as to the *law*, settles, first, whether what the defendant has written is a "libel;" and the power of certifying, in the *practice*, enables him to settle afterwards what penalty he shall pay for it.

Letters from Lisbon and Madrid, in the absence of political information, contain long accounts of the Bull fighting exhibitions of these capitals; and, in some instances, with strictures upon the character of the sport, more calculated to gratify the *amour-propre* of English readers, than founded exactly in reasonableness or justice.

All combats in which brute animals are *compelled* to take a part, have that about them, no doubt, which should be offensive to a humane and cultivated taste; but such combats, nevertheless, have been popular with the most highly civilized and cultivated nations; and, of such combats, the bull fights may certainly claim, we think, to be the best.

If the ladies of Spain and Portugal attend the bull fights, it should be recollected that the ladies of England, in the times of Elizabeth and James the First, attended the bear-baits; and these were bear-baits, not of our modern and merciful character, but of a far more ferocious and sanguinary description. The following advertisement, for example, of Babbage, who was "master of the bears" in the time of James the First, may serve to shew the nature of the delights which, not two centuries ago, our own delicate dames were entertained with:—

"To-morrow, being Thursday, will be shewn, at the Bear-Gardens on the Bankside, a great match, played by the gamesters of Essex, who have challenged all comers whatever to play five dogs at a single bear for 5*l.* Also, to worry a bull dead at the stake. And, for their further content, visitors shall have pleasant sport with the horse and ape, and the whipping the blinded bear."

This "horse and ape" business consisted in strapping a large baboon upon horseback, tying squibs to the horse's tail; and turning a number of mastiffs loose, both upon horse and ape, in an open ring. And it commonly concluded in the tearing to pieces of both the unhappy animals pursued—the dogs being as fiercely excited by the alarm of the horse, and his

desperate efforts to escape their attack, as by their hostility (natural or inculcated) to the monkey. The "whipping the blinded bear" was a still more exquisite diversion; and is described by an old writer thus:—"It is performed by five or six strong men standing in a circle with large whips, which they exercise without mercy on the bear, who cannot reach them *on account of his chain*. Nevertheless, he defends himself with great force and skill, throwing down all such as chance to come within his reach, and tearing their whips out of the hands of others, and breaking them."

This was in the reign of James. In a still later day, we became more curious and dainty in our amusements; as the following superior catalogue of entertainments, in an advertisement in *Read's Journal* (1741), may testify:—

"At the boarded house in Marylebone-fields, on Monday next, will be fought a match, between a *wild and savage panther*, and twelve English dogs, for 300*l.*; fair play for the money, and but one dog allowed on at a time. The doors to open at three o'clock, and the panther to be upon the stage at five. Also, a bear to be baited, and a *mad green bull to be turned loose, with fireworks all over him*. A dog to be drawn up, with fireworks after him, into the middle of the yard, and an ass to be baited on the same stage."

Another advertisement, of about the same date, announces the appearance of a *sea bear* ("the first ever baited in England"), whom the proprietors have no doubt will "*conduct himself in such a manner as to fill those who are lovers of the sport with delight and satisfaction*."

What is intended by a "*green bull*," we doubt if any body now alive distinctly understands; but the "*drawing up a dog with fireworks*," consisted simply in a *spree* of wanton barbarity—the covering the animal with squibs and crackers, and then setting them on fire, to enjoy his fury or alarm. The same amusement is still popular at Constantinople; where a splendid mansion was not long since burned to the ground, in consequence of the ill-behaviour of two bears, who did not, like the "*sea bear*," "*conduct themselves in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction*;" but, after having been *tared* and *set on fire*, escaped from their tormentors, and ran among a great concourse of canvas pavilions, and tents, setting (in their turn) all on fire before them. But, certainly, these old English sports are very inferior to the bull fight, as regards any display—by man—of courage or address; while they fully rival them in offensiveness and cruelty, inflicted upon the animal. There is, at least, so much to place the bull fighter above the baiter of a bear, or a badger, that there *is* a fight; and one in which he must exhibit great skill and activity;—besides exposing himself to considerable risk—which is always a circumstance of great interest, and no where more fully appreciated than *in England*!

Two thirds of the delight which we experience when we see a man balancing himself upon crutches ten feet high, arises out of the idea that he is every moment in danger of falling. Or, when a rope-dancer runs from the ground to the top of a "*firework tower*," at Vauxhall, he does no more—except increase the sensible chance of his destruction—than if he had passed along the same cord at a fourth part of the same altitude: but, if he did the feat at the lower level, or even took any precaution to ensure himself from being destroyed in doing it, all the attraction of his performances would cease. The same principle would operate, if we looked at the Spanish *Picador*—as he enters the bull ring on horseback, and salutes the spectators lance in hand! It is impossible to observe this performer, as he advances, coolly and fearlessly, to meet an animal of such power and fury



as our own sensations tell us cannot be approached without the hazard of destruction, without feeling that intense interest in the result, which—no matter how objectionable the indulgence is—does amount to a pleasurable sensation. The anxiety is even still more acute when the *Matador*, or destroyer, presents himself in the circle! whose life, as well as his success, depends upon his striking almost to the eighth part of a second, and to the eighth section of an inch: for it is only at the moment when the animal is in the act of making the rush which must end in his destruction, that he can secure succeeding in the blow, which, piercing the spinal marrow, lays it dead and motionless at his feet.

The combatants on foot, however, who take no part in the death of the bull, and who perform the *Pierrot* and *Scaramouch* rather, as it were, to the serious pantomime of the horsemen, are, perhaps, the most amusing actors in the spectacle; and their parts may be perfectly well exhibited without the infliction of any torture upon the animal. The more dexterous of these men enter the arena on foot, and approach the bull, single handed, and unprovided with any weapon—with the most perfect confidence. They seldom retire to the niches provided for them to slip into; evading the animals attack, when he darts at them, only by stepping rapidly aside. In the end—choosing the moment always when he makes his rush—they close with him, grasp him by the horns, and throw themselves upon his back; from whence they slide off at their leisure (to renew the attack) behind; or, once seated, keep their position in spite of all his most furious endeavours to dislodge them.

So passionate is the appetite of the people of Spain and Portugal for bull fighting, upon any terms, that combats of this last description are got up every day in the villages, where the killing an animal would be—if not too great a violation of humanity—too expensive a diversion; and in these places, the court yard of an inn, or the enclosure called the *corral*, in which the cattle are secured at night, does duty for the more costly and elaborate arrangement of the arena. A recent traveller describes, as the most amusing bull-fight he ever saw in the peninsula, one which was contrived in a small court yard, which had a low colonnade round it, the pillars of which served as points of shelter, or retreat, to the combatants. An extremely powerful and furious bull was so completely tired out in about an hour by six assailants on foot, that he concluded by becoming sulky, and laid his head to the ground, refusing to meet his antagonists. The most entertaining point in this exhibition was the acting of a man who fought inclosed in a long bottle of wicker, or basket work, just of sufficient dimensions to hold him stretched out at length, and in which he was rolled by the bull in every direction about the yard, to the infinite delight of the spectators. Whenever the bull became quiet, the man cautiously stretched his neck out of his bottle, and shook a small red flag that attracted the attention of the animal. The attack then generally recommenced; upon which he drew back in a moment within his shell, and was rolled about as before, and sometimes thrown up into the air, without sustaining any inconvenience. The combatants had a valuable ally too in a figure, shaped and dressed like a man, and made upon the principle of the Dutch toy, which sat upright in the arena; and as fast as it was knocked down by the enraged bull, started, of course, again to its erect position. The rage of the beast at the obstinate vitality of this enemy is indescribable. He repeatedly knocks it down with great force and fury, five or six times successively; and then—as if aware that there

is some fraud in the matter, or something more than he understands—walks off for a considerable time, refusing to deal with it again.

From great matters, descending to small—we have received several letters from “Sedentary young men,” in the course of the last month, complaining of our strictures upon the practice and science of “gymnastics.” These “sedentary persons”—who, from their mode of entitling themselves, we suppose must be tailors—mistake our meaning. We have not the slightest objection to their taking “active exercise;” on the contrary we think it particularly right that *they* should do so; all we object to is their thinking it necessary to *make* a fuss about it—calling all the world to take notice, every time they go to jump over (instead of on to) the shop board. Now these struttings and crowings are objectionable, because they are superfluous. It is not the act of climbing a maypole after a leg of mutton that one would castigate; or the playing at hop, step, and jump, for farthings—or even sixpences; but when these simple diversions are erected into “sciences,” and gentlemen talk of becoming “Professors” of, and “giving lessons” in them, then every one must feel that a little whipping and stripping becomes essential. The most useful art may be rendered offensive by obtrusiveness and affectation. No one would complain of a “sedentary young man” who sharpened his sheers when he was going to cut out a pair of trowsers; but if he were to keep sharpening them all day long, out of window, and calling the passengers to look at the sharpening as a “new exercise,” the foreman of the shop would do no more than justice, if he knocked him down with the goose for his pains.

The difference of literary taste between the English and the French, is hardly any where better exemplified than in the columns of their daily newspapers. The plain, dry, slang-like, half technical, descriptions of ordinary accidents and events contained in our London journals, are so strongly opposed to the *Ossianic* accounts of the continent; where every street squabble becomes a tremendous riot, and a suspicion of a chimney on fire, an actual conflagration. The following paragraph, from the *Courier Francais* of the 12th ult, is a good example of such poetic taste in reporting:—

“We have the following letter from Lyons, of the 10th of August, eight p. m.:—

“A thick column of smoke announces at a distance a *vast fire*! It has broken out in the house of M. Berthet, *manufacturer of wooden shoes*, at the extremity of the slaughter-houses of St. Paul. The building is not high; the *combustibles* in it are said to be increased by a large quantity of *wooden shoes*! The sky is all on fire, and the sparks which *cover the horizon* look like fire-works! Several ecclesiastics are observed to be very active in assisting to extinguish the flames. Two women are said to be severely wounded.

“Eleven p. m.—The fire has gained the neighbouring houses, and *particularly* the lofts of the slaughter-houses, which contain a great quantity of raw hides and tallow! This has added to the *intensity* of the fire, and spreads an intolerable stench throughout the quarter! It is hoped, however, that by *judicious measures* the fire may be confined within a certain space,” &c. &c.

The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the subject of “Criminal Commitments and Convictions,” gives the following enormous increase of crime in England as having arisen within the last twenty years. In the year 1804, it appears that the number of persons committed for trial in England and Wales, was 4,346. In 1816, it had advanced to 9,091. In the last year, 1826, it had risen to 16,147: having rather more than doubled itself in the first twelve years of the account, and very nearly doubled itself again in the last ten.

This increase in the amount of offenders against the law is distressing ; but few persons who are in the habit of observing what goes on before them, we think, will be astonished at it ; on the contrary, it would have been surprising to us, and we dare say to a great many others, if, under all the circumstances of the country, crimes against *property*—(the species of crimes which has so largely multiplied)—had remained stationary.

The average gains of an able-bodied labourer in England, according to a late grand jury charge (which was very deservedly applauded, and will be not at all attended to) of Lord Chief Justice Best, are very little, if any thing, more than the smallest amount upon which, at English prices, such a labourer can support existence. If he has a wife and family, for him to live is impossible : he *must* come upon the parish as a pauper. It is difficult for him, if he strolls abroad, to move three yards in any direction off the king's highway, without being a trespasser. If he is seen with a gun, he is likely to be apprehended, or the weapon *taken from him*, as a poacher. His youth is passed in very hard labour and in exceeding penury ; his old age has no hope of refuge but the workhouse ; and we are just now giving him what we call "education"—and perhaps doing wisely in giving it to him ; but one of its first results must be to make him feel completely the misery of his own condition, and see the absence of all prospect of his improving it. Now men who have knowledge enough to understand the value of those comforts and advantages in others, of which they themselves are destitute and which they have no chance of obtaining, are not subject to any violent temptation to be honest ; especially if they happen to perceive that they have nothing at all to fear, and a great deal to hope, from being otherwise. And, although it is difficult to quarrel with a charity that benefits any creature in distress—even the undeserving, still the care and pains which are so sedulously bestowed by some sectarians upon the souls and bodies (peculiarly) of criminals, are ill examples to many who are not criminals ; and who—equally on necessity—find their souls or bodies little cared about, while they remain without the larcenous or felonious qualification. The conversions to piety and fatness of burglars and highwaymen—and the bestowals of bibles and breeches—by *preference*—upon utterers of base coin and stealers in dwelling-houses, must raise strange misgivings occasionally in the minds of the *un*-condemned, who are not fatted, or petted, by any body. And the superior joy over the "one sinner" that "repents" to the ten thousand "just men" who "have no need of repentance," is a better religious maxim than a political one. But the most unfortunate part of the affair is, that any distressed man who can *read*, may very speedily satisfy himself that the transportation for life—which is the worst sentence that he has to apprehend at the close of a career of crime—that is, of the species of crime which he desires to commit, the crime of robbery—will place him in a condition far more desirable in a distant country, than the best conduct could ever have given him a chance of, if he had stuck to honesty, and remained in his own.

Mr. Cunningham says of our convict colony of Australia—(we must extract the result of his statements rather even than abridge them, for our limits will not admit of much detail)—"New South Wales is a rich and fertile country, possessing a climate more salubrious than that of England, and, even to Englishmen, more agreeable. The settlers (these are the convicts, and the descendants of convicts) are already surrounded with all the comforts and appliances of civilization. The single town of Sydney,



now covers a mile and a half of ground in length, and near half a mile in breadth. There are two churches in it; a Presbyterian, a Methodist, and a Catholic chapel; excellent hotels and taverns; hospitals, breweries, distilleries, markets, newspapers, auction-rooms, and assemblies; and a French milliner, by coming over to provide *fashions for the ladies*, made a fortune of 10,000*l.* in less than six years! As all the richest settlers are *emancipists*, or liberated criminals, the word "convict" is, by agreement, dismissed from the vocabulary of the colony; and the Old Bailey sentence under which a man is transported from England, ranks as very little impeachment upon his character; not much more than a verdict against him from the Court of King's Bench, would do at home. In this very desirable country—to which Mr. Cunningham particularly recommends those persons to emigrate who can command a *capital of 1,200*l.**, and which, consequently, can hardly, of itself, be considered objectionable to a person who does not possess a meal or a shilling—in this very desirable land, where there are neither game laws nor forest laws; where man is needed, not burthensome, and where a family, therefore, is not a curse but a blessing; *three years of good conduct gives a convict his freedom*. The moment he is free, if he is a farmer, he is at liberty to commence cultivation on his own account; and he obtains a grant of land, of which he probably could never have hoped to rent an acre of land if he had remained in England. If he is an idle London tradesman, free mechanics of every description obtain large wages and constant employ. And while he remains under sentence, he works as a farm labourer; subject—to prevent all mistakes—to the following government table, touching his extent of allowance and time of employ.—“The convicts (Mr. Cunningham says) who are placed upon farms, commence labour at sunrise, and leave off at sunset; being allowed *an hour* for breakfast, and *an hour, or more*, again at dinner. The *afternoon of Saturday* is allowed them to wash their clothes, and grind their wheat. Their allowance (of food) is *a peck* of wheat; *seven pounds* of beef, or four and a-half of pork; two ounces of *tea*, and two ounces of *tobacco*, and a pound of *sugar* per week: the majority of settlers permitting them, moreover, to raise *vegetables* in little gardens allotted to them, or supplying them from their own. They are *also* furnished with *two full suits of clothes* annually; a *bed tick* to be stuffed with grass; a *blanket*, a tin pot, a knife, with cooking utensils, &c. &c.”

Now the writer concludes by expressing (very reasonably, we think) a doubt, whether the convict servants are *much* harder worked, or *more scantily* fed, than our parish-paid English agricultural labourers. And, in fact, it is impossible not to perceive that, between the mildness of our laws and the multitudinousness of our population, the fortune of the convicted offender—not to speak of his fortune (in his own view) so long as he escapes—is incomparably better than that of the industrious and honest man. We may question whether even Mr. Cunningham's description of Botany Bay will attract a great many emigrants there who can command a capital of £1,200. Men who possess a sum like this have local attachments; and some of them have prejudices; and a man who would emigrate (according to Mr. Cunningham's suggestion) for the sake of benefiting and providing for a rising family of children, may have some suspicions about the convenience of a state of society, in which the having condemned criminals, in a sufficient state of discipline, for servants, is a matter of struggle and contention. The last of these objections, however, will be little felt by persons in the lower classes; and, for the first—the

ties of *Home* are very different in the man that lives in his country, and the man that starves in it. The crime that has increased in England is the crime to which *want* naturally directs men—and the crime which *transportation* punishes—the crime of theft. And with Mr. Cunningham's account of Botany Bay in one hand, and the paragraphs from the Scotch and Yorkshire papers in the other—"The Irish are still *standing* at the rate of a thousand a week at the Broomielaw! They are in the most dreadful state of destitution, and wander about the towns even without food or lodging during the night."—"Three hundred more Irish peasants passed yesterday through Huddersfield; their state of misery beggars description, and they are offering to do the work of our own ill-paid peasantry, at half, or indeed at any, price!"—that it should so increase may be a matter of regret, but it can hardly be one of astonishment. The worst that a thief will look to is to quit his country. "The wretched," as poor Maturin truly said, "have no country!" An evening paper observes, as a fact worthy of notice—that the enormous increase from the year 1816 to the present time has taken place during a period of peace. This fact would seem to be of little consequence one way or the other, for the increase in the preceding ten years (which were years of war) proceeded in as nearly as possible the same ratio. But, a term of peace would be so far *more* likely to be attended with an increase of crime in a thickly peopled country than a season of war—that the arrangements consequent upon the latter state carry off a great number of the idle and dissipated of the population, who are left to go on in mischief until habit or necessity makes them offenders in the former.

Speaking with reference to the Old Bailey, it gives us great pleasure to observe, that the two carriers, Cato and Bean, who caused the death of a man of the name of Dunn, by their furious driving on Battersea Bridge some time back, have been found guilty of manslaughter at the Croydon assizes, and sentenced to seven years "forced labour" (as our French neighbours term it) in the Hulks. And it is extremely desirable, moreover—now public attention has been drawn to the subject—that some act should pass, to inflict—in cases where absolute death does not occur—something like a punishment upon stage-coachmen—carriers—butchers—and the whole of that variety of artists indeed, generally, who do mischief by their carelessness and insolence in driving through the streets about every other day. It would be almost too much, if the parties who suffer by the misconduct of these knaves stood upon an equality of risk with them, to admit that the lives and limbs of sober and respectable individuals may be endangered by ruffians who are too drunk, or too desperate, to have any consideration for their own. But the fact is, that those who do the mischief, nineteen times in twenty, are themselves in a situation to run no risk whatever. Every man who is in the habit of driving near town, will have observed that, whenever he meets a stage coach—or a butcher's cart—it is *he* who must turn out of the road; and usually with very little notice, or room, allowed him for doing so. And this is an insolence which arises merely from the consciousness of superior weight and strength—because the same Paddington coachman who drives almost wilfully against a light chariot, or a gig, or a man whose horse is restive so that he cannot instantly get out of the way, regulates himself with the most exemplary modesty and caution, when he approaches a brewer's dray or a broad-wheeled waggon. An act of parliament is much wanted to reach summarily and decidedly every man who does mischief in the streets by care-

less or furious driving. Such a statute would be a salutary check upon the very worthiest conductors of vehicles, who—in the infirmity of human nature—are apt to be hasty when they know that they have weight enough certainly to knock down every thing before them. But, as the law now stands, a man may have an extensive injury done to his carriage or horses—or an irreparable one—any, short of death—to his person; and his only remedy is by an action at law, possibly against a fellow who is not worth a shilling; or by an information before a magistrate for furious driving, upon which ten shillings, we believe—some very small and inadequate fine certainly—is the highest penalty that can be inflicted.

*Danger of Concession.*—"You look sorry, brother," said an American general to an Indian chief, who was on a visit to the city of New York: "is there any thing to distress you?" "I'll tell you, brother," answered the Indian—"I have been looking at your beautiful city, the great water, your fine country, and see how happy you all are. But then I cannot help recollecting that this fine country, and this great water, were once *our's*. The white people came here in a great canoe; they asked us only to let them tie it to a tree, lest the water should carry it away. They then said some of their people were sick, and they asked permission to land them and put them under the shade of the tree. The ice then came, and they could not go away; they then begged a piece of land to build wig-wams for the winter: we granted it. They then asked for some corn to keep them from starving: we kindly furnished it. They promised to go away when the ice was gone: when this happened, we told them that they must go away with their big canoe; but they pointed to their big guns round their wig-wams, and said they would stay there, and we could not make them go away: afterwards, more came. They brought spirituous and intoxicating liquors, of which the Indians became very fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. Finally, they drove us back from time to time into the wilderness, far from the water, the fish, and the oysters. They have destroyed our game; our people are wasting away; and we live miserable and wretched, while you are enjoying our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brother, and I cannot help it." *West's Mission to the Indians.*—There certainly is nothing got but ruin by shewing mercy at any time to any human creature! Whenever any king—or usurper—or giant, is killed upon the stage, it always happens, our readers may have observed, by his deferring somebody's execution an hour—or two hours—or perhaps putting it off until a "prayer" is said, when we (the audience) see clearly that it ought to take place upon the spot. Well has the wise man spoken on the subject of such omissions, when he cautions us to "put nothing off until *to-morrow*, that might as well be done *to-day*."

The "Narrative of Don Juan Van Halen," published by Colburn in the last month, is a book which will be read with interest: less from the information it professes to give, than from that which, as it were by the way-side, will be gathered from it—an insight into the extraordinary state of domestic politics, at the present moment, in Spain. It is curious to observe the condition of a country in which every man above a certain rank *must* be a political agent, and in which the most honest or cautious man cannot hope to be secure or right. Two parties tear the state, and each other, into pieces; there is no neutrality; and, whichever such a man may identify himself with, he finds equal distress and danger. If he



becomes a Constitutionalist, which his opinions would incline him to do, he stands in the situation of a traitor, or at least a rebel, against the existing government. If he supports the party of the Faith, he must become a party in atrocities, which even his anxiety for order cannot reconcile him to take a share in. This choice only of evils—in which the oldest connexions, and even members of the same family, often choose different sides—produces an uncertainty of life and property in Spain worthy of the meridian of Constantinople. Every third person that is mentioned throughout Signor Van Halen's work, there comes a note directly afterwards, at the bottom of the page—that he was killed, on such a day, in such a commotion—or that his property was confiscated, by such a decree—or that, at such or such a place, he was executed—or that he fled the country, to avoid being so! The same causes, which puts almost every man's life, from hour to hour, at the mercy of his neighbour, lead necessarily also to a state of morals and feelings throughout society, such as an Englishman has no comprehension of; and which baffles all the rules by which men calculate probabilities or events:—the most monstrous acts of perjury and treachery, for which the system offers a premium, and which of course abound on the one hand, are met by the most inconceivable examples of fidelity, and devotion, and disinterestedness, on the other. A few paragraphs, however, from the Narrative of Senhor Van Halen himself, will illustrate this condition of things better perhaps than our own description could do.

Don Juan Van Halen, who, at the time when he writes this book, has seen at least a great variety of service (and of wretchedness) began life as an officer in the Spanish navy, and continued in that profession up to the date of the battle of Trafalgar. On the invasion of Spain by the French, we are compelled to state that he was one of that party which joined King Joseph—"believing," as he says, "that no resistance, however heroic, could be successful." And, afterwards, when Joseph was driven out—believing "that *his* power had ceased, and he would never be able to recover it," he availed himself of the decree of 1813, and joined the national army of Spain, under the Regency, again. The manner in which this last change of service was brought about deserves to be described, as it shews that Don Juan was not a particularly scrupulous politician. While he was living retiredly at Bordeaux, he says, in 1813, he received the decree of the Regency, in which most of the Spaniards who had espoused the cause of Joseph were invited to return to their country. Accordingly, resolving to avail himself of the opportunity, he demanded of the French Minister at War a passport to proceed to Barcelona, where Marshal Suchet had his head-quarters; still under his former character of *officer in the service of Joseph*; and, on his arrival at Barcelona, wrote to the Spanish government, announcing his intention to return. As a man, however, who changes sides should do something to make himself acceptable to the new friends he joins, it occurs to our Spanish friend—still protected by a French passport, and in his "former character of officer in the service of Joseph"—that it would be well if he could—in plain words—*bring something away with him*, to shew the sincerity of his conversion; and, after having for a long time vainly endeavoured to decide what this should be, it strikes him that some important service might be rendered to the country by his bringing away "*a copy of the French general's seal*!" Having at length, with some trouble, got this token into his power—which was difficult, as the original

was never entrusted to him—he goes over to the Spanish army; and, by the help of some forged papers, and by his appearing in his French uniform, and passing himself as an aid-de-camp of Marshal Suchet's, he actually succeeds in obtaining the cession of the French fortresses of Lerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon. Which exploit, certainly hazardous—for, if he had been detected by the French, he would infallibly have been hanged for the execution of it—of course propitiates the Spanish authorities; and the repentant author returns to his flag, as "Captain of the army in the service of the Regency."

Now it is only justice to say of Colonel Van Halen, that his sins (of which we are afraid this transaction must count as something like one), as far as we can judge from his book, are chiefly of a political character. There is a good deal of manly frankness employed in all private details touching himself, and no one circumstance let out, even by accident, which a gentleman might be ashamed of. But political sins lead sometimes, although remotely, to political punishments; and the "perfidious" Ferdinand, as our author calls him, when he was restored to the Spanish throne, probably felt a suspicion that persons, generally, who had displayed eminent talents for turning, might be likely to turn again: and the result was that Signor Van Halen, in a very short time from this, found himself in the prisons of the Inquisition.

The manner in which Don Van Halen finds his way into prison is as sudden and rapid as a stroke of harlequinade. His escape is still more extraordinary; and both incidents are strikingly illustrative of the condition of Spanish society. He is denounced to the government by an old friend, to whom in distress he gives refuge and entertainment in his house: he is liberated by the exertions of a perfect stranger, who seems to have no motive for the act, and who is involved by it in great danger and suffering. Some of the circumstances, however, connected with his imprisonment are curious in the details which they present; and, among the most interesting, is the account of his interview with the king. Being known to be widely engaged in the Constitutional societies or "conspiracies" (as the reigning government, unfortunately, was entitled to call them) of the day, as soon as he hinted that it was in his power to make "communications," he was carried into Ferdinand's presence. On the night fixed for the interview, at about seven in the evening, the author was summoned from his dungeon; and, after passing through what he calls "a labyrinth of passages," found himself at the outer gate of the prison of the Inquisition. A carriage was in waiting, which he entered, accompanied by two officers of the royal household, and his gaoler. The vehicle takes the direction of the palace. Ascending to the principal gallery by a private staircase, they enter through a principal door into the ante-room of the king's private chamber, which is called the *Camarilla*. Here one of the guides precedes the rest of the party, and, on reaching the doors of a saloon, cries out, "Sire!"

"What is the matter?" inquired a thick voice from within.

"Here is Van Halen," replied Arellano.

The answer is to come in; the second officer remaining at the door of the apartment:—

"We were desired to enter, Villar Frontin remaining outside the door of the cabinet. The king was alone, sitting in the only chair that was in the room. As we entered, he rose and advanced a few steps towards us. We found him in a complete *négligé*, being without a cravat, and his waistcoat wholly unbuttoned. Before the arm-chair stood a large table, on which there were various papers, a portfolio, a writing-desk, and heaps of Havannah cigars spread about. Beside the

table stood an *escritoir*, which probably was the same mentioned by Irriberry in which the king had locked my papers. As I approached him, I bent a knee to kiss his hand, according to the usual etiquette; but he raised me, and said, 'What do you want? Why do you wish to see me?'

"Sire," I replied, "because I am quite confident that your majesty, if you would deign to hear me leisurely, will dismiss those prejudices against me, which you doubtless must have been inspired with, to have ordered the rigorous treatment I have experienced."

"Well, but you belong to a conspiracy, and you ought to reveal it to me. I know it all. Are you not horror-stricken? Who are your accomplices?"

"To desire the good of one's country, Sire, is not conspiring. I feel no hesitation in revealing to your majesty those good wishes; on the contrary, I rejoice at having found an opportunity of disclosing them to you. But if your majesty know all, and know it correctly, there will be nothing more for me to add. Any farther explanation your majesty may require will only contribute to soften your anger towards me, and to convince you that, if we have hitherto concealed our object from your majesty, it was to avoid the vengeance of those who are striving to render hateful your illustrious name."

"Who are those who have so wilfully misled you?—Tell me who they are—do not hesitate."

"Sire, if your majesty know all, you must be aware that I have not been misled by any one; but that I have always acted from self-conviction, and that the events of the times and the general mistrust have arrived at such a pitch, that I do not personally know one any of those who labour in the same cause."

"But you must know the means by which they are to be discovered. Your duty is to obey me. Choose my favour, or your disgrace."

"Sire, place yourself at our head, and you will then know every one of us."

"At these words, Ramirez de Arellano came forward foaming with rage, and, raising his hands, exclaimed, in a most insolent and improper tone for the presence of a monarch, 'To the seed, Sir! to the seed! We want no preambles or sophisms here. There is paper; take this pen—here, here (pushing a pen and a sheet of paper towards me), here—you must write the names of all the conspirators—no roundabouts, no subterfuges. His majesty is the king of these realms, and there ought to be nothing hidden from him under the sun. I have read the *Burroel* (he meant the *Barruel*); I have been in France, and I know what all those factions are. Where are the sacred oaths for your king and your religion?'

"During the whole of this furious ranting, I kept my eyes fixed on the king, who seemed converted into a statue from the moment Ramirez commenced speaking, but when I saw him insist on my taking the pen, I said, without even looking at that despicable wretch, 'Sire, I know no one.'

"Sire, to the Inquisition with him!" cried Ramirez: "the tribunal will easily extort them from him."

"The king, shewing some displeasure at Ramirez's behaviour, said to me, 'But it is impossible you should not know them?'

"Sire, if I meant to say what I could not prove, or if I wished to conceal a crime, I would rather avoid than seek the presence of my sovereign; but if, being guilty, I sought it, once before your majesty I would profit of the opportunity to ask a pardon which my innocence does not need."

"The king remained a few minutes thoughtful, his eyes fixed on me, and then said, 'Tell me by writing whatever you have to say.' Another short pause now ensued, after which he took a cigar from the table, lighted it, and asked me if I smoked. On my answering in the affirmative, he said to Arellano, who heard him with displeasure, 'Carry him some cigars;' and then motioned me to withdraw. When I took his hand to kiss it, he pressed mine with an air of interest; and as I turned round at the door to make my obeisance, I heard him say, while conversing with Arellano, 'What a pity, such a youth!'"

This account shews the personal character of Ferdinand rather in a less unfavourable light than it has been represented. The interview, however, leading to no disclosures—which are the things wanted—*Senhor Van Halen* is again urged to make them. And the argument of *Villar Frontin*,



a statesman employed among others in this negotiation, and whom Van Halen describes as a man of feeling and honour in favour of the required confession—is too good not to be extracted :

“ ‘Do not be distressed, Van Halen,’ he said. ‘I understand you, and am incapable of persisting in the unpleasant commission with which I am charged by his majesty. But it is really a pity to see you sacrifice yourself to an erroneous system, the theory of which is certainly seductive, but which is totally impracticable. He who, like myself, has in other times professed liberal ideas, and who has experienced their futility, knows too well the enormous distance there is between moral and political notions, to act in all cases according to both. If we were all enlightened, Satan himself would not be able to govern us. Our countryman, however, are too ignorant to be ruled otherwise than by an iron sceptre ; and a long time will elapse before they may be brought to understand their own interests. Till that epoch arrives, which can only take place when the king himself decides in its favour, we must all sail with the current of circumstances. You are younger than myself, and are a military man ; but I have been a judge, and have seen much of human nature ; consequently, I know something of its ruling passions and characteristic points. I am convinced that, if you die, your friends will be consoled by knowing that they are delivered from the fears which night and day disturb their repose. Believe me, this is a truth proceeding from a man of experience ; but you shall find me more a friend than a seducer.’ ”

This suggestion of Don Villar Frontin respecting the alarm of Van Halen’s friends, receives something like confirmation from a circumstance afterwards related in the book. Some of them send him word, that, in case of the *worst*, they will do themselves so much violence as even to furnish him with poison. The colonel, however, resolutely refuses to betray his associates ; and, after repeated examinations, with increased severities of confinement, he is put to the torture ; the effect of which throws him into a protracted and dangerous illness. The manner of this torture is very oddly, and not very luminously, described ; but we pass over the subject, as well as the details of the author’s imprisonment, to come to the circumstances connected with his escape ; the whole of which seem as if they could only have occurred in a romance—or more properly in Bedlam—for they have not the reasonableness and *vrai semblance* which we call for in a work of fiction.

It was six months after Van Halen had been in prison, and while he was confined to his bed from the illness that followed the application of the torture, that he saw for a moment a young woman—a sufficiently strange agent to employ in such place—who was brought in to assist in sweeping and clearing out his dungeon, under the inspection of the gaoler. This girl is the adopted daughter of the chief gaoler, Don Marcellino, and resides within the walls of the prison of the Inquisition, which has been before described as possessing all the circumstances of strength and privacy suited to such an edifice. The prisoner sees her only for an instant, and over a screen, as he lies in bed—the custom being to remove him from his dungeon while it is cleaned ; but, on this occasion, his state of illness has prevented it. He has no means of exchanging a word, or even a sign, in concert with her. But, some days after, when he is something recovered, and his cell has been cleaned while he has been absent from it, as he goes to lie down in his bed at night, he finds in it a *little lump*, which he first takes for a button, but which turns out to be *the upper part of a drop ear-ring*. In some situations, this sign might have seemed the effect of accident ; but a straw seems an oak to a drowning man, and a gleam of hope is certainty to a man who has been six months in prison. The author winds some of *his hair* round the ear-ring, to shew that he has received it,

and deposits it again in the bed: as may be guessed, it proves to be a token from the young woman who sweeps his dungeon. The natural solution is, that this girl has conceived some passion for him. Not at all. She refuses to accompany him in his flight. She will accept no remuneration for her assistance. But, from some wild feeling, which it is difficult to explain, but of which instances among a highly-excited and totally ungoverned people such as the Spaniards are at present, *do occur, she communicates with his friends for him*, deceives the persons by whom she is employed, and, at the cost of a sentence to herself of perpetual banishment, procures his escape.

The fact is, that extraordinary emergencies elicit extraordinary resources; and the whole order of things in Spain is intrigue, and plot, and romance, and mystery. The surgeon Saumell, who attends Signor Van Halen in an illness after his escape, is the *companion* of Dr. Gil, the "familiar," who attended him in the prison of the Inquisition; and, also, while aiding the concealment of a political offender!—a surgeon in the body-guard. The Marquis of Mataflorida—"furious in every thing connected with the Inquisition"—spoke with more confidence than any body of Van Halen's recapture, and organized a set of spies peculiarly to undertake it. The friends of Van Halen formed a corps of *counter-spies*; and this with such success, that the very reports which the Marquis of Mataflorida received from his agents they heard, *through a hole in his wall*, at the moment when they were delivered. To conclude—the colonel was liberated from his confinement by the romantic devotion of one woman; and he was within an ace of being restored to it by the unreasonable jealousy of another, whose habit it was always to send a servant to watch her husband when he went out, lest his business abroad should be to visit other ladies!

The actual manner of the author's escape, from the extraordinary simplicity of it, after all that he describes of the terrors and difficulties of the dungeons of the Inquisition, is the most curious part of the whole affair:—

"At length the hour for the execution of my plan drawing near, I listened attentively through the opening in the door, till hearing the distant noise of bolts, I retreated towards my bed. As soon as Don Marcelino entered, without recollecting the sign agreed upon respecting the plate, and fearing that this might be my last opportunity, I advanced towards him, extinguished the light, and pushing him violently to the farthest corner of the dungeon, flew to the door, and, rushing through, shut it upon him and drew the bolt, at the same moment that he recovering himself threatened my life. Once in the passage, I groped along in complete darkness; but the astounding cries of the new prisoner echoed so loudly through those vaults, that fearing they might be heard, I no sooner arrived at the third door of that labyrinth, than locking it after me, I took out its ponderous key, with which I armed myself for want of a better weapon.

"I passed the dungeon of the other prisoner confined in those passages, who, far from imagining the scene that was acting, mistook my steps for those of the jailer. Following my way at random, I twice lost myself in the various windings, and a thousand times did I curse the obscurity which threatened to frustrate all my hopes. At length, after groping about for seven or eight minutes, which appeared an eternity to me, I reached the last staircase, from which I could distinguish the glimmerings of a light. As I ascended the stairs, I grasped the key in the manner of a pistol, and soon after found myself at the threshold of a door wide open, that led to an outer kitchen, in the middle of which hung a lantern. I judged by this that I was already out of the prison; but uncertain what direction to follow, and hearing the voices of people in some part of the house, I stood still for a moment,

and then hastened to the kitchen to look for a hatchet, or some other weapon that might serve me in case of meeting opposition.

"On entering, the first object that presented itself was Ramona, who stood pale and breathless, with a countenance in which astonishment was blended with anxiety and alarm. 'What pistol is that?—where is my master?' she exclaimed, after a moment's silence, raising her clasped hands towards heaven.

"I calmed her apprehensions by shewing her the key, when, immediately recovering her presence of mind, she drew from her bosom the notes I had given her, and returning them to me, pointed to a court which led to the outer door, saying, 'That is the way to the street. My mistress and her guest are in the saloon: you hear their voices. This is the very hour when she expects the arrival of some friends; and I must immediately call out, because they know I must necessarily see you before you get to the court. For Heaven's sake, hasten away; for I can render you no farther assistance!' Saying this, she pressed my hands in her's with deep emotion, and I hurried towards the court. As the remainder of my way was also involved in darkness, I lost some minutes in finding the right direction to the door, when the rustling of the bell-wire served to guide me to it. Here I heard the voices of some persons outside, who certainly did not expect to meet with such a porter.

"Meantime Ramona, who was to open the door, on hearing the bell ring, began screaming for assistance, as if she had been hurt by some one passing in great haste. The ladies, alarmed, joined their cries to her's; and I opened the door amidst this confusion, pushed down the person just entering, and reached the street, feeling as if I breathed a second life."

The remainder of the Narrative applies to Colonel Van Halen's travels and adventures in England and in Russia. These notices are not destitute of merit; but it is the details relative to Spain that form the principal value of the book.

*Getting a name.*—The houses in the city of Dieppe (says the French *Globe*) are for the most part handsome and regular; but whole streets are deformed in some quarters by the addition, to the back of every house, of a species of supplemental building, or single wing, of the full height of the original edifice. The cause of this singular appearance, is, that the architect who was employed to erect the best rows of building in the town, performed his work in many respects with great taste and skill, but planned every house, without allowing for the *staircase*; and did not discover his error till the work was too far advanced to recede. The descendants of this unlucky disposer of buildings, it is said, are still living in Dieppe; where they have acquired the surname of *Gateville*.

There is generally, among the scientific conundrums and quackeries of the day, some particular remedy abroad by which every disease is to be cured, and some particular malady of which every body is to die. The *malaria* is the favourite folly in all quarters now. The marshes of Italy are poisonous, and why not the marshes of England? There are puddles (like *Captain Fluellan's* salmons), and why should there not be fevers in both? Accordingly, Mr. Loudon, of the *Gardner's Magazine*, proves beyond opposition, that a vast sum is being thrown away by the country; for neither our king nor any king in Christendom, will ever be able to live in the new palace of Buckingham House. And Dr. Macculloch's octavo volume carries conviction "to the meanest capacity," that the man who waters flower-pots out of his drawing-room window, while he imagines that he is only pouring slop upon the heads of the passengers, is, in fact, bringing down death and pestilence upon his own.

The peculiar poison, according to Dr. Macculloch, properly known and described by the name of *malaria*, is generated whenever vegetable matter comes into contact with water; subject to the presence of atmospheric air,



and the assistance of a temperature—say equal to that of 60. The situations particularly active in producing it, are—as nearly as we can collect—all fens, meadows, and marshes; spots contiguous to woods and copses, and spots where there are neither woods nor copses. All places near water—whether fresh or salt—stagnant or running—in ponds, rivers, ships' holds, or house cellars; and a great many places near which no water is to be found. A hot climate, like that of Africa or Italy, suits the generation of the poisonous matter best; but a cold one, like that of Holland, answers the purpose very tolerably well. And the ailments which the noxious exhalations produce, are—all that can be found in the Dictionary of Diseases; from typhus fever down to the tooth-ache. As these assertions seem rather sweeping, we ought to shew that we have authority for them; but our extracts can only consist of single lines; and we must refer our readers, for fuller satisfaction, to the book itself, which, although we do not agree in the conclusions drawn in it, is entertaining, and will repay their perusal.

Salt water and fresh are equally pernicious.

"While it is generally believed that marshes of *fresh* water are productive of malaria, it is scarcely a less common opinion that *salt* marshes are innocent in this respect. Other circumstances being the same, it is *indifferent* whether the marsh be *salt* or *fresh*."—pp. 35, 38.

As water may be the death of a man, although he is not born to be drowned, so wood will be dangerous even to those who have no apprehension of a drier destiny.

"The power of *woods* in generating malaria is not less notorious than that of marshes. If any one will examine the districts in Kent and Sussex, which produce both intermittent and remittent fevers, he will often be unable to *assign* a cause, *unless* he seeks it in the woods, &c."—pp. 42.

Meadow land, independent of any marshy character, makes it necessary for every man to order his coffin who goes to inhabit near it.

"If some of the great tracts of *meadow* land in this country have once been *marshes*, it is certain that there are many of them which are now *purely* meadows. And yet that these *do* produce the diseases of malaria is familiar to every one's experience."—p. 73.

On the other hand, wood occasionally is a protection.

"If woods or trees *do*, in sufficiently numerous cases, generate malaria, and thus render a district unhealthy, they are also often a *safeguard*; and a country which was before healthy may become the reverse by cutting them down. Reversely, it follows that the *planting* of trees will sometimes *check* the production of malaria, &c."—pp. 43, 44.

On the folly of supposing that running water, under any circumstances, is innoxious, the author insists very strongly.

"It is not only a popular but a rooted opinion in England, that there can be no malaria produced near a *running* river, or stream of any nature; an *error* beyond doubt, and one of which the consequences may be serious. The fact as regards the *Thames* I have already noticed. There is no reason to doubt that such streams as the *Ouse* and the *Lee* are productive of malaria. And abundant facts have shewn that such diseases exist habitually and endemically, on the banks of *streams* even of the *smallest* size; or those for example which flow, almost like artificial canals, through shaven lawns that border them with a thin and grassy margin."—p. 80.

"I may add here an instance of the *mill dam* of a paper-mill in Hertfordshire; after the formation of which, the workmen became subject in the worst degree to remittent fevers, which were *before* that time unknown. It would be *easy* to confirm this by analogous instances from many of the *well-dressed* pleasure grounds ornamented by water, which skirt the *Thames* near *Walton* and *Chertsey*; the produce of a well-known improving gardener "(Capability Brown)," who has brought the *intermittent* to our doors under cover of the breeze of the *violets*, and

formed pest houses of fever, where we study to retire for coolness from the heats of the autumn."—p. 106.

The following cases will shew that our hypothesis of the flower-pot at the drawing-room window was not an exaggeration.

"In one instance, the recurrence of intermittent fever in a susceptible subject, was caused repeatedly, by merely entering a garden containing a pond of the fashion of King William's day, dedicated to gold fishes and river gods! In another case, it was observed at Havre de Grace, the soldiers were seized with headache and giddiness, within five minutes after approaching the ditch" [of the fortifications]; "with the usual consequences of fever, and that fever, of course, of a violent character. This seems to prove incidentally that a very brief exposure to this poison is sufficient to produce the effects; and farther, that the effect immediately follows the application."—pp. 94, 106.

Low and watery situations having been clearly shewn to be the causes of fever, it now appears that high and dry ones are not always in a better condition.

"If a recent traveller has expressed his surprise at the occurrence of fevers in the Maremma of Tuscany, where the land is not only free from lakes and rivers, but absolutely dry, I may remark that in a case which will immediately come under review—Rome receives its malaria by a propagation of a peculiar nature; as the high lands of many places receive from the low grounds at hand, what does not, comparatively, affect the inhabitants where it is produced. In France, at Neuville les Dames, and at St. Paul, near Villars, both situated upon high grounds, there are found as many, or more, fevers than in the marshes beneath. A case of this nature occurs in Malta of a very marked nature; the malaria which is produced upon the beach beneath a cliff, producing no effect upon the spot itself, while it affects, even to occasional abandonment, the village situated above. At Weymouth, where the back water produces autumnal fevers, commonly mistaken for typhus, these diseases scarcely affect the immediate inhabitants of its vicinity, but are found to range along the higher hills above," &c. &c."—p. 243.

This is Dr. M'Culloch, whose denouncements of Malaria, want of room has compelled us to touch but very slightly; and who is only withheld by a merciful consideration for the consequences to property, from pointing out, not merely particular residences, but whole districts—here in our own country—which must be the grave of all who inhabit them! We now come to Mr. Loudon's application of the Doctor's principles, and to the uninhabitableness of the King's new palace.

"Had the problem been proposed (how) to alter Buckingham House and gardens, so as to render the former as *unhealthy* a dwelling as possible, it could not have been better solved than by the works now executed. The belt of trees, which forms the margin of these grounds, has long acted as the sides of a basin, or small valley, to retain the vapours which were collected within; and which, when the basin was full, could only flow out by the lower extremity, over the roofs of the stables and other buildings at the palace. What vapour did not escape in this manner, found its way through between the stems of the trees which adjoin these buildings, and through the palace windows. Now, all the leading improvements on the grounds have a direct tendency to increase this evil. They consist in thickening the marginal belts on both sides of the hollow with evergreens, to shut out London: in one place substituting for the belt an immense bank of earth, to shut out the stables; and in the area of the grounds forming numerous flower-gardens, and other scenes with dug surfaces, a basin, fountains, and a lake of several acres. The effect of all this will be a more copious and rapid exhalation of moisture from the water, dug earth, and increased surface of foliage; and a more complete dam to prevent the escape of this moist atmosphere, otherwise than through the windows, or over the top of the palace. The garden may be considered as a pond brimful of fog, the ornamental water as the perpetual supply of this fog, the palace as a cascade which it flows over, and the windows as the sluices which it passes through. We defy any medical man, or meteorologist, to prove the contrary of what we

assert, viz. that Buckingham Palace is a dam to a pond of watery vapour, and that the pond will always be filled with vapour to the level of the top of the dam. The only question is, how far this vapour is entitled to be called *malaria*. We have the misfortune to be able to answer that question experimentally, &c. &c. A man must be something less or more than a king, to keep his health in that palace for any length of time."

Now it has been truly observed that he who knows much is the nearest to have ascertained that he knows nothing; and this must be pretty nearly the case, we suspect, with Dr. Macculloch, on the subject of malaria. *Half* the doctor's facts might have made a delusive theory, but taken altogether—as he has very fairly given them—they seem to prove nothing but that fevers are found in *all places*; and that, let them be found where they may, *he* is determined to ascribe them to what he calls "*malaria*." These fevers, no doubt, must be caused by some atmospheric agency; and it is probable that, however opposite the situations may be in which they are found, that agency may be still *the same*, but it does not at all appear to us that Dr. Macculloch has established his principle, that, whenever they occur, they proceed from the exhalations of vegetable matter, decayed or decomposed by the action of damp, or water.

Nothing can be more particular than the location of all the machinery of death in the notice of Buckingham House New Palace. The "*basin, full of vapour*"—the garden, a "*pond brim full of fog*"—the palace walls, "*a dam over which the fog flows*"—the windows, "*sluices*"—writing even in August, it almost gives us the ague to look over it! But yet we cannot help recollecting St. James's Square, in which people have contrived to live a great number of years, although it had a pond, and a large one in the middle of it. Thoughts come over us too about the canal in St. James's Park, which makes a "*basin of vapour*," of the whole bottom between Piccadilly and Westminster. Or of the Reservoir, independent of an odd pool or two full of duck weed, in the Green Park; the "*malaria*," from which, whenever the wind is southward, has no possible means of vent, except through the windows (or "*sluices*") of Mrs. Coutt's and Mr. Baring. Or of the serpentine river in Hyde Park? or the water in the Regent's Park? or the basin in Kensington Gardens? or the little fountain in the Temple? Every one of all which *should* generate "*malaria*" enough to poison its whole neighbourhood, beggaring the apothecaries' shops of all their Peruvian bark, within a fortnight; and the Turks that go about the streets of all their rhubarb in a month.

The fact is, that if Dr. Macculloch's theory were sound, it would tend to no purpose; because, like Mr. Accum with his "*Death in the pot*"—(Mr. Macculloch's is "*Death in the watering pot*")—he proves too much; his evil is so extensive that we are hopeless, and feel that there is no choice but to submit to it. But it seems to *us* that our every days experience and practice is in the very teeth of the probability of everything that he says. The banks of a tide river, according to this author, are a site almost fatally unwholesome: what is the condition of the people who live in the wharfs, covering every inch of ground on both sides of the Thames, from Limehouse to Battersea-bridge? Mud exposed to the sun at low water generates a fever worse than pestilence: how do the inhabitants of Portsmouth contrive to exist, between the eternal ditches of their fortifications, and the still more abominable swamp—as well as so much more extensive—Porchester lake? If it be the decomposition of vegetable matter by the action of water, that liberates "*malaria*," what a state must not London be in from its sewers! in which



such a rank decomposition, and such heterogeneous compounds is going on perpetually. The sewers, it is true, are covered; but the gratings and openings afford every exhalation abundant means of vent; in fact, we all in hot weather, do perceive the vapours from the sewers, and find them offensive; but we do not take a fever at the corner of every street, and die in consequence. But, to take an illustration equally familiar, and yet more striking: the danger which threatens Buckingham Palace is to arise from the presence of malaria. But it is not *water*, it will be recollected, according to Dr. Macculloch, that does the mischief: it is the decomposition which water, or wet, or damp alone, excite when they come into contact with vegetable matter: so that the *less* water—so that there be but enough to carry on the decomposing process—the *more* “malaria.” Why then, at worst, the King is in no more danger than hundreds of thousands of his subjects; for, if it is the decay of vegetable matter that is to be dreaded, we may safely pronounce, that, in the single area of *Covent Garden market*, London possesses a retort in its very centre, distilling “malaria,” enough to poison half its inhabitants! Here is a square of very considerable extent; incessantly covered, and to the depth very often of a foot or even eighteen inches, with every possible variety of vegetable matter; and of matter precisely in that state, as regards damp and commixture, and even mechanical trampling or tituration, the most favourable to fermentation and decay. The mass of exhalation which must arise from this hot bed of miasma after every shower of rain, has no choice but to diffuse itself in the very heart of the metropolis. With a southerly wind, it must blow up the “sluices” of James-street, to poison the people in Long-acre. With a wind from the north, it goes down Southampton-street, and Lord have mercy upon us all in the Strand. An easterly wind carries destruction along New-street and Henrietta-street, to the clothes-shops of St. Martin’s-lane and the hotels of Leicester-square. And, when it blows from the west, the malaria takes up the exhalations of Lincoln’s-Inn fields and Gray’s-Inn gardens, as it were, in its hand by the way, and murders us all the way along Fleet-street, to Cheapside and Whitechapel.

It may occur to people gifted with coolness and common reason, that causes will engender disease in one climate, which do not—although we cannot explain the reason of the difference in their action—produce it in another. We cannot take upon ourselves to believe, without some evidence as to the actual fact, that, *because* people die in the Pontine marshes, the villas on the banks of the Thames are uninhabitable from their insalubrity: and we find no such evidence in Dr. Macculloch’s book. It is dangerous, Dr. Macculloch says—nay, death—to have a canal, or a fishing-pond, or even a “basin for gold fish” in the neighbourhood of one’s house: if the persons who possessed these comforts or embellishments died much more rapidly than their neighbours, we cannot help thinking that they would long since have fallen into disuse. Particular facts—taken without a very strict analysis of all the circumstances connected with them, in the way of proof, are good for nothing. Dr. Macculloch knew a man who caught intermittent fever repeatedly from merely entering a garden in which there was a water that contained gold fish. A patient in the hydrophobia is thrown into convulsion by the sight of a glass of water, or even by the mention of water in his presence. There is a peculiarity, which we do not understand, in the ailment of both these persons; but it is neither the pond nor the glass of water which, of itself, produces their complaints.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Travels in South America, in 1825-26, by Captain Andrews, late Commander of H.C.S. Wyndham. 2 vols. post 8vo. 1827.*

—If the mining schemes in South America have done the schemers no good, they have been the means at least of adding very considerably to our knowledge, not only of the events of the revolutionary war, and the characters of the leaders, but of the face of the country, and of the condition and manners of its population. They have been the cause of several very intelligent persons crossing the immense continent in all directions, many of whom have given very copious, and, what was scarcely to be hoped for, in general very consistent accounts of the country. Head's, Miers', and Calclough's, particularly, are creditable specimens. To these we have now to add Captain Andrews, whose little volumes will deservedly class with the very best of his predecessors. He works a most glib and felicitous pen, and, *currente calamo*, plans and bargains, describes and speculates, with the same felicity with which he seems to have entered into the spirit and manners of the people, among whom he freely mixed, giving and gleaming delight almost wherever he went.

He set out, it appears, as agent, and himself a very considerable shareholder, of the Chili and Peru Mining Association, armed with discretionary powers; which he—a man as much interested as anyone in the fortunes of the company—freely and confidently made use of; but of which his employers—a very common thing—quickly repented; and, in consequence, though in the midst of what he conceived his successful prosecution of the views of the association, he was recalled—a mortification, which he attributes, apparently with good reason, to ignorance in the directors at home, and envy in his brother agents abroad. At all events, though niggardly enough in their approbation of his general conduct, he has had the satisfaction of receiving their testimony to his economical management of their funds.

With all his hopes, by this unexpected stroke, thus blown into the air, and seeing the miserable management of the association, Captain Andrews, as a shareholder, an agent, and a man of business, is a good deal vexed, and naturally gives a little vent to his vexation. The mining companies have most of them, he thinks, acted ignorantly and unwisely in giving way to a senseless panic, and suddenly abandoning the fair hopes that were springing before them. The world is judging, too, very blindly about them. Not because

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some speculations were wild, must all be considered impracticable; nor because Cornish men cannot profitably work American mines, are American mines unworkable. Companies have gone headlong to work; some have dispatched English miners, with English machinery, on prodigious salaries, before a mine was purchased; and even Captain Andrews' employers, who seem to have begun more like men of business, sent a cargo of workmen, before they heard whether he had really done any thing or not. His opinion of American mining—and a very rational one it appears to be—is, that neither men nor machinery are wanted from England, but simply capital. There are men enough in America, accustomed to the mines of the country, and to the cheapest modes of working them; they only require being set to work. As gain has been made, so by the same means it may be made again: the old ground is not exhausted, and there is virgin ground in abundance. With these labourers, and beginning humbly—using a little forethought, and advancing by degrees slowly and cautiously, introducing improvements occasionally—the mines will well repay the working. This is the sum of Captain Andrews' opinion; and he argues the matter well, and substantiates his case with some stout facts, and with good phrase and emphasis.

The volumes, however, must be looked at a little as the journal of a tour. Captain Andrews started from Buenos Ayres, and travelled through the united provinces of La Plata—places very little known—along roads none of the smoothest, and on mules something of the roughest, relieved occasionally by a day's ride on horseback, full two thousand miles, meeting a town about every 250 miles on an average—through Cordova, Santiago del Estero, Tucuman, Salta to Potosi, the capital of the new republic of Bolivar; from thence, by the deserts of Caranja, to Arica; and, finally, to Santiago de Chili and Coquimbo. In general, he found the population of the towns considerably below the common estimate, and the country every where thinly peopled—almost every where a want of employment, and the Indians in a wretched, woe-begone condition. But every where—at Cordova, Santiago, Tucuman, Salta, Jujuy—he meets with agreeable society—nay, elegant and cultivated; every where a smiling welcome, —plenty of feasting and dancing; and every where the good people were delighted to hear of the English coming among them—not to plunder, but enrich them—to set the streams of wealth a flow-

ing among them—to make the country ring with the sounds of labour, and the purses of the natives rattle with the precious metal, which they were themselves unable any longer to wrench from their own mountains. Every where, however, Capt. Andrews was obliged to have his eyes about him; for every where the confounded Buenos Ayres speculators were beforehand with him, and buying up the mines, to secure for themselves a monopoly price from the greedy and spendthrift companies of England. But he was too canny for them; he was aware of these forestallers and intriguers—too old a bird to be caught with straws. He knew they must eventually disgorge, and he held off accordingly. He succeeds in making capital bargains; but all his gast-drawn schemes have exploded, and left not a wreck behind. We really cannot forbear pitying the disappointment of the hopes he entertained of one day himself blowing up the rock of Potosi. Only listen:—

At Potosi (says he) there is plenty of virgin ground untouched, perhaps full three-fourths. A million sterling might be embarked, though one-third would answer every end required. I had projected, while examining the mountain, the reduction of the peak of it downwards. The quebradas around it are deep, and seem adapted to receive the rubbish by their capacity. The crater at the top is open, ready to receive 2 or 3,000 barrels of gunpowder, which would send the peak into the air, and possibly open the hill to the galleries of the uppermost mines. I have often thought what a sight it would be from the city heights to witness such an explosion!

Go where he will, Captain Andrews' indignation is raised against fat and luxurious monks; and he rails against them, not only as the encouragers of superstition, which may be safely allowed, but as the promoters of all sorts of immoralities for the indulgence of their own profligate passions—which looks very like the suggestion of indiscriminating prejudice. Even the lascivious dances, in which all classes seem inclined to indulge, he imputes to the monks, from the same lustful motives. The nunneries, too, in his account, are mere brothels. Surely here is a little extravagance! But every where, at the same time, he has the satisfaction of believing the reign of superstition and of the monks is shaken: the men, at least, universally deride the mummeries and pageantries of the Catholic worship; and the women—beautiful, graceful, accomplished, as he almost every where finds them—will surely—grow wiser in time.

The English, it seems, are every where in the provinces in good odour. The alarm about them, as heretics, is fast wearing away. The ladies eye them, and find they really have no tails—and may be as much

men as the Spaniards themselves; and English customs are rapidly spreading among them, in spite of the monks and the donnas.

Oh, my dear girls (said a mother to her daughter) we are all ruined—undone.

Daughters.—How, dear mamma, what is the matter?

Donna.—Oh, my dear children, matter enough; Padre M. says the heretics are coming to take possession of our mines first, and afterwards of the whole country. Oh, my dears, what will become of us all.

Eldest Daughter.—Oh, mamma, is that all? I feared there was something worse; if they do come, be comforted, mamma, they will not hurt us.

Donna.—I do not know that—(wiping a tear from her parental eye)—I do not know that—(almost overcome with her anxiety.)

Youngest Daughter.—Oh, don't be alarmed, my dear mamma, we must not believe half that stupid old Padre says about the English. I remember you told us when we were little girls, and on the authority of the same holy Padre, too, that the English had tails like devils, or monkeys at least.

Eldest Daughter.—I remember it too, mamma. And now, my dear mamma, we have often seen Englishmen, have you ever observed tails to them?

Donna.—It is true, my dear, that I never did, and that I must have been imposed upon by such a story. They look much as other men. Still, my dears, I am convinced there is much danger from them.

Daughters.—Why so, mamma? If the first story is nonsense, the second is likely to be so too.

Donna.—No, no, my dears. Do you think the Padre would have come, and even gone upon his knees to me, to solicit my influence against them if there is no danger? Neither he, nor the father jesuit, would have done so before the business in the Sala came on, if there had not been some reason for it.

Eldest Daughter.—Oh, mamma, but do listen to me. Do you see any thing so very dangerous in the persons or manners of these English?

Donna.—None at all, my dear; I like them very much, they are very agreeable; what a pity they can never go to heaven!

Youngest Daughter.—So much their greater misfortune, mamma; but consider what with the war and emigration to Buenos Ayres, there are ten ladies to one gentleman left here; and if the five hundred English they talk of should come, we shall perhaps some of us get husbands, and an Englishman will be better than none, you know.

Eldest Daughter.—And only think, mamma, of the merit and pleasure of converting a young heretic to the true faith.

Donna.—There is something in that, my dear, I allow. Well, you will have it your own way, children, I perceive. It is useless for me to argue the matter with you any further.

The interlocutors of this lively little dialogue are Tucumanese, and, pleased as Captain Andrews is with the South Americans every where, it is Tucumanese and Tucumanese ladies he is most



enhausted with. The province has been sadly devastated by the war; but there are still forty or fifty thousand of them left, in an extent of country some hundred miles square. On the king's birthday, Captain Andrews, in return for the abundant civilities he met with, gave a dinner, and a ball in the evening to the ladies; in all which he was ably seconded by one Mr. George Brown, whom he drolly describes, in the O'Connel style, as a "fine specimen of an Englishman, both in respect to personal and mental endowments." In praise of these Tucumans he keeps no manner of measure. He attends the Sala, the House of Assembly of the province:—

The style of debate (says he) was not as I observed it at some other places. The members did not deliver their sentiments sitting. The orator, having gained the eye of the president or speaker, advanced in front and addressed himself to the chair, standing much as in our House of Commons, and with an air of independence and frankness very agreeable to an Englishman's notions of freedom in debate. One of the members, an advocate, was the most able of the opponents of government. He spoke with a boldness and vehemence, that very strongly reminded me of Fox; but he displayed infinitely more grace of manner, and a finer intonation than that great orator. I shall never lose the figure of this wiry gray-headed old man, whose coarse hair seemed to erect itself like bristles, while employed in thundering his denunciations against the executive. The nerve and force of his rapid delivery were finely contrasted with the easy, elegant, and persuasive manner of Dr. Molino, who answered him with arguments rather than declamation, and with an ease and self-command not to be exceeded in any European assembly. I observed several other members of very considerable power as speakers, and fit to rank with the first order in any senate, &c.

And when he quits the country, it is in these ecstatic terms:—

Farewell, delicious Tucuman, and hospitable Tucumanes; farewell to your delightful plains, and mighty and romantic mountains! Though Englishmen are not to be your brothers in your country's bosom, there is one Englishman, who will ever bear towards you the kindly feelings of a brother, and desire your prosperity and happiness.

Though thinking Captain Andrews a little too ardent for sober admiration, we are well pleased with his book—have accompanied him throughout in his tour, without weariness—and should be ready at any time to set out again somewhere else under his guidance; and we heartily wish him better luck in his next undertaking.

*The Military Sketch Book.* 2 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—These are rather amusing volumes. The writer is a good clever sort of person, and dashes off a description lightly and readily, where the cir-

cumstances are all placed plain before him, or press forcibly upon him; but, from want of tact, or perhaps mere want of experience, he does not always know what will tell, and of course often falls short of his mark. His attempts at humour are miserably ineffective, and as to his mess-table chat, of which there are no less than four sketches, good lord deliver us from such vapidty—such absolute inanity—both from the reality and the description of it. The guard-room sketches are all of them better, and the gossip of the men something like that of rational animals. Among them is the story of Maria de Carmo, told by the corporal with real feeling; and there are touches of the same kind scattered here and there over the volumes equally felicitous in the execution, and thrilling in the effect. But we were perhaps more struck by the scenes of desolation, in the Spanish campaigns, which the writer spreads vividly before the eye; and we are glad to place some of these horrors before our readers—not to harass their feelings surely, but to force upon their convictions the miseries of war. The more general among individuals becomes the odium of such effects, the more unwilling will the aggregate—the nation—and consequently the rulers of the nation—become to plunge and precipitate into a renewal of war:—

After the battle of Busaco, which was fought in the year following that of Talavera, the army retreated over at least 150 miles of a country the most difficult to pass: steep after steep was climbed by division after division, until the whole arrived within the lines of Torres Vedras. The whole of this march, from the mountains of Busaco to the lines, was a scene of destruction and misery, not to the army, but to the unhappy population. Every pound of corn was destroyed, the wine-casks were staved, and the forage was burnt; the people in a flock trudging on before the army, to shelter themselves from the French, into whose hands, had they remained in their houses, they must have fallen. Infants barely able to walk; bedridden old people; the sick and the dying—all endeavouring to make their way into Lisbon; for which purpose all the asses and mules that they could find were taken with them, and the poor animals became as lame as their riders by a very few days' marches. It was a severe measure of Lord Wellington's thus to devastate the country which he left behind him, but, like the burning of Moscow, it was masterly; for Massena being thus deprived of the means of supplying his army, was soon obliged to retrace his steps to Spain, pursued in his turn by the British, and leaving the roads covered with his starving people and slaughtered horses.

Here is a mass of misery. These things are kept too much out of sight. This measure of Lord Wellington's was studiously executed to distress the enemy—at the expense, however, of our allies;—but here is another scene, occasioned by

what will be termed the quiet march of friends over a friendly country. The writer is hastening to overtake the army then on its march towards France—in the last peninsular campaign.—

At length I could descry the wide and sweeping track of the advancing armies—in the abstract, melancholy to contemplate! The country was chiefly covered with a luxuriant crop of corn, over which the immense columns of the army passed, with its baggage, artillery, and cattle:—the traces of the cavalry, of the infantry—and of the cannon, could be distinctly and plainly distinguished from each other; and although their road was through the high and firm corn, the pressure upon it was so great that nothing but clay could be seen, except at the verges of the tracks, where the broken and trampled wheat was less over-trodden. Then there was as much cut down for forage as destroyed by feet; the mark of the rough sickle of the commissaries, the dragoons, and the muleteers, were in patches all around, disfiguring the beautiful waving ocean of yellowing corn, &c.

The siege of St. Sebastian is well described. The author contradicts the "Subaltern" here and there in several particulars, and charges him with a little occasional colouring—at the same time, allowing the general correctness of his details:—

I went into the town through the breach, in the evening, and there witnessed the true horrors of war; the soldiers were, for the most part, half drunk—all were busy plundering and destroying;—every thing of value was ransacked—furniture thrown out of the windows—shops rifled—packages of goods torn open and scattered about—the streets close to the breach, as well as the breach itself, covered with dead and wounded:—over these bodies, of necessity, I passed on my way. As few women were in the town, the horrors attending the sex under such circumstances were also few; and the attempt at ill-treating a female on the day subsequent to the capture of the town, was summarily punished by Lord Beresford on the spot. It was thus:—although plunder was nearly subdued on the day after entering St. Sebastian, yet stragglers were prowling about in spite of all efforts to prevent farther mischief: a woman was looking out of a window on the first floor of a house, and I saw a drunken Portuguese soldier run into the passage directly below where the woman was. Lord Beresford happened to be walking a little before me in a plain blue coat and cocked hat, accompanied by another officer: his lordship saw the Portuguese running into the house, and presently we heard the screams of a female—the woman had gone from the window. Lord Beresford instantly followed the Portuguese, and in a few minutes brought his senhorship down by the collar; then with the flat of his sword gave the fellow that sort of drubbing which a powerful man, like his lordship, is capable of inflicting. Under the circumstances I thought it well bestowed, and far better than trying him by a court-martial.

This, by the way, reminds us of a fact, which we have never seen alluded to, though it must be known to numbers—occurring at a place (the name of which

we forget) the first halt on quitting Burgos in the march to France—surpassing the rape of the Sabines in atrocity, and perhaps in numbers. A regiment of dragoons—between four and five hundred at least—as soon as they had stabled their horses—set out together, invaded the town, seized the women, old and young, married and single, without discrimination, and after effecting their purpose, returned quietly to quarters. The deed was done in the confidence that they were too numerous to punish. The peasants complained—but no redress was to be had; they were unable to point out individuals—all being dressed alike. The matter was reported at head-quarters; but nothing could be done—or at least nothing was done; the commander said it was "too bad"—smiled—and the matter was thought of no more. We do not state this fact to throw blame on the commander. It is one of the calamities of war—but one that should not be forgotten in the estimate. Of the fact itself we have no doubt whatever—it came direct from a superior officer of the corps.

The following seems to be thought a good thing—such measures we suppose are occasionally necessary:—

General Picton, like Otway's Pierre, was a "bold rough soldier," that stopped at nothing; he was a man whose decisions were as immutable, as his conceptions were quick and effective, in all things relative to the command which he held. While in the Peninsula, an assistant commissary (commonly called assistant-commissary *general*, the rank of which appointment is equal to a captain's) through very culpable carelessness, once failed in supplying with rations the third division under General Picton's command, and on being remonstrated with by one of the principal officers of the division, on account of the deficiency, declared, with an affected consequence unbecoming the subject, that he should not be able to supply the necessary demand for some days. This was reported to the general, who instantly sent for the commissary, and laconically accosted him with—

"Do you see that tree, Sir?"

"Yes, General, I do."

"Well, if my division be not provided with rations to-morrow by twelve o'clock, I'll hang you on that very tree."

The confounded commissary muttered, and retired. The threat was alarming; so he lost not a moment in proceeding at a full gallop to head-quarters, where he presented himself to the Duke of Wellington, complaining most emphatically of the threat which General Picton had held out to him.

"Did the General say he would hang you, Sir?" demanded his grace.

"Yes, my lord, he did," answered the commissary.

"Well, Sir," returned the Duke, "if he said so, believe me he means to do it, and you have no remedy but to provide the rations."

The spur of necessity becomes a marvellous useful instrument in sharpening a man to activity; and the commissary found it so: for the rations

were all up, and ready for delivery, at twelve o'clock next day.

If we could afford space, we should quote an amusing account of the sailors at Walcheren, when on shore—their drillings—playing at soldiers—huntings of the French sharpshooters, &c. vol. 1. 207.

*Historical Inquiries respecting the Character of Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor of England, by the Hon. Agar Ellis; 1827.*—No minister probably ever stood on so high ground in the estimation of posterity for probity and patriotism—for purity in the personal discharge of his office, and resistance to the profligate politics of the court, as Clarendon, who has moreover the reputation of having finally sunk in struggling against an overwhelming tide of corruption. Where get we these notions of Clarendon? From himself chiefly, and his heedless or ignorant eulogist—Hume. He himself pre-occupied the ground with his own partial and voluminous details; and the manifest and unrivalled superiority of his performances excluded competitors from the field. He was besides the zealous friend of the Church, and the enemy of the Presbyterians; and has had the incalculable advantage of successive panegyrics, age after age, from the clerical quarter. The ruined non-conformist squeaked indeed; but the episcopal trumpet out-brayed his feeble whinings. Mr. Agar Ellis, already favourably distinguished for his discussions on the “Iron Masque,” has the merit of first bringing together the scattered evidence, which shews up the chancellor in a very different light—as rapacious and corrupt in office, and cruel and tyrannical as a statesman.

We shall just run our eyes over the evidence. The first witness is *Evelyn*, speaking, however, through Pepys's report:—

By the way, he (Evelyn) tells me that of all the great men of England there is none that endeavours more to raise those that he takes into favour than my Lord Arlington; and that on that score he is much more to be made one's patron than my Lord Chancellor, who never did nor will do any thing but for money.

And Evelyn, though not in such direct terms, clearly alludes to the same thing, in his own diary:—

Visited (says he) the Lord Chancellor, to whom his Majesty had sent for the seals a few days before; I found him in his bed-chamber very sad. The Parliament had accused him, and he had enemies at court, especially the buffoons and ladies of pleasure, because he thwarted them, and stood in their way; I could name some of the chief. The truth is, he made few friends during his grandeur among the royal sufferers, but advanced the old rebels.—He was my particular friend on all occasions.

Now we have only to glance at Clarendon's own writings, to learn that no body hated these “old rebels” more than he. Then why advance them? Because (suggests Mr. Agar Ellis) they were rich, and the “royal sufferers,” just returned from banishment, were poor. The one could pay, and the other not.

This charge of favouring the old rebels—distinctly from corrupt motives—is fully confirmed by another tory, Lord Dartmouth, in a note of his taken from the Oxford edition of Burnett's History of his own Times—the tories had naturally a leaning, it should be remembered, towards Clarendon.—

The Earl of Clarendon (says Lord Dartmouth) made it his business to depress every body's merits to advance his own, and (the king having gratified his vanity with high titles) found it necessary towards making a fortune in proportion, to apply himself to other means than what the crown could afford (though he had as much as the king could well grant); and the people who had suffered most in the civil war were in no condition to purchase his favour. He therefore undertook the protection of those who had plundered and sequestered the others, which he very artfully contrived, by making the king believe it was necessary for his own ease and quiet to make his enemies his friends; upon which he brought in those who had been the main instruments and promoters of the late troubles, who were not wanting in their acknowledgments in the manner he expected, which produced the great house in the Piccadille, furnished chiefly with cavaliers' goods, brought thither for peace-offerings, which the right owners durst not claim when they were in his possession. In my own remembrance Earl Paulet was a humble petitioner to his sons, for leave to take a copy of his grandfather and grandmother's pictures (whole lengths, drawn by Vandyck) that had been plundered from Hinton St. George; which was obtained with great difficulty, because it was thought that copies might lessen the value of the originals. And whoever has a mind to see what great families had been plundered during the civil war, might find some remains either at Clarendon House or at Cornbury.

This specific charge of furniture and pictures rests entirely, as to documentary evidence, on Lord Dartmouth's assertion; but the fact is curiously established by circumstantial evidence. The furniture is of course gone, but the pictures survive, and can be traced uninterruptedly to their present possessors, Lord Clarendon at the Grove in Hertfordshire, and Lord Douglas at Bothwell Castle. These pictures are a very extraordinary collection—all portraits—and portraits of the different members of most of the conspicuous royalist families—the Stanleys, Cavendishes, Villiers, Hamiltons, Coventrys, &c.—families with whom the *parvenu* Clarendon had not the remotest connexion or affinity. They are chiefly painted by Vandyck and Cornelius Jan-



son, and therefore in existence before the civil wars. Now how came Clarendon by them? People do not give away family pictures to strangers; they are among the last things they sell; these families did not themselves sell; Clarendon had no family motive, and was not likely to buy. The conclusion is irresistible.

We come again to Pepys' diary—and presently we shall have Pepys' own testimony to a particular fact. Pepys relates a conversation of a party, where one Captain Cocker, in the presence of Sir W. D'Oyley, and Evelyn, characterizing the different ministers, says "*My Lord Chancellor minds getting of money, and nothing else;*" and next a conversation with himself of Sir H. Cholmley, who, speaking of the impeachment, thought the Commons would be able to prove the Chancellor had taken money for several bargains that had been made with the crown, and did instance one that was already complained of.

Next come Anthony A. Wood's accusations. In his life of Judge Glynne, in the Athen. Ox., he says, "After the Restoration, he made his eldest son serjeant by the corrupt dealing of the then Chancellor." Again, in speaking of David Jenkins, he says, "Every body expected he would be made a judge; and so he might have been, had he given money to the then Lord Chancellor; but he scorned, &c." Clarendon's son prevailed upon the University to prosecute Anthony A. Wood; and he was accordingly expelled till he made proper recantation; the book was burnt; and costs to the amount of £34 inflicted. This proceeding proved nothing but the vindictive feelings of the son and the University—so much indebted to Clarendon.

Andrew Marvell's severities against Clarendon are well known; but, though proverbially an honest man, he was a Presbyterian—and a satirist. The rest are Tories—even Pepys, whatever might be his professions, had the true Tory-spirit in him.

The next fact is Clarendon Park. This park, situated near Salisbury, Charles I. mortgaged for £20,000. Charles II. gave the estates, thus encumbered, to Monck, who sold it to Clarendon; and the king gave him an order on the treasury for £20,000 to pay off this mortgage. But more of this park. The timber belonged to the crown, and the Commissioners of the Admiralty wished to cut it down for the navy. Clarendon was highly exasperated, and abused the Commissioners roundly. One of them, Pepys, after advising with his friend Lord Sandwich, waited on the Chancellor to propitiate him, who, while he took care not to commit himself, made Pepys understand that

the Commissioners must report of the timber, that there was none—"Lord," adds poor Pepys, "to see how we poor wretches dare not do the king good service for fear of the greatness of these men."

Clarendon, moreover—it is now well known from d'Estrade's papers—originated the sale of Dunkirk, and was most anxious about the terms, and the closing of the bargain. The Parliament were ready to take it off the king's hands, but he declined—money, money was the object. But would Clarendon have been so zealous to conclude the sale, against the wishes of Parliament, if he was to have no share? It seems improbable—coupled too with the fact of his building immediately after the sale a magnificent place in Piccadilly, at an expence of £50,000. Where was Clarendon to get this large sum—within three years of his holding office? The house and grounds covered the space now occupied by Dover Street and Albemarle Street. It was called by the populace generally Dunkirk House, and sometimes Holland House, from a belief of his having been bribed by the Dutch; at all events, the persuasion was, the money was unfairly come by, and of course it was. Had Clarendon been in possession of honourable resources—they would have been known—no suspicions would have been raised—nor would there have been any cause for guessing.

So much for his rapacity and corruption: let us now turn to his political conduct; and without dwelling on his well-known advice to the king to govern without parliaments, and do as Queen Elizabeth did, which for any thing he could see, the king was well able to do—without insisting on his reply to Glencairn and Rothes, who came to court to complain of Lauderdale's intolerable oppressions, and were referred by the king to his minister—that "the assaulting of a minister, as long as he had an interest with the king, was a practice that never could be approved:—it was one of the uneasy things that a House of Commons of England sometimes ventured on, which was ungrateful to the court"—without adverting farther to these matters, let us attend to the great measures of his administration. He was the undoubted adviser and framer of the declaration of Breda, which promised religious freedom in the largest terms. Yet this very man was the chief instigator of the subsequent persecutions. The king and the ministers were in favour of concessions to the Presbyterians; but Clarendon stood up against them, backed by the bishops. The first pretence was seized upon—Venner's mad enterprise in the city; sham plots were got up to excite alarms, and generate hatreds, preparatory to the introduction of the Act of Unifor-

mity. The first step was the Corporation Act in 1661, by which every member was required to make a declaration against the lawfulness of taking up arms against the king on any pretence whatever, and to qualify by communion—and thus all non-conformists—that is, those who were not of the church—were deprived of a large portion of their civil rights. Then followed the Act of Uniformity—directed against the ministers, by which 2,000 were rejected from their livings. Sheldon, the archbishop, a close friend of Clarendon's, in reply to Dr. Allen's—"pity the door is so strait," answered, "if we had thought so many would have conformed, we would have made it straiter."

This measure was entirely Clarendon's and the bishops. Even Southampton said, "If a similar oath were exacted from the laity, he would refuse." But this was not enough for the Chancellor; he wanted to entrap the laity as well; and, in 1664, accordingly brought in the Conventicle Act, by which five or more persons, beyond the family, were forbidden to assemble for worship in any private house otherwise than according to the liturgy and practice of the Church of England—under a penalty of five pounds, and three months imprisonment; doubled the second time; transportation the third; and death for returning. And this hideous law was enforced with extraordinary severity—though nothing surely was ever less called for.

Clarendon—and the bishops—were not yet satisfied. In 1665 came forth the Five-mile Act, by which non-conformist ministers were prohibited from coming within five miles of any place, where they had ever preached, unless on taking the corporation oath, with the additional clause against any attempt to change the government either in church or state. The lords were vehement against the bill, but the bishops, a compact body, carried it. The oath was generally refused. Under these persecutions 60,000 suffered, and 5,000 died in prison. "After Clarendon's fall," Baxter says, "though the laws were rendered even more severe, yet they were more tolerable, because they were no longer executed so unrelentingly and implacably."

So much also for the Chancellor's cruelty and tyranny. But Mr. Ellis still sticks close to his skirts; and dwells upon his encouraging the attempts to assassinate Cromwell, particularly Colonel Titus's; the act he passed on the subject of Charles II.'s religion; and the blasphemous comparison he makes on his speaking of Charles I. &c. With respect to the second matter, he knew Charles II. was a Catholic; and yet in July 1661, he passed an act subjecting to the penalty of pre-

munire, any who should affirm the king was a Catholic.

We have thus given the pith of Mr. Ellis's book, which is a very respectable performance—superior to his former production, where he was indebted to De Lort for his materials. Here every thing is the fruit of his own researches.

*Tales of the Harem, by Mrs. Pickersgill; 1827.*—The fair inmates of the Harem, like monks and nuns, are well known to the writers and readers of oriental fancies, to be the especial victims of ennui. The voluptuary dedicated to raptures, and the devotee to penance, illustrate, once more, how closely extremes conduct to the same result. The lord of the seraglio was once absent on a hostile expedition, and the many beautiful creatures, whose mournful destiny it was to derive all their excitement from his casual smiles, were languishing in their monotony of sweets. Story-telling, the immemorial resort of indolence, was at length determined on by the drooping party to cheat the creeping hours; and the present volume is presumed to have been the fruit of the experiment.

The versification of this little production is of the smoothest, easiest, and most flowing description—the very milk and honey of language—and a considerable degree of interest is thrown over the event of each tale. The sentiments are all of the unexceptionable kind, and the descriptions of scenery distinct and vivid—the execution is often brilliant—*materialiam superat opus*.

Spring and summer are the only seasons for this kind of thing to be fairly appreciated, while all our feelings are attuned to the soft and enervating—the publication is therefore well-timed. We cannot bear even Lallah Rookh before May, nor later than July; and Lallah Rookh must be considered as the great exemplar of a school of which this little volume is a very close and successful imitation.

It is no easy matter to select a morsel possessed of that distinct, insulated beauty, which is requisite for such as would run while they read, and are too impatient to have to master the whole plot of a story for the sake of estimating the sample. We must content ourselves therefore with the commencement of the *Witch of Hymlaya*:—

Fair was the eve; the sun's last beam  
Shone gently on the dark-blue stream,  
Mingling his tender streaks of red  
With the pure rays the pale moon shed.  
Ne'er, save beneath an eastern sky,  
Is seen so fair, so sweet an hour,  
When Nature's self rests silently,  
In soft repose, on shrub and flower;

Nought broke that lovely stillness, save  
The distant plashing of the wave,  
When the light bark, with dripping oar,  
Darted to reach the distant shore ;  
Or music's thrilling notes, that fell  
On the cool breeze, and woke a spell,  
So heavenly, that the listening ear  
Had thought some wandering spirit near.

Perchance the sweet Sitara's chords  
Were struck by one who felt the pain,  
That never could be told by words,  
But floated sweetly in that strain.  
None ever viewed a scene so fair  
As those who haply lingered there,  
And marked the horizon's vivid glow,  
The mountain's summit clad in snow ;  
And where the broad-leaved plantain shone  
Near the slight palm-tree's fan-like crown,  
The banian's hospitable shade,  
By reproductive branches made,  
Lending its kindly shelter still,  
From noontide heat, or midnight chill ;  
Groves where the feathery cocoa grew,  
Glittering with eve's wan lucid dew.  
A thousand birds, on sportive wing,  
Made vocal every bending spray ;  
With varied notes they seemed to sing  
Soft vespers to the parting day.  
The pale moon there her crescent hung,  
And o'er the waves a splendour flung  
More mild and lovely than the beam  
The mid-day sun flings on the stream,

'Twas on the eve the Hindoos lave,  
Like sea-born Rhemba, in the wave  
Their solemn rites, and spells prepare,  
Invoking Beauty's goddess there,  
In many a wild and deep-toned dirge,  
Resounding o'er the sacred surge.  
There troops of girls, with tresses flowing,  
In youth's first pride of beauty glowing,  
Plunged in the tide, in youthful play,  
Dashing around the river's spray ;  
Their slender polished limbs they lave,  
Like naiads, in the liquid wave.

One, lower down the stream retired,  
In richer, costlier garb attired,  
Her lone devotions there to pay,  
Lit by the moon's auspicious ray.  
Her flowing veil was thrown aside,  
Unbound her dark and shining hair,  
And, ere she touched the silvery tide,  
She cast her votive offerings there.  
Those who had seen her well might deem  
She was the goddess of the stream,  
When first she, from the foamy sea,  
Rose Beauty's own bright deity.  
One sole attendant, near the shore,  
A dark-eyed youthful Hindoo slave,  
Wrapped in her arms an infant bore,  
To bathe in Ganga's holy wave ;  
For, in the health-bestowing stream,  
Beauty's first gem was said to glow ;  
For this, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
She offered up her lonely vow.

*An Essay on the War Gallies of the  
Ancients, by John Howell; 1827.*—The  
very intelligent and ingenious author of  
this essay is we believe an engineer in

Scotland, who, under the auspices of the  
Edinburgh Academy, embodied his con-  
ceptions of the ancient gallees in a model,  
now in the possession of the directors.

The ancients had vessels, which they  
distinguished by the terms *monocrota* and  
*polycrota*, by which, etymologically, ap-  
pear to have been meant vessels with one  
set, and with many sets of oars. These  
*polycrota* were specifically spoken of as  
*biremes*, *triremes*, *quadriremes*, *quinque-  
remes*, &c., according as they had two,  
three, four, five, &c. sets of oars—up to  
10—to 16, and in one memorable instance  
to 40—a vessel of immense bulk, built by  
Hiero of Syracuse, and sent as a present  
to Ptolemy Philopator. The question un-  
der discussion—and which has occupied  
the attention of scholars, and sometimes  
of mechanics, ever since the revival of  
literature—is—how were these different  
sets, rows, banks, tiers—call them what  
you will—placed in the vessels? No ves-  
sel has survived the wreck of time; and  
the representations still extant either on  
the columns of Rome, or on the walls of  
Herculaneum, are all in too obscure, or too  
dilapidated a state to assist in solving the  
difficulty.

The first notion that presents itself to  
almost every reader, is, that they were  
placed one above another; and so long as  
only vessels of two or three banks of oars  
are spoken of, no difficulty startles him;  
but when the number mounts to five and  
six—and still more, to ten and twenty—  
these higher numbers were rarely used—  
common sense is astounded. Supposing  
them for a moment to be so placed—and  
that the lowest tier be three feet from the  
water, and the length of the oars from  
the side of the vessel to the water six feet,  
and the space between each tier five feet  
—this arrangement will place the upper  
tier of a quinquereme twenty-three feet  
above the water, and make the length of  
the oar forty-six feet—a length apparently  
unmanageable, and at all events one of  
double or triple that length must be so.  
The length could not be reduced, unless  
the upper tiers were placed farther apart.  
But these vessels were called *longæ naves*;  
and the more oars, the *longer* were the  
ships, manifestly—not the *higher*.

The second solution is that the different  
banks of oars were ranged not one above  
another, but in one line along the side of  
the galley—the first in her bows, the  
second in her waist, and the third in her  
stern—supposing the case of a trireme;  
and if of greater rank, the different banks  
were still added on the same line from  
prow to poop at intervals. Though sup-  
ported by Stewechius and Castilionius,  
this scheme is so obviously at variance  
with almost every passage that could be  
quoted, that it scarcely deserves attention.



The difficulties of height and length may be thus gotten rid of, but evidently at the sacrifice of space and power; and besides, the polycrota would thus not essentially be distinguishable from the monocrota.

The third mode of arrangement is the one suggested by Sir Henry Savill, who supposes the oars not to be placed one above another, nor in a line from stem to stern, but in an oblique manner from the sides of the galley towards the middle of it. The only advantage of this method is, reducing the height, which the first method required, but then it would require more width; and from the great distance from the side at which the rowers of the upper tiers would be placed, the range of the oar must be proportionally lessened, or the oar lengthened beyond ready management.

The fourth hypothesis is quite distinct from the rest. It supposes the names of the vessels to be derived, not from the number of banks, or tiers of oars, but the number of men who worked each oar. Thus the trireme had its oars of a size to be worked by three men, a quinquereme by five, &c. The difficulties attending this solution are obvious and insuperable. It leaves no room for the known distinction between a monocroton and a polycroton; and in the case of vessels of ten, twenty, and forty—how could so great a number be advantageously employed at one oar? The man nearest the end of the oar could pull no further than the full stretch of his arms, and those near the sides of the vessel would be absolutely useless. The scheme, however, was spoken of respectfully by many, and among others by Isaac Vossius, whose imagination was, indeed, at all times, delighted with paradox and novelty of any kind.

But Vossius himself had a plan of his own—adopted also by Le Roy, and which in one respect at least must be regarded as suggesting to Mr. Howell his own solution. These gentlemen place the oars not directly over one another, but obliquely—and not like Sir H. Savill, from the sides towards the middle, but along the sides from the top to the bottom—still however making as many banks, rising one higher than the other, as the name of the vessel indicates. This of course partakes of the difficulties of the first solution—particularly in the higher numbers.

There is still one more—excogitated by General Melville, and differing from Vossius's only in this—that he allows but one man to each oar, and carries out a galley from the side of the vessel at an angle of 45 degrees for the rowers and scullmi, or rests of the oars—an arrangement which must render the vessel too crank, that is apt to overset, and difficult to trim.

Now what is Mr. Howell's suggestion?

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To place the oars obliquely along the sides as Vossius, Le Roy, and Melville; but never more than five in one tier. This is a polycroton; a second oblique row placed behind the first, just so far as to allow the oars to play without intermingling with those before them, constitutes a bireme—a third row, a trireme, &c. Thus the vessels, whatever be the number of oars, may be all of the same height—none, in Mr. Howell's opinion, exceeded nine feet; and all the oars were in the ship's waist—thus leaving the stern and prow, and a gallery round the gunnel free for officers, troops, and the rest of the crew. A trireme will thus carry thirty oars, fifteen of a side; a quinquereme fifty, twenty-five of a side. The crews of vessels are occasionally mentioned in the old writers, that of a trireme for instance, as consisting of 150 or 160. Supposing then five men to an oar,  $30 \times 5 = 150$ ; and the remaining ten for casualties, steering, handling sails, &c., will make up the number. A quinquereme is spoken of as having 300; that is,  $5 \times 50 = 250$ , or as the vessel is larger, six to an oar, or five to some and six to others, will make up the complement—which thus tallies better than any solution that has ever been given. The only difficulty in Mr. Howell's solution is to determine that a bank, bench, or tier of oars always consisted of five—neither more nor less. Mr. Howell thinks this may be proved, but does not himself suggest any evidence towards it, and we can recal nothing approaching the decisive. That each vessel was named from the number of its sets of oars, each set also determinate in number, is to our minds clear from this remarkable circumstance, that no where is the number of oars specified, whatever be the size of the vessel—as being a matter known to every body, and requiring no mention. That the oars again were worked by five or six men is highly probable—the modern galleys of France and Spain are all so worked. We give the author the benefit of his own concluding words:—

If I have been successful, I have made it plain that the ancient polycrota had not more than five oars, ascending in an oblique line, which the ancient authors called a bank or rank of oars; that the vessel had her name from the number of these extending from the prow to the poop; that each galley, according to her bulk, had a proportionate number of rowers placed at each oar, elassed according to the place he pulled at that oar, and not the place on the bank; that the first ships (meaning the monocrota) were entirely uncovered; and that the objects the ancients had in view (in the polycrota) was to obtain an elevated deck at prow and poop, from whence to annoy the enemy.

In our narrow space, and without the aid of diagrams, we can give but a very imperfect view of the matter; but we can assure those of our readers, who feel any curiosity about the subject, the book itself will repay the trouble of perusal.

*Life of Judge Jeffreys, by Humphry W. Woolrych; 1827.*—Of Jeffreys, the prevailing impression—derived not from any precise acquaintance with his history, but hereditarily, or from allusions and current phrases scattered hither and thither in half the books we meet with—is that of a man, who exercised the office of judge with a cruel severity; and the distinct instance and proof of cruelty, is his execution of the extraordinary commission with which he was invested for punishing the adherents of Monmouth in the West—proverbially spoken of as his campaign against the rebels. The impression, as far as it goes, is unquestionably a correct one; nor will any part of his career belie it. As a pleader, a judge, a chancellor, an ecclesiastical commissioner, he was a “bold, bad man,” with the fewest relieving points, in any thing approaching the amiable and humane, of any man’s character perhaps upon record. Throughout his whole course there was the same insolence and brutality, with the accompanying characteristics—which indeed never fail them—of sneakingness and servility, where he was boldly fronted, and where the great or influential stood before him. He has found in Mr. Woolrych a biographer, with all the disposition in the world to white-wash him, could he discover the brightening materials; but all are of too dark a hue; and he is too honest to fabricate, and too frank to suppress; but hope seems never to desert him, and he is ready to catch at shadows on the chance of finding a palliative.

Jeffreys was the son of a Welsh gentleman of respectability, with a considerable family, and was destined by his parent for trade. He was sent to Shrewsbury school; and from thence to St. Paul’s, and finally to Westminster, under the vigorous birch of Dr. Busby. Quitting school, his desires—from what cause does not appear, nor is it very material—a dream of his is suggested—were turned towards the law, but were resisted by the father. Seeing the restless and turbulent temper of the boy, the old gentleman predicted he would die in his shoes and stockings—meaning, he would get into difficulties and be hanged. Luckily for young Jeffreys, his grandmother took a fancy to him, and enabled him to indulge his early inclinations; and he was accordingly entered of the Inner Temple, at fifteen. He was a forward youth, and quickly got into society, and made himself agreeable by his pranks, his impudence, and eating and drinking powers. Accident threw him chiefly among the grumblers of the day—among the Presbyterians, who had often very good reason for grumbling—he was welcomed as a clever, ready lad, likely one day or other to prove useful—invited, and assisted, when his purse ran low, during his noviciate. The commence-

ment of his public career was equally accidental and precocious. At the King’s stone Assizes, during the plague in 1666—where, though there was no dearth of causes and criminals, there was actually a dearth of lawyers—young Jeffreys, then only eighteen, was allowed to plead, two years before he was regularly called to the bar.

Once dubbed a barrister, he began to frequent Hickes’s Hall, Guildhall, and the inferior courts, and was quickly pushed by his friends, or pushed himself by his forwardness, mixed with a good deal of cunning and adroitness, into considerable business. Circumstances thus bringing him into contact with the citizens, he laboured zealously to make an interest in the corporation, and so successfully, that he obtained the appointment of common sergeant at twenty-three. In the pursuit of an heiress, about this time, the daughter of one of the city noblesse, he was, however, less successful. He had employed the agency of a poor relation of the lady’s, who, by her officiousness in the business, lost the favour of the family; and Jeffreys—to console her and himself perhaps for their respective disappointments—actually married her. This act is marked by the biographer as an instance of generosity—or, at worst, of a careless yielding to his fancy, unbiassed by the impulse of avarice. Of course his motives for this act are beyond our reach; they may have been good, bad, or indifferent, but cannot surely—unless something were really known about them—be fairly the subject of panegyric.

The party who brought Jeffreys in, were of course his friends—the Presbyterians; but about this time, by what means does not appear, he became the associate of a very different set, particularly of the younger Chiffinch, the king’s closet-keeper, and purveyor of his pleasures, and through him apparently was introduced to the Duchess of Portsmouth. By these honourable approaches he came within the purlieus of the court, and paved his way to the recordership of the city—the object of his ambition—in the appointment of which—that being then with the government—his old friends could be of little service. The city, too, was now on good terms with the court, and Jeffreys made no scruple of ratting, without the ceremony of any gradations. In 1677, he was knighted—on what occasion is a mystery; but missed the recordership on the removal of Howell. The next year, 1678, however, on the promotion of Sir Wm. Dolben, he attained to the honour of being the “mouthpiece” of the city; and about the same time, within three months of the death of his first wife, he married the daughter—herself a widow—of an alderman, who had passed the chair. The lady was brought to bed somewhat prema-

tarely, which gave occasion to a great deal of coarse witticism among the ribald scribblers of the day, and subjected him to a retort in court, where he told a woman, who had been a little pert, that she was "quick in her answers"—"quick as I am (says she) I am not so quick as your lady, Sir George."

By this advance to the recordership, he became more conspicuous in the courts, and seized upon every opportunity of distinction—especially in shewing his zeal and devotion for the government. He was engaged on the side of the crown, in the popish trials, in the case of Coleman—of Green, Berry, and Hill, for the murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey—of Langhorn and the Jesuits; but in the midst of great virulence of speech and violence of manner—not, to be sure, exceeding that of the bench, and this is alleged as an excuse by his biographer—he shewed himself anxious for the preservation of the legal system of evidence, and steadily resisted the admission of hear-say witnesses.

In the prosecutions for libel, he was equally zealous with the well-known Chief Justice Scroggs; and particularly when Carr was convicted, amidst the hisses of the crowd, of publishing the "weekly packet of advice from Rome," and Scroggs, annoyed by this expression of the public feeling, exclaimed to the jury—"You have done like honest men," the recorder echoed with great vivacity—"They have done like honest men."

Honours now dropped thick upon him. In 1680 he was "called" serjeant, and appointed a Welsh judge; and quickly afterwards contrived to oust the chief justice of Wales, and take his place. Within a few months he was made king's serjeant, and the following year a baronet, and solicitor general to the Duke of York. This last appointment brought him near the person of the duke, and was the source of his future distinctions. He left no stone unturned to serve his new patron, who was himself glad enough of any sturdy supporter. The exclusionists were in full activity, and gave Jeffreys ample opportunity of shewing his zeal. Through the successive prorogations of parliament he was among the most conspicuous of the anti-petitioners—in opposition to those who petitioned for the assembling of parliament—who went by the name of abhorers. But soon the necessities of the crown brought the parliament together again, and no time was lost by the popular party of turning upon the abhorers, among the most active of whom was the recorder. An address to the crown for his dismissal was voted; he himself was brought to the house, and reprimanded on his knees; and being frightened from all propriety, he—craven-like—resigned the recordership, and was laughed at for his pains by the king, in whose eyes he lost

credit, as a man not parliament-proof; and was burnt in effigy along with the devil and the pope, by the populace of the city, with whom his judicial intemperance had made him no favourite.

Thus driven backward some steps in his career, he made attempts to rejoin his old party; but they suspected him and repelled his overtures: and no resource was left him but sticking steadily by the crown, and making up for lost time by more activity. Though fallen, he fell upon his legs; he was still not without influence; he lost nothing for want of looking after it; and was soon, though to the sacrifice of some portion of his practice, made chairman of Hickes's Hall. Here he quickly again distinguished himself, and took his revenge on the Presbyterians—whom on another occasion he said he could smell forty miles off—by absolutely excluding them from juries. He was supported by the judges in this exclusion. Luckily for him, he got employed in Fitzharris's case, where he roared lustily against the unfortunate and indiscreet spy; and again, successively in the trials of Plunket, the titular archbishop, and College, he was still rougher, meeting occasionally himself with rubs and rebuffs from judge, counsel, and witnesses, but parrying all with no ordinary dexterity; and finally fought himself up once more into the favourable notice of the court.

Jeffreys had had his revenge upon the dissenters; and an opportunity was soon flung in his way of wreaking it upon the city. The city had opposed the court in the matter of sheriffs, and some rioting had ensued. In the trial of the old sheriffs, Pilkington and Shute, with the rioters, Jeffrey's opinion was appealed to, as a man who knew the city, and the abilities of the parties to pay fines; and he did not forget to lay them heavily on his enemies. But his great triumph was in the quo warranto cause, by which the city was called upon, in consequence of its resistance to the wishes of the court, to prove the validity of the charter—and lost it—undoubtedly on the suggestion of Jeffreys.

One of the last causes, in which he was engaged as a pleader, was Lord William Russel's, in which he forgot his old rules of evidence, for which he had once so laudably stickled, and was ready enough to support the doctrine of hear-say evidence of the most doubtful kind. In September 1783, he was made chief justice, on the death of Saunders, and a privy counsellor. In this elevated station, he presided at the trial of Algernon Sidney. The new judge's wrong, in this case, was not—as the prisoner charged—in refusing to hear his defence, but in listening to inadmissible evidence, and mischarging the jury; and on these grounds it was the



attainder was afterwards reversed. Jeffreys' violence in the case of Armstrong, the biographer, who has a sharp eye for palliatives, attributes to a severe fit of the stone. In the cabinet, to gratify his patron the Duke of York, he proposed the release of the recusants, but was successfully opposed by the keeper, North.

On the accession of James, Jeffreys was made a peer; and very shortly afterwards had his revenge upon Oates, in a trial for perjury—who on a former occasion had twitted him with his reprimand in the house—by inflicting on him a sentence of extraordinary severity; and in the case of Baxter, his rankling hatred against the Presbyterians had a sweet indulgence. Now came on Monmouth's rebellion; and Jeffreys' extraordinary commission, as judge and general, for the suppression and punishment of the rebels in the West. But this is all so well known, as to make any detail quite superfluous; 351 are said to have been executed, and many hundreds transported. The sums pocketed by the judge, for commutations, were immense; though the court doubtless shared the spoil. The money exacted from the parents of the twenty-six girls, who, at a school, and under the direction of the mistress, had worked a banner for Monmouth—in sums of £50, and £110, was given to the queen's maids of honour. The biographer makes a question, whether Jeffreys or his master were most to blame for the severity exercised by the judge under this commission, and sums up the case against the king thus:—

King James put Monmouth to death, and then sent out his chief justice to punish some western rebels. He refused to respite Lady Lisle for a day, because he had promised the said judge that he would not do so. Either he sent out an order to save the prisoners, after 351 were hung—or he made a judge, who had disobeyed his orders, Lord High Chancellor of England, tarnished as that person must have been with a very massacre, if he had no orders for his conduct. The king moreover made a present of a rich man (Prideaux) to the said judge, and permitted the members of his court to enrich themselves at the expence of some poor western widows.

But what tells trumpet-tongued against Jeffreys, is his *insisting* upon the miserable conditions he did with respect to Lady Lisle and Mr. Prideaux; his brutal exultations at the numbers he had slain;—and, be the king's wishes what they might, the impossibility of executing them without such a wretch to carry them into effect. Jeffreys said he was "snubbed at" for not doing more; but what credit is to be given to this declaration, when he was welcomed by the seals on his return?

As chancellor, he was still Jeffreys, and before two months had passed over his head, he accepted £6,000 of Hampden for procuring his pardon. For his subsequent

career as chief of the "High Commission"—for his treatment of the universities and the bishops, in all which he was the ready tool of the court, we have no space. A few days before his flight, the king took the great seal from Jeffreys—not actually dismissing him; but Jeffreys had lost ground with him by adhering to the Church; and he had said, the "chancellor was an ill man, and had done many ill things." In the confusion that followed James's flight, the chancellor had a narrow escape from the vengeance of the mob; and was placed for security in the tower—where a charge of high treason was laid against him; but he died before he was brought to trial, at the age of 41. So early began and ended his mischievous and profligate course.

The biographer is apparently an unpractised hand. Things are not always in their places; the anecdotes have little point in them; nor are the sentiments always well sustained. But it is an honest book;—the writer speaks his convictions freely, and sometimes forcibly.

*The Annual Peerage of the British Empire; 1827.*—In so aristocratic a country as England, where so much real worship—in the midst of abundance of professed contempt for what the very worshippers affect to call silly idolatry—is directly or indirectly paid to rank and titles, a peerage is a vade-mecum perfectly indispensable. "Peerages" of course there are in plenty—how many we know not—but with the fast spreading demand, no wonder new ones should start from new candidates, with claims fresh and fresh upon our admiration. Accordingly here are three sister ladies—the very graces doubtless of genealogy—Anne, Eliza, and Maria Innes, who, very harmlessly it may be thought, very acceptably no doubt to others, and to their own infinite delight in the fascinating and certainly not unsuitable occupation, have busied themselves in getting up, under Mr. Murray's auspices, a pair of new and beautiful volumes, tastefully decorated, with delicate shadings and brilliant gildings—all smooth and glistening—not to leave a stain on the purest white kid, that kisses the sweet little hands which may be destined to grasp them.

With so much eagerness and avidity was the attractive manual seized by the admiring devotees, that the first edition was actually exhausted in three little weeks; and such rapacity on the part of the tufted and tuft-hunting circles has of course whetted the industry of the fair and surely wondering trio to administer still farther to the fond appetite, and make it grow by what it feeds on. Behold the sweets, which the blessed possessors of the second and improved edition will find to tickle their palates.

"The work embraces the parentage

births, marriages, and issue of all living members of each family descended in the male line from the first peer, or in case of a barony in fee, from the marriage, by which the honour passed into the family now in possession. In peerages of very recent creation, the living and married brothers and sisters of the first peer, and the descendants from the brothers are included. All individuals who have married are retained so long as any member of their generation survives. All who have died unmarried are omitted, unless one or other of the parents is living, or unless the individual was heir-apparent to the title."

Every member of a family occupies a distinct paragraph; and what, it seems, is worthy of notice, all the males of each family appear in the work in the rotation in which they would be called to the inheritance of the title. The names of those who are known to be deceased are printed in italics.

When a collateral branch is introduced, all its subsequent descendants are denominated by their relationship to the present head of the branch, and not, as in other cases, to the existing peer.

The whole peerage is distinguished by its three grand divisions into English, Scotch, and Irish—"thus avoiding the perplexity which the more strictly correct subdivisions of the first class into peerages of England, of Great Britain, and of the United Kingdom."

The titles of the peer are given at the head of each article, but the actual title only is expressed, without adding the place from whence it is taken. As some compensation, however, the christian names are printed in capitals.

"In the successions of the respective peerages a difference will, in many instances, be found between the present computation and that hitherto in use; peeresses in their own right not having formerly been taken into the account (shocking!) as they are in this publication; and in cases of attainted peerages now restored, and those which have been dormant, the persons who are entitled to them by inheritance are also reckoned, but this is always noticed in its place."

Some very ingenious and some very effective abbreviations will also be found in references—for instance, instead of the round-about "Admiral the Honourable John Forbes, second son of George, third Earl of Granard," you have "Admiral the Honourable John Forbes of GRANARD"—and if you want to know any more of him and his genealogy, you must turn to the family of Granard, where he will appear at full length. The word "dec." also is affixed to the name of any dead person, instead of "the late."

The whole peerage is thrown into one alphabetical arrangement; but to mark

the legal order of precedence, a list is prefixed, according to seniority of creation.

The family of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld—"a novelty in an English work of this nature." Another novelty, by the way—all the ~~STILL-BORNS~~ are enumerated. Vide Grantham family.

But the bishops—we declare the treatment is scandalous, particularly of the plebeian ones. Just one line a piece for the name and date of appointment, unless they have had the luck of translations. Not a word for the ladies—nor for sons and daughters. Just as if they had none to bless themselves with. Nor even the date of their birth—how are expectants to calculate the day of their death?

*Elements of Geometry, with Notes, by J. R. Young. Baldwin, London. 1827.*

The same sort of boundless respect for the name and example of a great man, which led our countrymen to overlook for so many years the progress which science had made upon the Continent, has occasioned their almost universal adherence to the Elements of Euclid; and while many introductory treatises on geometry have appeared from the foreign press, very few indeed have issued from our own. None have equalled the Greek mathematician in rigorous demonstration. In perspicuity he has no rival—except, perhaps, in the part of his work which treats of geometrical proportion. This is abstruse, and subtle, and intricate. The doctrine of proportion, as connected with geometry, must necessarily be so. Hence Legendre has excluded the consideration of it from his Elements, leaving all knowledge of the subject to be acquired from numerical proportion. This is a defect which Mr. Young has ably supplied. Indeed, we have never seen a work so free from pretension, and of such great merit. We will briefly mention a few points wherein it is superior to all similar productions:—

In reference to the general plan of the work (observes the author), I have taken a more enlarged and comprehensive view of the Elements of Geometry than I believe has hitherto been done; as I have paid particular attention to the converse of every proposition throughout these elements—having demonstrated the converse wherever such demonstration was possible, and in other cases shewn that it necessarily failed.

By introducing the well known and very elegant proposition of Da Cunha, the theory of parallel lines is rendered free from ambiguity. Of the improvements in the doctrine of proportion we have already spoken. Of the demonstrations throughout the work, some are new, and the rest judiciously selected. Various fallacies latent in the reasonings of some celebrated mathematicians, both of ancient and modern date, are pointed out, and discussed in a tone of calm moderation, which

we regret to say is not always employed in the scientific world. One of these—a proposition in Simpson's Geometry, which has been for upwards of seventy years received as genuine, and adopted by more modern geometers, we may venture to particularize. If two triangles have one angle in the one equal to one angle in the other, and the sides about either of the other angles proportional, then will the triangles be equi-angular, provided these last angles be either both less or both greater than right angles. This is most satisfactorily proved to be false. We conclude with saying, that we have never seen a work so admirably calculated to accomplish the purpose for which it was designed—to supply all the wants of the student in geometry with the least expenditure of time, and, in a manner, free from ambiguity, vigorous and elegant.

*Ursino, Dr. G. F. Logarithmi vi. Decimalium scilicet numerorum ab 1 ad 100,000 et sinuum et Tangentium ad 10'', &c. &c. Christianæ.*—When we first saw these tables, we were at a loss to conceive the use of publishing a set extending only to 100,000, and to six places of decimals. A closer inspection has convinced us that, from the extreme accuracy with which they are printed, there are none so well adapted for general purposes; while, in the clearness and size of the type, they possess a recommendation which can be appreciated by those alone who are familiar with logarithmic calculations. While Mr. Babbage's Tables are requisite for all the more delicate investigations of science, we shall expect to see those of Ursinus employed in all the numerical operations of ordinary life.

### PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

#### DOMESTIC.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 17.—W. H. White, Esq. was ejected from the society. A paper was read, "on the secondary deflection produced in a magnetized needle by an iron shell, in consequence of an unequal distribution of magnetism in its two branches, discovered by Captain Wilson, by P. Barlow, Esq." Also another, "on the difference of meridians of the royal observatories of Greenwich and Paris, by T. Henderson, Esq." This gentleman has detected an error of one second, committed at Greenwich, in the reduction of the observations made officially for determining the differences of longitude of these two places, which amounts, in all probability, to  $9^{\circ}21''\cdot5$ . A letter was read from Mr. Rumker of Paramatta, giving an account of several series of observations made at the observatory there.—24. The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynne was elected into the society; and a paper read, "on destroying the fire-damp in mines by the chloride of lime, by F. Fincham, Esq., by sprinkling the chloride of lime in places where the fire-damp had gathered." This gentleman has succeeded in rendering part of Bradford colliery, where explosions were frequently taking place, exempt from danger. A paper was also read, "on some properties of heat, by R. W. Fox, Esq."—31. E. W. Pendarves, Esq., M. P.; Lieut.-Col. Miller; Major-Gen. Wavell, and Dr. Harwood were admitted members of the society. A paper was communicated, "on the resistance of fluids to bodies passing through them, by J. Walker, Esq." Also, "corrections of the pendulum depending on the value of the divisions of the level of the small repeating circle, as recently ascertained by the experiments of Captain Skater, by Captain E. Sabine." Also a paper, "on the effect produced on the air-cells of the lungs

when the circulation is too much increased, by Sir E. Home."—June 16. W. J. Guthrie, Esq., was admitted a fellow; and a paper read, "on the ultimate composition of simple alimentary substances, with some preliminary remarks on the analysis of organized bodies in general, by Dr. Prout."

#### FOREIGN.

##### INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

May 21.—A favourable report was delivered by M. M. de Prony, Molard, and Girard, on a model of a carriage with a moveable pole, invented by M. Van Hoorich, and on which principle several coaches are now being constructed for the public conveyance. M. Arago communicated a memoir of Mr. Cowper, Professor at Kasan, on different questions relative to the magnetism of the globe. M. Giron de Buzareingues, a correspondent, read a memoir, entitled "Experiments and Observations on the Reproduction of Domestic Animals." A botanical communication was received from M. Broget, naturalist at the Isle of France.—28. M. M. Gay Lussa, and Thenard reported on a memoir of M. Polydore Boullay, concerning the double iodures which is to be inserted in the collection of papers by persons who are not members. M. M. Thenard and Chevreul reported on a memoir of M. Bonastie on a combination of the volatile oils. This gentleman was recommended to continue his labours.—June 4. M. Arago read an extract from a letter of M. Brunel to M. Delessart, relative to the proceedings in the tunnel under the Thames. M. Cagnard de Latour read a note on the two kinds of vibration of the artificial glottis.—11. The annual meeting for the distribution of prizes was held this day; when the mathematical prize was awarded to M. M. Colladon and Sturen of Geneva. La Lande's astronomical prize



was divided between M. Pons, director of the observatory at Florence, and M. Gambart, of that of Marseille, for having observed or calculated the three last comets. M. Montyon's prize in experimental philosophy was bestowed on M. Adolphe Brongniart. Two prizes were given for improvements in the healing art to M. M. Pelletier and Caventon, who discovered the sulphate of quinine; and to M. Civiale, who first succeeded in breaking the stone in the bladder, and has continued the practice with success. Several medals of encouragement were bestowed for minor considerations. The prize in statistics was equally divided between M. M. Braylo and Cardeau. After these prizes had been distributed, and the subjects proposed

for the ensuing year, an historical eulogium would have been pronounced upon M. Charles, who is principally known for the invention of balloons which were substituted for those of Montgolfier, by M. Tourier; but that gentleman was too ill to attend. M. C. Dupin explained the statistical researches in reference to the cabals of the north and south of France, and drew a comparison between the means of executing them in the reign of Louis XIV. and at present. M. G. Cuvier then read an historical panegyric upon Conzart; and M. Cordier communicated an extract from his memoir on the interior temperature of the globe. There was not time to allow the panegyric of M. Penil, by M. G. Cuvier, being read.

#### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

*August's Psychrometer.*—A German philosopher, of the name of August, when comparing the temperature produced by evaporation and that of the circumambient air at the same time—or, in other words, comparing the difference of temperature indicated by a moistened and a dry thermometer with the difference of temperature of the interior and exterior thermometer of Daniel's hygrometer, or the diminution of temperature necessary to produce a deposition of dew—found that the first was very nearly and pretty constantly the half of the second, at the moment of condensation. This ratio being established, it is only necessary to compare a moistened thermometer with a plain one to determine the variable quantity of water contained in the atmosphere. A particular combination of the instruments for facilitating these observations, M. A. has named a psychrometer, from  $\psi\chi\mu\sigma$  (cold). The nearer the temperature indicated by the two thermometers constituting the psycrometer approach, the more moist will the air be; and twice the difference of the two indications will tell how much the temperature should be lowered to produce condensation of the atmospheric vapours. The ratio between the psychrometer and Daniel's hygrometer is not, however, absolutely constant and universal, and holds good exactly only in the ordinary state of the barometer (from 331 to 340 Parisian lines), and at mean temperatures (from 10 to 24 Reaumur). The mathematical formula of M. August, for expressing the quantity of vapour contained in the air, is

$$e' - \frac{\gamma}{\delta\lambda} (b - e') (t - t')$$

$$= 1 + \frac{k}{\lambda} (t - t')$$

$e$  being the tension of the atmospheric vapour, or its expansive force;  $t$  the temperature of the air;  $t'$  the cold produced by the evaporation of a moistened thermometer;  $e'$  the maximum tension of the vapour, corresponding to the temperature  $t'$ , and reduced to the state of the barometer;  $b$  the height

of the barometer, expressed by unity at  $0^\circ$ , the same as the tension of the vapour;  $\gamma$  the specific heat of dry air,  $= 0.2669$ , according to Kiot;  $k$  that of the aqueous vapour,  $= 2.847$ ;  $\delta$  the density of the vapour, compared with that of dry air,  $= 0.62349$  (Kiot);  $\lambda$  the latent heat of vapour, according to M. Gay Lussac,  $550^\circ$  of the centigrade scale. M. August observes, that Daniel's hygrometer cannot exactly indicate the quantity of vapour contained in the atmosphere, because the exterior surface of the instrument has constantly a higher temperature than is indicated by the interior thermometer. The error is greater, as the difference between the temperature of the point of precipitation and that of the air is greater—disadvantages, to which the psychrometer is not liable. The indications, however, of this latter instrument are greater in the sun than in the shade—an effect arising from the radiation of heat. The same results are observable in the morning and in the evening. Whether this instrument can be employed in winter, the inventor has not yet determined. At all events, it is necessary to substitute for the value of  $\lambda = 550^\circ$   $\lambda = 550^\circ + 75^\circ = 625^\circ$  if there be a formation of ice. In general, the indications will be more perfect as the values of  $\gamma$  and  $k$  shall be better known. The approximative formula calculated for the mean heights of the barometer, gives  $e' = 0.26 (t - t')$  in Parisian lines.

*Diamonds in Siberia.*—The platiniferous sand of Nischni-Toura, in Siberia, offering a striking analogy to that of Brazil, in which diamonds are generally found, has led to an expectation of their being discovered in that inhospitable region. The sand of Brazil is principally composed of rolled fragments of hydrate of iron and jasper, and contains more platinum than gold. The sand of Nischni-Toura is visibly formed of the same component parts; and the presence of hydrate of iron is the more remarkable, as it is in a conglomerate of this species that the Brazilian diamonds are enveloped—as if these two minerals were not accidentally combined, but were the remains of one and the same

formation. No steps had been taken, by the director of the mines at Nischni-Toura, so late as February last, to promote this discovery; but it is believed that the government will not long allow it to be neglected.

**Petroleum Oil in Switzerland.**—In searching for pit-coal in the canton of Geneva, abundant springs of a bituminous oil, called oil of petroleum, have been discovered. The elevated ridge of the communes of Dardagny and Chalex, although isolated on three sides by the Rhone, the Allondon, and the stream of the Rouleve, appears to be a continuation of the strata which extend on the other side of the Rhone, and from its bed. The strata of which it is composed seem to rise from the river in an acute angle from the east to the west, and from the north to the south, and are broken near Dardagny by the course of the Allondon. It is towards this place that the strata impregnated with bitumen appear at the surface, wherever the water has removed the vegetable mould and clay. The bituminous bed actually worked is about twenty feet thick.

**Quadruple Rainbow.**—Two rainbows are frequently seen together—rarely three, and never four. On the sea-coast, however, a sort of quadruple rainbow may be seen; but then the bows are concentric in pairs. A phenomenon of this sort was observed by Mr. Schulz, at 6 p. m., July 31, 1824, on the island of Rugen. In a south-east direction, and very near him, he saw a double rainbow, of which the colours were extremely vivid. These two were surrounded by two others, of which the extremities cut the two others very near the earth; so that, at the two points of the horizon, there was a double intersection. The sea being opposite, and in a north-west direction, the explanation of this phenomenon was not difficult. It was evident that the two first bows were formed by the sun itself, and the two others by the image of the sun reflected in the sea.

**Aerolithes.**—A circumstance, which appears not to have been generally known in Europe, appears in No. 10 of the "Zeitschrift für Mineralogie," viz. a shower of aerolithes fell, in 1824, at Sterlitahrak, 200 versts from Rembourg: the masses were of a regular octaedral form.

**Organic Remains.**—Near Hiederhohen, on the Werra, below Eschwegein-Hesser, a skull of a rhinoceros has been found in a gypsum-quarry; and a league from thence, at Grebendorf, on the right bank of the Werra, in alluvial clay, a mammoth-tooth, weighing twenty pounds, has been discovered. At Stolberg, in the Hartz, at the entrance of the valley of Rottleberode, bones of the primitive buffalo have been met with in the calcareous mountain of the Krieselsberg.

**Mensuration.**—In the second chapter of the fifth book of Columella de Re Rusticâ, a rule is given for determining the superficies of an equilateral triangle, which, in algebraic terms is this—Let  $a$  be on one side of the equilateral triangle, then its superficies is  $=a^2 (\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{3})$ ; or in decimals,  $a^2 0.433$ .

The exact formula is  $a^2 \frac{\sqrt{3}}{4}$ ; or in decimals,  $a^2 0.4330$ . It is curious that the irrational  $\frac{1}{4}\sqrt{3}$  should have a rational expression, coming so near it, yet so simple; and it is certainly singular that Columella should have been in possession of this formula.

**Telescopes.**—Professor Amici, of Modena, to whose practical as well as theoretical skill the scientific world is indebted for some optical instruments which have never been surpassed, concludes that, for an achromatic telescope and a Newtonian, of the same focal length, to produce the same effect, the diameter of the mirror of the latter must be to that of the object-glass of the former as 4 : 3. The ratio assigned by the late eminent Sir W. Herschel was that of 7 : 10. The professor has likewise given an infallible criterion by which to distinguish the spurious disc which even the best telescopes assign to a fixed star, from the real discs of a satellite or small planet. It consists in separating the image into two with the divided eye-glass micrometer of his construction; when, if the disc be real, it will remain perfectly round; if spurious, it will be elongated in a direction perpendicular to the section of the lens—the other diameter remaining the same. This, however, supposes the power employed to be sufficiently high to render the phenomenon visible. The same effect will arise from closing half the aperture of the telescope.

**Ancient Glass Bottles.**—Among the curious and interesting objects lately discovered in the excavations at Pompeii are five glass bottles, in some of which were olives in an extraordinary state of preservation. These olives were soft and pasty, but entire, and had the same form with those called Spanish olives; they had a strong varied odour, and a bitter taste, leaving a biting astringent sensation upon the tongue. A part of these olives have been analyzed, and the rest have been deposited in the Neapolitan Museum in the same bottles in which they were found.

**Enviably Employment.**—There is a generally received notion, on the authority, we believe, of the visions of Quevedo, that ladies who from necessity have passed a life of single blessedness, shall hereafter be employed in leading apes through the Asphodel fields allotted them. Von Swedenborg disposes of these maidens in a different way. By him they are placed in his second heaven, there to nurse for ever the babes of grace who die before they can walk and talk. What is to become of the sucklings?

**Improved Coach Springs.**—In the manner in which coach springs are generally constructed, a swinging motion is allowed to the body of the vehicle, by which, when the roof is much laden, great danger of overturning is incurred. A Lancashire coachmaster, of the name of Lacey, has recently contrived and adapted to carriages a sort of spring, by which this danger is perhaps entirely obviated. His invention consists in attaching the body of a carriage to shackle-

bars, rings, or plates, which are supported by elastic bearings, constituted of helical or elliptic springs, or even of cubical pieces of caoutchouc, enclosed in a box or cylinder made fast to the rail of the carriage. We have seen of late few patent inventions so well entitled as this to the patronage of the public.

*Origin of the Saxons.*—The most probable derivation of the Saxons which has been suggested, is from the Sacaseni, or Sacassani, a people mentioned by Pliny and Strabo as originally inhabiting the regions of Persia, about the Caspian Sea. In support of this derivation, it has been observed that several words in the present language of Persia nearly resemble those of the same signification in Saxon. Of such resemblances five remarkable instances are adduced, by Camden, from Joseph Scaliger. This hint has given rise to an attempt, by Mr. Sharon Turner, to ascertain, by a comparison of the two languages, whether such a number of coincidences are discoverable as materially to confirm the belief that Persia was originally the country of our Saxon progenitors. Although, supposing that belief well founded, the total separation of the two nations for at least 2,000 years, the progressive migration of the Saxons along the north of Asia, and through the whole breadth of the upper surface of Europe, together with the numerous vicissitudes which have befallen them, must have tended greatly to obliterate the marks of original similitude between their respective languages; yet the result of the comparison made by Mr. Turner, during a very brief period of leisure which he was able to devote to this object, has been the discovery of 162 Persian words, which have a direct affinity with as many Anglo-Saxon terms of the same meaning. He has likewise given a list of fifty-seven similar resemblances between the latter tongue and the Zeud, or ancient Persian; and a third, consisting of forty-three coincidences of it with the Pehlvi, an intermediate language used in Persia, between the modern Persian and the Zeud. In the learned writer's opinion, a more elaborate investigation of these analogies would further confirm the Asiatic derivation of the Saxons.

*Influence of Strata on the Atmosphere.*—

The following is a summary of the leading points of a novel hypothesis recently submitted to the Royal Society by W. A. Mac-kinnon, Esq. He begins by stating that, residing in the vicinity of Southampton, about seven miles from the great bed of chalk that runs through part of Hampshire and the neighbouring counties, he was struck with the difference of the air when on the chalk to what it was when going towards the New Forest, though both were equally distant from the water. That, in consequence, experiments were tried with the hygrometer (De Luc's whalebone, and Daniels'); and the result of these was, that invariably a greater degree of dryness was found in the

atmosphere over the chalk than over clay or alluvial substance. Mr. M., however, adds, that the hygrometer is an instrument so very uncertain in its results, and so liable to inaccuracy, that little reliance ought to be placed on experiments made with it, unless confirmed by other observations. He says, however, that every subsequent observation confirms the hypothesis—that if chalk be laid on a field as a dressing, it will, at the end of some hours, become damp, even if no rain or little dew have fallen, which dampness can only arise from the atmosphere. Also, that turf-grass over chalk or lime-stone, even in the hottest summer, always looks green and healthy; which must, it is thought, arise from the absorption of atmospheric moisture, by a sort of capillary attraction from the chalk or lime-stone, which moisture, passing through the slight covering of mould, keeps the roots of the grass sufficiently moist to look green; whereas the same heat burns up turf-grass over clay, or alluvial substance, or gravel, in a remarkable degree. Many other arguments are brought forward in favour of this assertion. It is added, that, from this absorbing power or capillary attraction of atmospheric damp by certain strata, a house built on a chalk foundation, or of chalk materials, will commonly be damp; and for the same reason, if lime-stone or sea-sand be used. The paper farther states, that if the dryness or dampness of the atmosphere be affected by the stratum, that must influence the spirits or the health of the inhabitants; and even some other qualities of individuals or nations may depend more on the substratum than is commonly imagined.

*Saline bitter Waters of Salschütz.*—A new analysis of these celebrated waters has been made, by Professor Steinmann, of Prague; and a pound of sixteen ounces was found to contain,—

	Principal Spring.	Korens Spring.
Sulphate of magnesia .....	78.735 ..	81.056
Nitrate of magnesia .....	20.247 ..	7.903
Hydrochlorate of magnesia ..	2.606 ..	1.338
Carbonate of magnesia ....	1.100 ..	1.238
Sulphate of potash .....	22.932 ..	14.027
Sulphate of soda .....	27.113 ..	22.136
Sulphate of lime .....	2.496 ..	0.786
Carbonate of lime .....	4.838 ..	4.203
Carbonate of Strontian ....	0.024 ..	0.018
Carbonate of the protoxyde of iron .....	0.108 ..	0.163
Carbonate of the protoxyde of manganese .....	0.028 ..	
Subphosphate of alum.....	0.018 ..	
Silex.....	0.061 ..	0.163
[Extracting].....	0.385 ..	0.434
	160.691 ..	133.292
Carbonic acid.....	3.304 ..	2.967
Atmospheric air .....	0.105 ..	0.286
	164.100 ..	136.545

*Communication between the Atlantic and the Black Sea.*—The original design of uniting by a canal the Rhine and the Danube is due to Charlemagne, by whom it was undertaken, but, owing to political events, was soon abandoned. Lately, the Marquis



de Desselles, peer of France, and at that time chief of Moreau's staff, renewed the project (in 1801), to which Bonaparte gave much attention; and doubtless, but for the subsequent convulsions of Europe, would have ensured its completion. The subject is again agitated; and the design seems to be to ascend the course of the Altmühl from Kelheim, where it discharges its waters into the Danube, to Graben, to form a canal from thence to both, so as to connect the Altmühl and the Reidnitz. The canal need not be more than five leagues in length, and the plain through which it would run presents no difficulty. At three-quarters of a league from Bamberg, the Reidnitz falls into the Mein, which, latter, at Mayence, unites its waters to the Rhine. The advantages resulting from this extensive line of navigation are too manifest to require any comment; and it is to be hoped that no considerations of a private or local nature will be allowed to interfere with the interests of Europe.

*Commerce of Russia.*—During the last five years the importations of spun cotton into Russia amounted to, in 1822, 14,641,483 paper roubles; in 1823, 20,353,698; in 1824, 37,223,625; in 1825, 33,277,436; in 1826, 33,120,544. The whole product of the Russian manufactures, in 1824, amounted in paper roubles to—

Cloths, casimirs, drugs, shells, and woollen goods	59,748,085
Silk goods	10,154,791
Cotton goods	37,033,354
Linens	10,689,504
	<hr/>
	117,625,734

Importation of Foreign Manufactures:  
1820.

Woollen goods	22,350,114
Silks	10,491,039
Cottons	22,932,933
Linens	2,381,028
	<hr/>
	58,155,114

1824.

Woollen goods	9,196,733
Silks	6,687,327
Cottons	10,408,299
Linens	189,420
	<hr/>
	26,481,779

*Manuscript of Boccaccio.*—Professor Ciampi has discovered, in the Magliabecchi library at Florence, a manuscript, which is found to be the common-place book of the celebrated John Boccaccio de Cestaldo. This curious manuscript not only throws some light on the different circumstances of the life of

this great writer, but shews how learned and laborious he was. It comprises many valuable particulars of a period when the discovery of America was in agitation, and literature was dawning in Italy. M. Ciampi has communicated this work to the public, with notes, and a fac-simile of the writing of Boccaccio.

*Steam-Gun.*—On the 29th October 1826, M. Besetzny, a native of Austrian Silesia, made some experiments at Presburg with a steam-gun of his invention, in presence of a great assemblage of military men, who were astonished at its extraordinary power. The furnace of iron-plate which contains the steam-boiler has the form of an alembic, and holds twenty (pots?). It rests upon a frame having two wheels. This machine, with all its apparatus, and carrying 2,000 balls, can easily be dragged by one man on a level road. The barrel which receives the balls through a funnel is fixed by some mechanism to the right of the furnace. In fifteen minutes the steam is sufficiently raised to bring the engine into play. Each movement of the handle disengages a ball; and the discharges succeed each other so quickly, that they scarcely can be counted. Every one of the balls pierced a plank three-quarters of an inch thick, at the distance of eighty paces; and many pierced a second plank, of the same thickness, at the distance of 150 paces. M. B. expects to bring this machine to a much higher degree of perfection, and the details will then be communicated to the public.

*Parlby Rockets.*—The following account of the effect of Major Parlby's rockets has appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*, extracted from the Government Gazette of Calcutta of February last. The experiments were instituted at Meerut. Twenty-four of the 32-pounder rockets and twelve 18-pounders were discharged without a single failure. They were fired with hand-shafts only twelve feet long, and, at the following elevations, gave the ranges severally attached. Three rockets were fired from each elevation.

32-POUNDERS.

Elevation.	Average Range in Yards.
20°	1,000
25°	1,120
30°	1,080
35°	1,600
40°	2,080
45°	2,210
50°	2,283
54°	2,123

18-POUNDERS.

20°	1,308
25°	2,133
30°	2,833
35°	2,870

## MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THE polite world are now on the wing. The nobility of Whitechapel and the opulent of Moorfields, find London insupportable, and are roving like butterflies through the meadows of Margate. Steamers fly down the Thames at the rate of three hundred miles a day, and discharge a fair, gallant, and amatory cargo at the rate of five hundred tons of humanity a voyage. Stage coaches race with double velocity, new establishments of reception houses for the fractured are propagating along the favourite roads, and the five hundred operatives on man, who have not a month ago taken their degrees in Edinburgh, in direct defiance of Lord Ellenborough's famous Act, are already absorbed into the London surgical circulation, and giving encouragement for a fresh relay of men of the *tourniquet*.

For all this there is a reason, for our countrymen are nothing without one. The bee and the ant are honoured by philosophy for making provision in summer for the wants of the times of frost and snow, when they can seek and steal no more. Margate, Brighton, Hastings, the Strand at Dover, the huts at Sandgate, the three houses and a half at Eastbourne, the little white-washed crescent at Weymouth, which, from the first south-wester, and first angry spring-tide may heaven long preserve, for nothing else can do it; the whole circuit of our sweet island, on which the whole water-loving population are at this hour performing their ablutions, some in machines, some in green serge, some in *propatulo*, as the doctors of the London University will have it, clothed only in the sinless covering of Eve; some, as at Brighton, washed by woman, unlike Macbeth's witches only in one point, that their want of beards distinguishes them from men; and some, as at Yarmouth, and through the delicate realm of Norfolk, washed by men—a fortunate contrivance, which makes bathing the most popular amusement possible in that province of patriots, smugglers, and turkeys. But in all, the grand stimulant is matrimony. The toil of glory and gain in London is, unhappily, too headstrong for the tender passion. The Lord Mayor's coach passing once a week down Cheapside, the glittering supremacy which even the sheriff's hold, as surrounded by laced liveries and bowing constables, they move through the adoring rabble, and in the sublime sensation of the moment scarcely deign to recognize their own shops, much less honour with a glance the genuflexions of their own shopmen, performing their civic homage at the door; even the more sober, green-tea-coloured, snuff-coloured, drab-

coloured, trade-complexioned coaches of the aldermen and common-council, make an impression on the apprentice sensorium that puts to flight all sentiment. The brightest belles look fatal in vain; the curls of the most glossy wig of the Ross dynasty are absolutely thrown away, and the whole *art de faire souffrir*, the last perfection communicated by the last Parisian *femme de chambre* of the last Parisian academy, just imported into the romantic vicinage of Camberwell, Hoxton, or Lambeth Marsh, might as well be expended on the fish at Billingsgate. To be Lord Mayor one day or other, is, as Alderman Waitman says, an object of glorious ambition, "worth dying for within an hour after one was born." But once set the parties on the shore (any shore will do, from the Isle of Dogs inclusive), and they feel at once that Venus was born of the sea, and was in fact nothing but a handsome kind of Greek oyster. Come unto these yellow sands, and then *take hands*, in the language of nature, by its natural organ, the lips of Shakspeare. There the most remote approximate, the most tardy accelerate, the most feeble invigorate; the odours of the great, both from which the goddess of beauty rose fuming, penetrate the brain; they smell the vegetative mud; saunter along the shingle to the breathing of the low water breeze; exchange their mutual morning gatherings of shells and sea-weed, and sigh that confession, soft, sweet, and irrevocable, for which Moorfields shall yet rejoice through all her stalls, and the Minorities shall exult in new shops, hops, and sweet singers of Israel. But London still retains some few, either whose days of being smitten have not come, or have past, or who have lingered to hear Parson Irving's hot weather cuttings up of the carnality of the Kirk, or who take an interest in the election of some doctor to some new college, bringing from the land of poleetikal ekonomy, satisfactory credentials that he involuntarily wears breeches, and that he does not believe in God; or waiting to see what new ministry we are to have in the next twenty-four hours; and how Lord Goderich will pacify Mr. B. for not being turnspit in the king's kitchen, *malgre* his being unrivalled in his qualifications for the office; or console the Marquis of L. for not having the exclusive appointment of those noble whigs who are ambitious of being made gentlemen and women of the bed-chamber, and airing the shirt and slippers of His Majesty, whom heaven long preserve, in the possession of his own health and his own kitchen.

There are some still unranked in any of these classes. Steady scorers of the locomotive propensities of mankind, and who make a point of going to the theatres only when something is to be seen worth going to see—a principle which generally implies a very slight breach of their dislike to motion. Yet it would be unfair to deny that an evening may be sometimes spent pleasantly enough at the summer theatres at the present sitting.

The Haymarket still exhibits the "Rencontre," of which we gave the panegyric last month, which continues to be popular, and which acted the part of featherbed to harlequin, in the matter of Mr. Planché's heavy fall last week. In the success of the "Rencontre," the translator had hazarded a flying leap at fame, called, "You must be Buried." It was treated, as we hope Mr. Planché himself will not be treated, when he "must be buried." In short, a sentence set upon it, from which no piece in one act, or in five, will have much the better name; and "You must be buried," after two sickly efforts to prove that it "must live," happily disappeared from the eyes of man. Having had the single merit of possessing the most appropriate of all titles, and standing among those happy instances of modern genius, by which one journalist entitles his work the *Ass*, another the *Viper*; another heads his poems "Nonsense Verses;" and another goes about the world soliciting subscriptions for his epic, called "Absurdity." "You must be buried" was equally significant and prophetic; the only possible improvement of the title would be the addition of "You shall be d—mn—d." The whole affair was meant to have some allusion to the very profitable and unpopular profession of Undertaking. But the audience thought it a too *grave* subject for a farce. Some felt it personal, and considered that none but a doctor should remind them of death; some thought *one act* of the kind a great deal too much; and Reeve, a much pleasanter person off the stage than on, gave it as his private opinion behind the *coulisses*, that the dramatis personæ much resembled a deputation of the Humane Society. Colman, who never misses a good thing, says, that from the moment he saw it, he pronounced it "asthmatic," and on being pressed for an explanation, said—"It was sure to go off in a fit of *coffin*." But by the help of Miss E. Tree's bright eyes and handsome figure, by Madame Vestris's furious *favouritisme*, Mr. Farren's oddity, though we think the attitudes of his love scene with the Soubrette *gross, low, and common-place* in the most contemptuous sense of the word, and altogether disreputable to this clever actor, together with Mr. Cooper's *Girth* and

worn-out pantaloons, for we must give him some commemoration, the "Rencontre" goes off swimmingly.

Mr. Poole, too, the essential dramatist of the Haymarket, the Apollo of its three-act pieces from the French, has had, like Apollo in Midas, a "pretty decent tumble." "Gudgeons and Sharks," a piece burlesquing the avidity of the vulgar for place, and the tricks of their betters to cheat them; a subject that came in the very crisis of the most showy display of public trickery witnessed for half a century, fell dead at once; dropped like a victim of the law without a struggle; perished in its prime like an apoplectic Alderman; went off in universal clamour like Lord Ellenborough's Marriage Act; and was buried, like an annuitant, to the delight of all the parties concerned.

The known talent of the author was on this occasion however most vilely seconded by the actors. Nothing in the annals of acting could be duller than every soul on the stage. Reeve seemed to repeat his part trusting to the inspiration of his own genius. Laporte, an actor whom we shall return to France improved, as an original offender is improved by a six months residence Horse-monger-jail, looked unspeakable horrors, and talked as he talks English, a style for which language can find no name. The combination was irresistible, and we scarcely know whether it was better to perish in Highway Grattan's Bye-way manner, or not being recited at all; or in Poole's, of being recited at the mercy of Monsieur Laporte's unteachable tongue.

The Adelphi is getting a new face. The Strand, destined from its infancy to a life of dirt, has added to its other species theatrical rubbish; and if the coat is to be evidence of the connexion, no man can pass within some thousand yards of the pile without bearing a portion of the drama on his shoulders.

The Italian Opera is shut, after a stirring season. The house is useful now chiefly as an excellent place for placarding. The columns are of a convenient height; and we suggest to Mr. Ebers, the revenue that he is throwing away by his neglect of the square foot value of his architecture. The "Balm of Gilead," and "Warren's Blacking" alone would be a fortune, if he had any of the genius of finance within his configuration.

The Lyceum is full, up to 110 of the thermometer. Matthews, with his "Jonathan in England," certainly among the most repulsive of all his performances, a disagreeable picture of the disagreeable, a caricature of a caricature, the low, selfish, squalid, and impudent specimen of the lowest human brute that degrades even an American seaport, fights his way be-



fore the audience night after night. Why does the ingenuity of the ingenious manager, himself a man of taste, and a poet, suffer the talents of the most *dexterous* comedian of his school to be thus humiliated? Why not produce some spirited sketch of English character, some gentleman-like performance, in which an educated audience can take some kind of interest. No man could do it more easily than the manager.

The "Serjeant's Wife" is the popular afterpiece. It is taken from a newspaper anecdote of ages ago, since published among the hideousness of Irish Romance; and finally turned into French location and character by the theatre. The plot is merely the introduction of a French soldier's wife with an old fellow-traveller into a ruined chateau, where an attempt is made by the inhabitants to cut the old man's throat. Miss Kelly, the best melo-dramatist since the brilliant days of Miss Decamp, plays terror, anxiety, poisoning, and the sight of mur-

der in perfection; but the whole conception of the crime is too *real* for the stage. The regular steps of the throat-cutting scene, shock the audience, and every one is glad to discover that no blood is actually running under the curtains. The piece has an interest, but it is a forbidden, repulsive *untheatrical* interest; and though we hate "*licencers*," we should almost have wished that the same policy which prohibited the display of Thurtell's catastrophe, for the benefit of the suburbs, had relieved us of the Irish-French assassination in the Strand. We were sorry to see Miss Kelly looking so more than melo-dramatically thin; she ought to forswear murder till Michaelmas, and go to the country for the benefit of the legitimate drama to come. The character of this house for music is cleverly sustained by "The Freebooters," an opera of *Paer*. Mere music, with but the usual tyrant, lover and lady of the Italian Opera, but on the whole various, graceful, and, though long, not *very* exhausting.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

Lady Morgan's new work, the O'Briens and the O'Flahertys, is on the eve of publication.

A complete Collection of the Parliamentary Speeches (corrected) of the Right Hon. George Canning, with an Authentic Memoir, which have been some time in the press, will very shortly be published, illustrated by a correct and finely executed portrait.

A Portrait of Lady Grantley is being engraved by Meyer, from a painting by Sir W. Beechey, which will form the Thirty-fourth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, in the course of publication in La Belle Assemblée.

The Literary Annuals for 1828 are all in a state of great forwardness. The Forget Me Not, The Amulet, and The Literary Souvenir, announce fresh attractions, and additional interest to their former numbers. There will be two or three new ones this season.

A Defence of the Missions in the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, against the charges and misrepresentations of the Quarterly Review, in a letter addressed to the Editor of that Journal.

Rev. Dr. Pye Smith has in the Press a New Edition, very much enlarged, of his Discourse on the Sacrifice, Priesthood, and Atonement of Christ.

The Horticultural Society of London will commence a Periodical Work on the 1st of October, to be called the "Pomological Magazine."

Mr. Ventonillac has in the press a Translation into French of Bishop Watson's Apology for the Bible.

Mr. Thomas Easton Abbott, of Bridlington, has a Poem in hand, entitled, the "Soldier's Friend," Sacred to the Memory of the late Duke of York.

The Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Admiral Lord Collingwood, are very nearly ready for publication.

A Second Edition of "The Coronation Oath" considered, with reference to the Principles of the Revolution of 1688. By Charles Thomas Lane, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

Mr. Alex. Irving, of Guildford, is about to publish a Latin Grammar, with Exercises in construing and composition.

Dr. Hibbert is in considerable forwardness with the System of Geology, which he has many years been preparing for publication.

Mrs. West, Author of a Tale of the Times, &c, has in the press a New Novel, entitled "Ringrove," or "Old Fashioned Notions," in 2 vols.

Dr. Scully has nearly ready for publication, Observations on the Climate of Torquay and the Southern part of Devonshire generally, comprising an Estimate of its Value as a Remedial Agent in Pulmonary Disorders, &c.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras, 4to., with plates.

Mr. Thomas Maule, Author of Bibliotheca Heraldica, is preparing.

### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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The British Farmer's Quarterly Magazine, devoted entirely to Rural affairs. No. 4. 4s.

**Monteath on Woods and Plantations.** 8vo. 7s. 6d. boards.

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The Reasons of the Laws of Moses, from the More Nevochim of Maimonides; with Notes, Dissertations, and a Life of the Author. By James Townley, D.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.

The Existence, Nature, and Ministry of the Holy Angels, briefly considered as an important branch of the Christian Religion, contained in the volumes of Divine Revelation. 2s. 6d.

Finche's Christian Principles. 12mo. 5s. 6d. boards.

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Notes on Colombia, taken in the Years 1822-3; with an Itinerary of the Route from Caracas to Bogota. By an Officer of the United States Army. 1 vol. 8vo.

A connected View of the whole Internal Navigation of the United States, Natural and Artificial, Present and Prospective; with Maps. 1 vol. 8vo.

American Annual Register, for the Years 1825-6. 1 vol. 8vo.

Federalist. New edition. 8vo.

American Natural History. By John D. Godman, M.D. Vol. 1. Part 1—Mastology. (To be completed in 3 vols.)

A Treatise on Physiology applied to Pathology. By F. J. V. Broussais, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

America: or, a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent; with Conjectures on their future Prospects. By the Author of Europe, &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Report to the Secretary of War of the United States, on Indian Affairs. By the Rev. Jedidiah Aboise, D.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament, from the Clavis Philologica of Christ. Abr. Wahl. By Edward Robinson, A.M.

A Greek Grammar of the New Testament, translated from the German of George Benedict Winer. By Moses Stuart and Edward Robinson. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Diplomacy of the United States; being an Account of the Foreign Relations of the Country, from the first Treaty with France in 1718 to the Treaty of Ghent in 1814 with Great Britain. 1 vol. 8vo.

Constitutional Law: comprising the Declaration of Independence; the Articles of Confederation; the Constitution of the United States; and the Constitutions of the several States composing the Union. 1 thick volume, 18mo.

Elements of History, Ancient and Modern; with Historical Charts. By J. E. Worcester. 1 vol. 12mo.

Sermons by the late Rev. Samuel C. Thacker; with a Memoir by F. W. P. Greenwood. 1 vol. 8vo.

Elements of Mineralogy, adapted to the Use of Seminaries and Private Students. By J. L. Comstock, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo.

American Quarterly Review, No. 2, for June.

North American Review, No. 56, for July.

American Journal of Science. By Professor Silliman. Vol. 12, part 2.



## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

*List of Patents sealed, 1827.*

To Edward Dodd, of Berwick-street, Soho, in the county of Middlesex, musical instrument-maker, for his invention of certain improvements on pianofortes. Sealed 25th July; 6 months.

To Thomas Peck, of Saint John-street, in the parish of Saint James, Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, engineer, for his invention of the construction of a new engine, worked by steam, which he intends to denominate a revolving steam-engine—1st August; 6 months.

To William Parkinson, of Barton-upon-Humber, in the county of Lincoln, gentleman, and Samuel Crosby, of Coitage-lane, City-road, in the county of Middlesex, gas-apparatus manufacturer, for their having found out an improved method of constructing and working an engine for producing power and motion—1st August; 6 months.

To Joseph Maudsley, of Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements on steam-engines—1st August; 4 months.

To Lionel Lukin, of Lewisham, in the county of Kent, Esq., in consequence of communications made to him by foreigners abroad, and discoveries made by himself for certain improvements in the manufacture of collars for draught and carriage horses, and saddles for draught carriage and saddle horses—1st August; 6 months.

To Eugene du Mesnil, of Soho-square, in the county of Middlesex, Esq., for his invention of an improvement or improvements on, or additions to, stringed musical instruments—1st August; 6 months.

To Anthony Scott, of Southwark Pottery, in the county of Durham, earthenware-manufacturer, for his invention of an apparatus for preventing the boilers of steam-engines and other similar vessels of capacity becoming foul, and for cleaning such vessels when they become foul—4th August; 2 months.

To Peter Burt, of Waterloo-place, in the parish of St. Ann, Limehouse, in the county of Middlesex, mathematical-instrument maker, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad, for an invention of an improved steam-engine—4th August; 6 months.

To John Underhill, of Parkfield iron-works, near Wolverhampton, in the county of Stafford, iron-master, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for passing boats and other floating bodies, from a higher to a lower, or a lower to a higher level, with little or no loss of water, and which improvements are also applicable to the raising or lowering of weights on land—13th August; 6 months.

A grant unto Robert Dickinson, of Bridge-street, Southwark, in the county of Surrey,

tin-plate merchant, for his invention of an improved buoyant bed or mattress—13th August; 6 months.

To Thomas Breidenback, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements on bedsteads, and in the making, manufacturing, or forming articles to be applied to or used in various ways with bedsteads, from a material or materials hitherto unused for such purposes.—13th August; 2 months.

To William Alexis Jarrin, of New Bond-street, in the county of Middlesex, Italian confectioner, for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for cooling liquids—13th August; 2 months.

To William Chapman, of the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, civil engineer, for his invention of a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of waggons that have to travel on railways or on tramways—14th August; 2 months.

To Henry Pinkus, of Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania in the United States of North America, but now resident at the Quadrant Hotel, Regent street, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for his having invented or found out an improved method or apparatus for generating gas, to be applied to lights and other purposes—15th August; 6 months.

To William Spong, of Aylesford, in the county of Kent, gentleman, for an invention for diminishing friction in wheel-carriages, water-wheels, and other rotary parts of machinery—15th August; 6 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Mansfield-street, Borough-road, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his having invented or found out certain improvements in the construction of cranes—17th August; 6 months.

To Lemuel Wellman Wright, of Mansfield-street, Borough-road, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his having invented or found out certain improvements in machinery for cutting tobacco—21st August; 6 months.

*List of Patents, which, having been granted in September 1813, expire in the present month of September 1827.*

4. Jacob Brazil, Great Yarmouth, for a machine for working capstans and pumps on board ships.

— Frank Parkinson, Kingston-upon-Hull, for a still and boiler for preventing accidents by fire, and preserving the contents from waste in the operation of distilling and boiling.

— John Westwood, Sheffield, for *embossing ivory by pressure.*

23. Henry Liston, Ecclesmachan, Linlithgow, for certain improvements upon the plough.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## THE RIGHT HON GEORGE CANNING.

THE political life of Mr. Canning must be read in the history of his country, in the parliamentary debates, in the state papers, &c. of the last thirty or five and thirty years. Regarding it through these media, different inferences will be drawn, different estimates will be formed, according to the principles or prejudices of the reader. Under any circumstances, however, it seems impossible—and we make not the remark disrespectfully—to consider Mr. Canning otherwise than as an adventurer; as a man who, without family or connexions, made his way by dint of talent, perseverance, and a suppleness of ambition, to the highest honours of the state. Mr. Canning, too, was the creature of circumstance. He was not a greater man in the summer of 1827 than he was in the summer of 1825; yet, had he passed away two years ago, his death would, comparatively, not have been felt or noticed. Twenty years hence, if our judgment deceive us not, his memory will be but little regarded. At the best, his policy on many points was doubtful. As a scholar, Mr. Canning was elegant and accomplished; as an orator, he was caustic, shewy; brilliant, and sparkling; as a statesman, he appears not to have been consistent, profound, or comprehensive in his views. It is not a little remarkable that from his warmest eulogists, his reputation has, since his death, received the deadliest stabs. Facts, however, not comments, are our present aim.

Mr. George Canning, the father of the late premier, was a native of the sister kingdom, and related to the family of Garvagh, the present representative of which was recently elevated to the peerage. He was educated for the law; and, without fortune himself, he married a lady equally destitute. This offended his wealthy relations; and, with only the paltry stipend of £150 per annum from his father, he came over to England, became a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple, and was admitted to the bar. He was a man of considerable poetical and literary talent. He wrote several tracts in favour of public liberty; and, amongst other effusions, the verses supposed to have been written by Lord William Russell, the night before his execution, are said to have been his. He is understood to have lived in humble circumstances. We have seen it stated that he died on the 11th of April, 1771. If so, he died on the very day that his son George, the subject of this sketch, completed his first year, as, according to the inscription on Mr. Canning's coffin-lid, that gentleman was born on the 11th of April, 1770. Mrs. Canning subsequently became the wife of Reddish, a theatrical performer of some celebrity, who died insane; and his relict, who died in

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March last, at the age of eighty-one, afterwards married a person—either a linen-draper or an actor—of the name of Hunn.

George Canning was born at Paddington. Under the auspices of a paternal uncle, he was placed at Eton, where his genius soon became apparent. In the year 1786, he was one of the senior scholars. He was the projector and editor of "The Microcosm," a periodical paper, which was published by him and his school-fellows, under the fictitious direction of Gregory Griffin, Esq. To this work, commenced on the 7th of November, 1786, and closed on the 30th of July 1787, Mr. Canning contributed ten or twelve papers, under the signature "B," all of them distinguished, more or less, by playfulness of fancy, originality of thought, and elegance of diction. The *Microcosm* has passed through three editions—a fourth is now in the press, and it is not incurious to remark that the document still exists, bearing Mr. Canning's signature, and dated July 31, 1787; which, for the sum of fifty guineas, assigned the copyright to Mr. Charles Knight, of Windsor.

From Eton, Mr. Canning was transferred to Christ's Church College, Oxford, where his orations attracted extraordinary notice, and his Latin poetry was greatly admired. Having completed his studies at college, he entered himself at one of the Inns of Court, and was in due time called to the bar. In the public debating societies at that period, he may be said to have schooled himself for the senate.

At college Mr. Canning had formed some good connexions. He was intimate with the present Earl of Liverpool, and, upon his entrance into life he is understood to have derived considerable advantage from the friendship of Mr. Sheridan. It is said to have been owing to the advice of that gentleman, that he attached himself to the ministerial party. Mr. Pitt became his patron. At the age of three and twenty, he succeeded Sir Richard Wolesley, as M. P. for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight; and, on the 31st of January, 1794, he delivered his maiden speech in parliament, in favour of the subsidy proposed to be granted to the King of Sardinia. His reception was auspicious, and his subsequent political progress was rapid. In 1796 he was appointed one of the under secretaries of state. A more important event occurred to him in the year 1799: this was his marriage with Miss Joan Scott, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of General Scott, whose immense fortune had been made by play. Miss Scott's two sisters were married; one to Lord Downe, and the other to the Marquis of Tichfield, now Duke of Portland.

About the latter period, or rather before,

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"The Anti-Jacobin Examiner," a weekly satirical paper of great wit and talent, was brought out in support of the administration. Mr. Frere, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Canning are understood to have been the parties chiefly concerned in its publication. Mr. Pitt, himself, is said to have been a contributor; and that Mr. Canning was one of its principal supporters, there is no doubt. His "New Morality," a parody on Milton's "Morning Hymn"—his "Lives of the Triangles," in which Dr. Darwin's poetical style, and the principles of the jacobin reformers were most laughably burlesqued—"The Student of Gottingen," a mock tragedy, in ridicule of the German drama, &c., and his "Universal Benevolence," a parody on one of Southey's Sapphies, entitled "The Widow," constituted some of the severest and most effective satires of the time.

Mr. Canning went out of office with Mr. Pitt, in 1801; and, during the ensuing short administration of Mr. Addington and his colleagues, he showed himself a most powerful antagonist both in and out of parliament. His poetical squibs of that period were equally laughable, and perhaps equally severe with those which had appeared in "The Anti-Jacobin Examiner;" but, in elegance and sarcastic point they were certainly inferior.

With Mr. Pitt he returned to office in 1804, and succeeded Mr. Tierney, in the office of treasurer of the navy, which he continued to hold till Mr. Pitt's death in 1806. He was also honoured with a seat at the Board of Privy Council. On Mr. Pitt's death, he again went into opposition; but, soon afterwards he joined the Duke of Portland, and became Secretary of State for the Foreign department. It was during this secretaryship that he made his famous speeches on the bombardment of Copenhagen, and the seizure of the Danish Fleet; and, during his secretaryship, also, that (on the morning of September 1, 1809), he fought a duel upon a dispute arising out of the conduct of the Walcheren expedition, with the late Marquis of Londonderry, then Lord Castlereagh, Secretary for War and Colonies. The parties met on Putney Heath; on the second fire, Mr. Canning received his adversary's ball in his thigh; but, as there was no fracture, he recovered sufficiently to attend the levee on the 11th of October, and resign his seals of office. Lord Castlereagh also resigned. Mr. Canning had declared that Lord Castlereagh was a man whom he could not act with; but both parties afterwards came into office, and Mr. Canning condescended to act under Lord Castlereagh. The discussion of this affair alone might occupy several pages. All that we shall observe is—the conduct of politicians appears to be directed by principles and feelings very different from those of the rest of mankind.

In 1812, Mr. Canning identified himself with the Marquis of Wellesley, endeavoured

to effect a coalition with the Grey and Grenville party, and was very active in the political discussions of the period. In 1812, too, he first offered himself as a candidate for the representation of Liverpool. He was four times elected a representative for that town, but never without a strong opposition. The second election took place after his embassy to Lisbon, the third in 1818, and the fourth in 1820.

It was in 1816, that Mr. Canning went out as ambassador to the court of Portugal, on the allowance of £14,000 a year: his acceptance of which was severely animadverted upon in parliament. In 1818 he came into office as president of the Board of Control, for India affairs. In 1820, on the commencement of proceedings against her Majesty Queen Caroline, he resigned his office, and retired to the continent. Having returned to England, he was in the ensuing year appointed Governor-General of India. He had actually taken leave of his constituents at Liverpool, for the purpose of proceeding to Bengal, when the sudden death of the Marquis of Londonderry offered to him the more desirable post of Secretary of State for the Foreign department. He accepted that office, and held it until the lamented illness of the Earl of Liverpool rendered it necessary to appoint a successor to that nobleman. Mr. Canning considered the premiership as his inheritance; he received his Majesty's commands to re-organize the cabinet; his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Mr. Peel, and three or four other members of the Liverpool administration resigned; and Mr. Canning becoming first lord of the treasury, formed a coalition with several of the leading Whigs. Every thing connected with this subject is of a date too recent to require further illustration from us.

Mr. Canning's talents, as they were displayed in the composition of state papers, during the war of the French Revolution, were of a very high order. He appeared to equal advantage in the long and voluminous correspondence, which during his secretaryship he carried on with the American minister, Mr. Pinkney, respecting the points in dispute between the British and American governments. During the time that Mr. Canning is understood to have had the arrangement of the royal speeches, delivered at the opening and close of every parliamentary session, those documents were remarkable for perspicuity, point, and luminous expedition. Mr. Canning's oratory was similar in its character to his literary productions. It was fluent, perspicuous, brilliant, and epigrammatic. Mr. Canning was more eloquent than argumentative, more persuasive than convincing, more sarcastic than impressive. Altogether, he was a man highly gifted, eminently qualified to arrest and command attention.

Mr. Canning's health had for some time been seriously affected; but, we believe, not



the slightest apprehension of danger was entertained. It is more than probable that his death was accelerated by the high mental excitement to which he had been for many weeks, if not months, subjected. The disease which ultimately consigned him to the grave, appears to have been a general internal inflammation. It was not until the morning of Sunday, the 5th of August, that the first bulletin respecting his illness, was issued, that the public were first apprised of his alarming indisposition; and so rapid was his illness in its progress, that at ten minutes before four o'clock, on the morning of the Wednesday following (Aug. 8) he expired.

During his illness, Mr. Canning was sedulously and unremittingly attended by his amiable wife, and his daughter, the Marchioness of Clanricarde. Mr. Canning's eldest son died on the 31st of March, 1820, in the 19th year of his age. He has left two other sons: the first a post captain in the navy, and the second, a youth about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

Mr. Canning's remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, near the grave of Mr. Pitt, on the 16th of August. The funeral was strictly private. The chief mourners were Mr. Canning's son, the Duke of Portland, and the Marquis of Clanricarde. There was nine mourning coaches, and several carriages of the nobility, &c. Amongst the distinguished personages who attended, were the Dukes of Clarence, Sussex, and Devonshire, the Marquises of Anglesea and Lansdown, the Lord Chancellor, the Lords Goderich, Seaford, and Cowper, Count Munster, and about fifty other noblemen.—The funeral service was read by the Dean of Westminster.

The coffin in which were inclosed the remains of the late premier, was covered with crimson velvet. On the coffin plate was engraven the family arms and motto of the deceased; and beneath, the following inscription:—

Depositem.

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,  
One of His Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council,  
First Lord Commissioner of His Majesty's Treasury,  
Chancellor and Under Treasurer of the  
Exchequer of Great Britain and Ireland,  
And a Governor of the Charter-house, &c. &c.

Born the 11th of April, 1770.

Died 8th August, 1827.

SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart., of Sloughton Grange, in the county of Leicester, D. C. L., F. R. S., and S. A., and a Trustee of the British Museum, was born at Dunmow, in Essex, in November 1753. He was the only child of Sir George Beaumont, by Rachel, daughter of Matthew Howland, of Stonehall, Dunmow, Esq. He succeeded to his title and paternal estate in 1762. He was educated at Eton, and at New College, Oxford. In 1778, he married Margaret,

daughter of John Willes, of Astrop, in Northamptonshire, Esq., the eldest son of Lord Chief Justice Willes.

Sir George Beaumont commenced the tour of Europe in 1782. At the general election in 1790, he was returned as one of the representatives of the borough of Beeralston, in Devonshire; but he sat during only one parliament.

Sir George Beaumont was long known as an amateur and connoisseur of the Fine Arts. Many admirable productions of his pencil have at different times graced the walls of Somerset House. He was honoured with the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who bequeathed him his Return of the Ark, by Sebastian Bourdon. This is one of the sixteen pictures which Sir George, a year or two before his death, presented to the National Gallery. A portrait of Sir George, engraved by T. S. Agar, from a painting by Hoffner, in the possession of Lord Mulgrave, was published in the year 1812, in Cadell's British Gallery of Contemporary Portraits.

Sir George Beaumont died of an attack of erysipelas in the head, at his seat Coleorton Hall, Leicestershire, on the 7th of February. Leaving no issue, he is succeeded in his title and estates by his first cousin, now Sir George Howland Willoughby Beaumont, who has married a daughter of the Bishop of London.

THE REV. DR. DAUBENY.

The Venerable Charles Daubeny, D. C. L., Archdeacon and one of the Prebendaries of Salisbury, Fellow of Winchester College, and Vicar of North Bradley in the county of Wilts, was born about the year 1744. He was of lineal descent from a Norman attendant on the conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and collaterally from Sir John Daubeny, brother of the Earl of Bridgwater. Through life he appears to have been deeply impressed with a high sense of the real value of hereditary distinction—that of exciting its possessor to honourable action, that he may reflect lustre, rather than disgrace, upon the name of his ancestors. Educated for the church, he had long been one of its most distinguished, most efficient members, evincing, at all times, the highest sense of official duty, combined with the most zealous solicitude to defend and support the great cause in which he was engaged in an age of sceptical indifference to the interests of truth. His literary productions, in several volumes, constitute splendid monuments of ecclesiastical knowledge and attachment to ancient principles. Amongst these may be particularly mentioned his celebrated *Guide to the Church*: also his *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, in which some of the False Reasonings, Incorrect Statements, and palpable Misrepresentations in a Publication entitled "The True Churchman ascertained," by John Overton, A.B., are pointed out.* The latter was published in the year 1803, the former at an earlier period. In 1803 he

also wrote, and preached at Christ Church, Bath, "*A Sermon on His Majesty's Call for the United Exertions of his People against the threatened Invasion.*" In 1805, his "*Charge delivered at the Primary Visitation of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Sarum,*" attracted much notice by the excellent sense, and correct feeling which it throughout displayed. We cannot resist the inclination of transcribing from it the following paragraph respecting the behaviour of a clergyman:—"It is a remark not uncommonly made, that what may be done by a Christian without offence, may also, without impropriety, be done by a clergyman! But this remark is certainly founded in error; an error which, in its application to our present subject, may be productive of most important effects. The example of the clergy is at all times necessary to enforce the precepts they inculcate. A minister of Christ, therefore, should abstain from *apparent*, no less than from *positive* evil, because his influence on the public mind should be preserved in as unimpaired a state as possible. Should therefore his indulgence in pursuits and amusements, in themselves indifferent perhaps, when considered with respect to others, tend in any degree to lessen that reverence for his character, which is essential to the effectual discharge of his important office; should he not be able to restrain himself from temporary gratification that is to be enjoyed at such an expense, with what grace will he preach to others the necessary practice of self denial on still more important occasions. To all such cases, the doctrine of *expediency*, on the authority of St. Paul, strictly applies. For in matters which may affect the salvation of others, admitting that they are allowable in themselves, the charity of our religion calls on us to respect even the scruples of our weaker brethren. It is the position of St. Paul, that when we sin against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, we sin against Christ."

Dr. Daubeny, if we mistake not, was one of the chief theological contributors to the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. Independently of his discussions with Mr. Overton, we have reason to suppose that he was also concerned in the *Blagdon Controversy*; a controversy in which Mrs. Hannah More, as one of the patronesses of what is termed the Evangelical Sect in the Church of England, was implicated, and which excited considerable attention in the religious world, about four or five and twenty years ago.

Through the combined influence of a tranquil disposition, unremitting abstemiousness, and studious habits, Mr. Daubeny retained his intellectual vigour unimpaired till the close of his earthly existence. He had recently committed a controversial production to the press; and, at the earnest recommendation of a literary friend, he had made considerable progress in an auto-biographical work. It is much to be wished that what-

ever may have been written of the latter may be given to the public.

Possessed of extensive erudition, inflexible integrity, and sterling worth, it is not surprising that Dr. Daubeny should have been, on royal suggestion, under three successive administrations, selected, as he was qualified, for the episcopal church. Through intervening contingencies, however, he was unfortunately suffered to remain unrequited with prelacy.

The parochial district entrusted to Dr. Daubeny's care will transmit to posterity extraordinary indications of his pastoral regard. He was the founder of an elegant chapel of ease at Road, and of two almshouses at Bradley, with three official manses. He also became a parochial benefactor to the amount of 10,000*l.* superadded to augmentation of incumbency, by surrender of his personal interest in the rectorial tithes, with an annual donation of 100*l.* to the poor. Christ Church, Bath—a structure, the lower aisle of which was intended solely for the public of every description, and was thence generally called the Free Church—owes its existence to Dr. Daubeny.

This truly Christian pastor completed an archdeaconal visitation the week before his death; and he delivered an address to his congregation at Road, only forty-eight hours before he was summoned to surrender his important charge. It is hardly necessary to add that Dr. Daubeny was a decided opponent to the doctrines of Calvinism, and also of what is termed Catholic Emancipation. His decease, at the present eventful crisis, will consequently be regarded in different lights by different religious and political parties.

Dr. Daubeny's kindness, no less than his munificence to every branch of his family, was exemplary. He died universally regretted at his vicarage, North Bradley, on the 10th of July.

#### SIGNIOR SAPIO.

Signior Sapiro, the father of Mr. Sapiro, the distinguished tenor of Covent Garden theatre, and of Mr. A. Sapiro, a bass singer, attached to the Royal Academy of Music, was a celebrated Italian professor of singing. At Paris, he was chapel-master; he was the instructor of Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate queen of Louis XVI.; and he had the honour of being preferred to Piccini, Sacchini, and Gluck, his rivals at the French court. He had married a French lady; but, from the nature of his connexions, he was under the necessity of emigrating with his family at the commencement of the Revolution. He came over to this country; and so widely had his fame spread, that, immediately on his arrival, he was appointed singing-master to the Duchess of York, and afterwards to the Princess of Wales. These appointments gave him additional éclat; he was courted

for his instruction by all the higher nobility; and, for many years, he continued at the head of his profession in the fashionable world. The superiority of his style was ascribed to its incomparable feeling

and expression; nor was the facility with which he imparted its peculiarities to his pupils less extraordinary. Signior Sapia died on the night of the 30th of June, after a short illness. He was in his 77th year.

#### MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

CLOUDS, showers, and light winds have prevailed in the metropolis and its neighbourhood very generally since the date of the last Report. One or two days have been characterized by a close and sultry heat; but the usual range of the thermometer has been from 65° to 75°. The evenings have been cool, and the nights, in general, cold. With such a condition of the atmosphere, it is not to be expected that any very violent epidemic should reign. The complaints have, indeed, partaken of that character which is common at this season; that is to say, they have been *bilious*. The functions of the liver and upper bowels have been manifestly disordered, and from this source have proceeded many other groupes of symptoms; but there has been no virulence or malignity in the disease, and the mortality from this cause has proved below that of ordinary seasons.

One important distinction may be drawn among the bilious cases which the last month has presented. Some have been attended with alternate chills, and flushes of heat, and weakness of the limbs—in other words, with *fever*; while others have been free from all marks of pyrexial excitement. The following may be taken as an instance of the latter, or the *simple* bilious disorder of the season. A school-boy, aged about thirteen, came under the Reporter's care, on the 2d of August, complaining of the severest pain and stiffness of the lower extremities. He was unable to walk across the room, or even to raise his foot upon a stool. Sleep was totally denied him by the violence and obstinacy of the pain. His pulse, however, was unaffected, his tongue clear, and the skin natural. His appetite was good, and the expression of his countenance unaltered. A moment's reflection convinced the Reporter that this singular affection of the lower extremities could have its source only in sympathy with the stomach and liver, that important *centre* of healthy and of unhealthy action, where, rather than in the heart or in the brain, the old pathologists fixed the domicile of their archæus, or governing principle of the animal œconomy. An emetic was prescribed, which detached from the stomach and duodenum a large quantity of viscid mucus and of acrid bile. Some amendment followed instantly; and the cure was completed in forty-eight hours, by the aid of some appropriate aperients. A variety of cases, varying in the character of the leading symptom, but pathologically allied to the preceding, have been recently met with.

Wherever, from the greater severity of the disease, its more gradual advances or other less obvious circumstance, fever has been superadded to the truly bilious symptoms, more time has been required for the cure, and more delicacy in the administration of the necessary remedies. The following have been the most usual complaints of patients labouring under the *bilious fever* of the present season.—Alternate chills and flushes; a feeling as if they had been beaten all over the body with sticks; pains of the legs and arms in particular; dryness of the mouth and throat; nausea and disposition to sickness; oppression at the chest; head-ache, particularly severe on one side; great languor; and total loss of appetite. To the physician's eye, the tongue appears but little affected. The pulse is small, feeble, and, as it were, oppressed. The bowels are sometimes confined, sometimes in a natural state. Piles have been a very frequent concomitant of the other symptoms, and have contributed to shew that the proximate cause of the disorder is a constricted state of the vessels supplying the chylipoietic viscera. The obvious means of relief are the employment of calomel, emetic tartar, ipecacuanha, and Dover's powder, in doses and combinations suited to the strength of the patient's habit, and the irritability or torpor of the stomach and bowels, but for which no specific rules can possibly be laid down. The treatment thus began is to be actively followed up by a solution of Epsom salts in peppermint-water, or by a mild infusion of senna with aromatics or carbonate of soda, according as languor or acidity predominate. Perseverance in these or similar means, for several days after the apparent cessation of urgent symptoms, is requisite to prevent relapses, which have been, unfortunately, but too frequent.

It has not occurred to the Reporter to witness as yet any cases of decided cholera; but he has seen several of very pure dysentery, and he has reason to believe that this disorder is daily becoming more prevalent. It has for its predisposing causes, *warmth*, with moisture of the atmosphere; just as catarrh, the corresponding affection of the



other extremity of the great alimentary tube, has for its source atmospheric moisture, with cold. In one instance, the dysenteric symptoms were so urgent as to call for the loss of blood from the arm; but the remedy which the Reporter has *hitherto* found efficacious is the combination of calomel with opium. Three grains of the former with one of the latter, repeated at intervals of eight hours, have afforded the greatest relief. Castor-oil has proved a valuable auxiliary, superior to Epsom salts.

This month has proved very fatal to consumptive patients. A high range of atmospheric heat is more oppressive to them than even severe cold; and we may readily judge, from the facts which are now passing before our eyes, how highly injurious it must be to send patients, in the last and confirmed stage of this disorder, to a very hot climate; such, for instance, as that of Naples or Malta. There they sink rapidly under the debilitating effects of excessive heat; and their last moments are thus unassuaged by the sympathies and solaces of surrounding relatives and friends!

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John Street, Golden Square, Aug. 21, 1827.

### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE wheat harvest commenced generally with this month throughout all but the northern districts; in some parts however, suddenly and unexpectedly, as in Berks, where perhaps this golden crop has sustained more damage than in any other districts. The latter end of last month was so dry and scorching in that county, though heavy rains fell elsewhere, that there appeared a sudden and unexpected necessity for the immediate employment of the sickle. A strong, drying, W.N.W. wind did considerable damage in exposed situations, to the extent, it is agreed on all hands, of full eight bushels per acre, most of those lands having more wheat blown from the ears than would have sufficed for seed. The forward oats, also, were considerably shaken and damaged. Instant recourse was had to the sickle, but the fine days which succeeded, rendered the wheat more ripe and apt to be shaken out; and notwithstanding all possible care in binding the sheaves, a large succeeding portion of wheat has been shaken out, and numbers of ears broken off. Happily, such loss has occurred in very few places. As far as can be yet determined, wheat on all good lands is heavy enough to stamp the crop an average one throughout. It is nevertheless not sufficiently prolific to signalize the year in which it occurs. As far as we have either seen or heard, there is not that profusion of ponderous, nodding, and highly-filled ears, which usually distinguishes the great wheat year in our reckoning. We have not yet found a wheat ear containing eighty to ninety odd kernels, such as we have both formerly seen and grown.

The present harvest will produce a q. s. of smutty and discoloured wheat, the produce equally of steeped and unsteeped seed; a consideration which we humbly submit to a writer some years since in the *Farmers' Magazine* of Scotland, (if happily now living) who pronounced with the utmost gravity, that "It was equally disgraceful to a farmer to grow smutty wheat, as to be personally afflicted with a certain disease." Barley is generally deemed the largest crop, and beyond an average. Oats have been much improved by the late rains, and in certain fortunate districts will approach an average. Pulse will be generally defective in the pod, but the quality good. Hops will be three parts of a full crop. Turnips the same. *Mangold wurtzel* abundant, and good. That *root of scarcity*, so decried and ridiculed in its early day, is now universally and duly appreciated by the farmers, and has certainly proved the best preventive of scarcity of any article of the same kind ever introduced into this country; due thanks and honour to Sir Mordaunt Martin, the *wuzzelly-fuzzelly knight* of Long Melford, Suffolk—so the honourable baronet, within our recollection, was styled at market dinners. This root, however (of which Sir Mordaunt was the earliest and most sanguine experimenter), it must be acknowledged, as a cattle food, is greatly inferior in quality to carrots, Swedish turnips, and even to our English turnips, on real turnip soils. The chief merits of mangold wurtzel are its great productiveness, its success on inferior soils, even on clays; and the resistance which its substantial and hardy leaves offer to the amber louse, parent of the fly. It is however dangerous food to cattle in the autumn, and previously to its sweat, or being freed from its superfluous and unwholesome juices.

Hay is fine in quality, but defective in weight of crop. The rains have been generally insufficient, and it is now too late to think of a crop of after-grass. Large breadths of failing oats were fed off with sheep, and the land sown with rape and turnips for winter food; but great difficulties must yet be expected in feeding live

stock. Vetches are expected to be a good crop. It seems a general fruit season. It scarcely needs repetition, that all fat stock finds a ready sale and good price, with the reverse of the picture for lean stores, though sheep are said to have somewhat advanced, and pig-stock sell readily and well. The dull and plentiful season for horses is at hand, but the young and good seem to command a price at all seasons. It should be universally known that Mr. Coke, of Holkham, uses ox-teams with his horses; an example well worthy to be followed in those counties, where that most profitable practice is neglected through mere prejudice and want of experience. On that topic reference may advantageously be had to "The General Treatise on Cattle, the Ox, the Sheep, and the Swine." Farmers complain—let them then search out every mode of profitable re-trenchment; and it is submitted to them, whether a recourse to certain of those crops beneficially cultivated by their fathers, in turn with corn crops, might not suit the present posture of their affairs.

It is observed universally, that "farmers were never more ready for harvest," and thus far, it appears, there never was a more quick and favourable harvest. The fallows, too, are in great forwardness (indeed upon lands where there ought to be no fallows) and much manuring has been done. It is to be regretted, however, that foul tilths are too general, and an immense breadth of land, perhaps in every county, is wasted in growing weeds instead of corn. Ghosts, which so opportunely appeared in former days, have unfortunately cut our acquaintance in these latter, now that the appearance of old *Jethro Tull* is so much wanted; but however grave he might look in viewing our luxuriant crops of couch, and lock, and thistle, and charlock, *et id genus omne*, his reverend phiz would surely relax into a smile, at the felicitous idea of laying salt, by hand, upon the heads, not the tails, of thistles!

In the north of Scotland, reports of their crops are most favourable, indeed more so than on their best soils, whence the accounts of the wheat crop are not so flattering. They write of "a tulip-root disease" in oats, of which we in the south would thank them for a description. The wheat crop in Ireland, and upon the continent generally, is said to be abundant; the result to this country we shall without much doubt have an opportunity to witness, in the course of the ensuing year. Much is said in the tone of complaint, of the immense import of oats; but were they not wanted, they could not be imported.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 4s. to 5s. — Mutton, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d. — Veal, 5s. to 5s. 8d. — Pork, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d. — Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 2d. — Raw fat, 2s. 5d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 50s. to 68s. — Barley, 28s. to 36s. — Oats, 19s. to 40s. — Bread, 9½d. the 4 lb. loaf. — Hay, 80s. to 120s. — Clover ditto, 90s. to 150s. — Straw, 36s. to 48s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. 6d. to 39s. per chaldron; about 12s. addition for cartage, &c.

*Middlesex, Aug. 27, 1827.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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*Sugars.*—Since our last Report, the Sugar market has been daily advancing in prices.—Low Browns, 63s. to 64s.; and finer qualities in proportion. The sales have been very extensive—as much as that 7000 hogs. have been sold in the course of four days—and the stock on hand greatly reduced. *Refined Sugars* are in such great demand, that there is not at present a sufficient quantity in the market for the consumption; and the price advanced full 2s. per cent. since our last Report.

*Coffee.*—The quantity of St. Domingo Coffee lately brought forward for sale has been very extensive. Jamaica Triage, 39s. to 50s. in bond; good, 46s. to 50s.; fine, 50s. to 52s.

*Cotton.*—The Cotton market, both here and at Liverpool, remains very dull.—Common West-India, 6d. to 7½d. per lb.; Smyrna, 8d. to 9½d.; New Orleans, 6½d. to 8½d.; Demarara, 7d. to 10d.

*Rum.*—The Government contract of 100,000 gallons has nearly cleared the market of this description of Leward Island, which sells at 2s. 2d. to 2s. 3d. per gallon.

*Brandy and Hollands.*—Little has been done in either, and the prices uncertain, and in little or no demand.

*Flax, Hemp, and Tallow.*—The latter article has fallen in price, owing to the expectation of the arrival of large quantities exported from Russia, which have been purchased there at favourable prices; and there is no alteration in the prices of Flax and Hemp.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 4.—Rotterdam, 12. 4.—Hamborgh, 37. 1.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 80.—Bordeaux, 25. 50.—Frankfort on the Main,

154. —Vienna, 10. 8. —Trieste, 10. 9. —Madrid, 34. —Cadiz, 34. —Barcelona, 33. —Bilboa, 34. —Seville, 34. —Gibraltar (hard dollar), 45. —Naples, 38. —Palermo, 115 per oz. —Lisbon, 40. —Oporto, 40. —Bahia, 41. —Dublin, 1. —Cork, 1. —  
 Portugal Gold in Coin, 0. —Bullion per Oz. —Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17s. 6d. —New Doubloons, £0. 0s. —New Dollars, 4s. 9d. —Silver in bars, standard 0.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolff, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.** —Birmingham CANAL, 305l. —Coventry, 1250l. —Ellesmere and Chester, 107l. —Grand Junction, 307l. —Kennet and Avon, 30l. 10s. —Leeds and Liverpool, 390l. —Oxford, 730l. —Regent's, 30l. 10s. —Trent and Mersey, 1,700l. —Warwick and Birmingham, 290l. —London Docks, 87l. 0s. —West-India, 205l. 0s. —East London WATER WORKS, 122l. —Grand Junction, 64. —West Middlesex, 68. —Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE. —1 dis. —Globe 151. —Guardian, 214. —Hope, 5l. —Imperial Fire, 95l. —Gas-LIGHT, Westmin. Chartered Company, 59l. —City Gas-Light Company, 167. —British, 14 dis. —Leeds, 195l.

**ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of July and the 21st of August 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.**

**BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.**

Corbyn, J. Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury, master-mariner  
 Cornfield, C. W. Norwich, carrier  
 Edwards, C. Cambridge, money-scrivener  
 Franks, K. Portsea, glass-dealer  
 Hubbard, E. and W. H. Alexander, Norwich, manufacturers  
 Robertson, A. White Horse-terrace, Stepney, baker

**BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 82.]**

*Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.*

Andrews, J. Swindon, Wiltshire, mercer. [Meggison and Co., Gray's-inn; Crowley, Swindon]  
 Allen, W. London-road, Surrey, dealer. [Vincent, Clifford's inn]  
 Bell, T. Liverpool, grocer. [Willett, Essex-street, Strand; Parkinson and Co., Liverpool]  
 Barnes, T. Wittersham, Kent, linen-draper. [Egan and Co., Essex-street, Strand]  
 Bryce, D. Liverpool, cabinet-maker. [Finlow, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn]  
 Britton, T. Pensfold, Somersetshire, dealer. [Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn; Greville, Bristol]  
 Barrett, H. Gloucester, musical instrument seller. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square]  
 Booth, W. Duke-street, Manchester-square, book-seller. [Sutcliffe, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars]  
 Brown, G. Banbury, Oxfordshire, miller. [Aplin, Banbury]  
 Brown, S. Old-street, straw-bonnet-manufacturer. [Willis, Sloane-square, Chelsea]  
 Boyce, G. P. Princes street, Haymarker, stove-maker. [Goren and Co., Orchard-street, Portman-square]  
 Beardmore, W. Levenshulme, Lancashire, malt-dealer. [Milne and Co., Temple; Pickford, Manchester]  
 Bent, R. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, master-mariner. [Tilliard, Old Jewry]  
 Chisholm, J. late of Harwich, chemist. [Crouch, Union-court, Broad-street]  
 Croft, G. Oxford-street, mercer. [Crowden and Co., Lothbury]  
 Courtney, J. Bristol, banker. [Cooke and Son and Haberdield, Bristol; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane]  
 Cromptey, E. Frith-street, Soho, merchant. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane]  
 Coupland, W. T. Liverpool, factor. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Radcliffe and Co., Liverpool]  
 Clarke, W. Northampton, innkeeper. [Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Jeyes, Northampton]  
 Carpenter, W. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, book-seller. [Sutcliffe, Bridge-street, Blackfriars]

Chieslie, R. I. Green-street, Grosvenor-square, milliner. [Goren and Co., Orchard-street, Portman-square]  
 Child, D. Beauvoir-place, Kingsland-road, pianoforte-maker. [Phipps, Basinghall-street]  
 Chittenden, I. senior, Chittenden, I. junior, Hay's-wharf, Hay's-lane, Southwark, hop-merchants. [Thompson and Co., King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street]  
 D'Oyle, N. L. Vauxhall Bridge-road, painter. [Finch, Dean-street, Soho]  
 Davison, J. W. Crown-street, Westminster, flint-merch. [Bowden, Cloak-lane]  
 Dugdall, J. Portsmouth, coach-proprietor. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square]  
 Davies, J. Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, upholsterer. [Sweet and Co., Basinghall-street]  
 Denny, J. T. George-street, Baker-street, Maryle-bonne, victualler. [Ellison and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields]  
 Darby, W. A. Edgeware-road, builder. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho]  
 Downer, W. Leadenhall-market, poulterer. [Harrison and Co., Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane]  
 Ellman, W. Lambeth, miller. [Lewis, Crutched-friars]  
 Elliott, C. Brighton, grocer. [Frampton and Co., New-inn; Colbatch, Brighton]  
 Franks, K. Portsea, glass-dealer. [Norton, Whitecross-street]  
 Fornachon, L. V. Manchester, merchant. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester]  
 Graves, I. Upper Crown-street, Westminster, dealer in pictures. [Clutton and Co., High-street, Southwark]  
 Gibbs, C. late of Cumberland-gardens, Vauxhall, tavern-keeper. [Boren, Pinner's-hall, Old Broad-street]  
 Harrison, H. Lower Peever-cottage, Cheshire, merchant. [Davenport, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn]  
 Harris, T. and I. Fairman, Watling-street, ware-housemen. [Turner, Basing-lane, Bread-street]  
 Horner, M. Cottingley, Yorkshire, fell-monger. [Willett, Essex-street, Strand; Parkinson and Co., Liverpool]  
 Hennell, F. Potton, Bedfordshire, linen-draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]  
 Horsfield, P. Manchester, dealer. [Ainsworth and Co., Manchester; Milner and Co., Temple]  
 Harvey, J. Penryn, Cornwall, tanner. [Brooking and Co., Lombard-street, London; Elworthy, Devonport]  
 Howe, S. Devonport, currier. [Walker, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Blackmore, Devonport]  
 Hall, W. Falmouth, tallow-chandler. [Young and Co., St. Mildred's court, Poultry]



Isaac, N. sen. Marshfield, Gloucestershire, maltster. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Batchellor, Bath  
 Joseph, A. Compton-street, Brunswick-square, merchant. [Watson and Co., Falcon-square  
 Jones, E. Alston, Warwickshire, builder. [Tooke and Co., Gray's-inn; Unett and Co., Birmingham  
 Jordan, F. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, merchant. [Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury  
 Lacon, T. H. and T. A. Dale, Liverpool, iron-founders. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Lacon, Liverpool  
 Letts, G. Nine-elms, Battersea, barge-owner. [Vandueon and Co., Bush-lane, Cannon-street  
 Laight, R. Worcester, coal-merchant. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Wilson, Worcester  
 Lever, B. Woolwich, linen-draper. [Hurd and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple  
 Linton, T. Crowle, Lincolnshire, ironmonger. [Pearson, Crowle; Lever, Gray's-inn-square  
 Moseley, W. Manchester, grocer. [Wheeler and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Harding, Manchester  
 Marden, R. London, merchant. [Barendale and Co., King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street  
 Neupert, G. J. Pall-Mall East, tailor. [Surman, Lincoln's-inn  
 Perkins, H. Cheapside, warehouseman. [Abbott, Roll's-yard, Chancery-lane  
 Priestly, R. High Holborn, bookseller. [Hopkinson, Red-lion-square  
 Phillips, J. and W. Gray, Platt-terrace, Somers-town, plasterers. [Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook  
 Paine, T. Weston-street, Hackney, carpenter. [Shaw, Fenchurch-street  
 Pilbrow, T. Exeter, music-seller. [Brutterton and Co., Old Bond-street, Brutterton, Exeter  
 Percival, W. Leicester, grocer. [Robinson, Leicester; Emly, Essex-court, Temple  
 Roberts, J. Manchester, common-brewer. [Beaston, Manchester; Cuvelje, Staple-inn  
 Richards, C. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Hampson, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane  
 Robinson, I. Calversike-hill, Yorkshire, worsted-

manufacturer. [Constable and Co., Symond's-inn; Dawson, Keighley.  
 Sudell, H. Woodfold-park, Mellon, Lancashire, merchant. [Milne and Co., Temple; Neville and Co., Blackburn  
 Sheppard, M. H. Wilsden-cottage, Harrow-road, surgeon. [Templar and Noy, Great Tower-street  
 Sherratt, J. Prescott, Lancashire, money-serivener. [Avison, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row  
 Smart, C. Chalford, Gloucestershire, baker. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Stone, Tetbury  
 Sarell, R. D. Bideford, Devonshire, victualler. [Darke, Red-lion-square; Benson, Exeter  
 Thompson, H. Manchester, merchant. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Gardener, Manchester  
 Talbot, J. and H. Francis, Threadneedle-street, brokers. [Humphries and Co., Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn.  
 Tumley, R. H. Lad-lane, Manchester, woollen-warehouseman. [Winter and Co., Bedford-row  
 Underwood, J. S. Woolwich, Kent, linen-draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street  
 Window, I. Craig's-court, Charing-cross, agent. [King and Co., Gray's-inn-square  
 West, J. L. Albermarle-street, Piccadilly, coal-merchant. [Smith, New Clement's-inn-chambers, Picket-street, Strand  
 Whittenbury, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester  
 Winder, T. Lancaster, licensed post-master. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Thompson and Co., Lancaster  
 Williams, R. Newtown, Montgomeryshire, nurseryman. [Yates, Vyrnwy bank, near Oswestry; White, Lincoln's-inn  
 Walker, W. London, hop merchant. [Bodenham, Farnival's-inn  
 Warwick, C. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, braid-manufacturer. [Gregory, Clement's-inn  
 Whitham, C. Sheffield, saw-manufacturer. [Tattershall, New-inn; Palfreyman, Sheffield.

### ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. R. Grenside, to the Rectory of Crathorne, Yorkshire.—Rev. T. Wise, to the Rectory of Barley, Herts.—Rev. C. G. R. Festing, to the Vicarage of St. Paul, Cornwall.—Rev. J. Pike, to the Vicarage of Uphaven, Wilts.—Rev. W. Ward, to be Chaplain to Viscount Goderich.—Rev. T. Stacey, to be Chaplain to the Earl of Dunraven.—Rev. R. Remington, to be Chaplain and Vicar of the Collegiate Church, Manchester.—Rev. E. Mellyb, installed Dean of Hereford.—Rev. L. Clarke, collated to the Archdeaconry of Sarum, and to the Prebend of Minor Pars Altaris.—Rev. Dr. Irvine, to the Living of Chatham.—Rev. M. Davy, to the Rectory of Cottenham, Cambridge.—The Hon. and Rev. H. Stanhope, to the Rectory of Gawsworth, Cheshire.—Very Rev. Dr. W. Landon, to the Vicarage of Branscombe, Devon.—Rev. B. G. Bridges, to the Rectory of Orillingbury, Northampton.—Hon. and Rev. E. A. Bagot, to the Deanery of Canterbury.—Rev. T. Tuston, installed Pre-

bendary of Hador-with-Walton, in Lincoln Cathedral.—Rev. J. W. Harding, to the Vicarage of Sulgrove, Northampton.—Rev. H. Barber, to the Rectory of Stretham, Isle of Ely, and to the Rectory of Little Stukeley, Huntingdon.—Rev. H. Evans, to the Perpetual Curacy of Bylaugh, Norfolk.—Rev. F. D. Perkins, to the Vicarage of Down Hatherley, Gloucester.—Rev. W. H. Roberts, to be Chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence.—Rev. T. Westcombe, to the Vicarage of Letambe Regis, Berks.—Rev. H. W. Barnard, to be Canon Residentiary of Wells Cathedral.—Rev. J. Griffith, to the Vicarage of Llangunner, Carmarthen.—Rev. W. Henderson, to the Pastoral Charge of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh.—Rev. C. Haycock, to the Rectory of Withecott, and Perpetual Curacy of Owston, Leicester.—Rev. S. Cooper, to the Rectory of Wood Walton, Huntingdon.—Rev. E. J. Bell, to the Vicarage of Wickham Market, Suffolk.

### POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The Duke of Portland, President of the Council—Lord W. H. C. Bentinck, and J. C. Herries, esq., Privy Councillors.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. IV. No. 21.

The Duke of Wellington is appointed Commander-in-Chief.

## INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

July 24.—H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral, after a minute inspection of Plymouth, &c., arrived at Milford, and visited Pembroke Dock, &c. He was accompanied by H. R. H. the Duchess of Clarence.

29 and 30.—One of the most tremendous thunder storms ever remembered occurred in various parts of the country. At Kettering, the lightning consumed three houses.

August 1.—The Bill for limiting the power of arrest came into operation, by which no person owing less than £20 can be arrested.

4.—The Sublime Porte has officially declared to the ministers of the different powers of Europe, that it will not suffer any interference between it and the Greeks, and that "there remains no ground for discussion on these affairs;" concluding with "health and peace to him who followeth the paths of rectitude!!!"

9.—H. R. H. the Lord High Admiral honoured the admirals, captains, and commanders of the Royal Navy, at Portsmouth, by dining with them, before he completed his tour of inspection.

—A Russian fleet arrived at Spithead; it consists of 16 sail, under the command of Admiral Sineavin.

10.—The Russian corvette Krotky, commanded by Baron Wrangel, arrived at the Motherbank from a voyage round the world.

11.—Petition presented to His Majesty from the Assembly of Jamaica, in behalf of "the calumniated, oppressed, and impoverished people whom they represent."

13.—By order of the Lord High Admiral, the schoolmasters in H.M.'s Navy are to wear the uniform of gunners, boatswains, and carpenters, without swords.

21.—Four sail of the line, four frigates, and a corvette, of the Russian fleet, sailed from Portsmouth for the Mediterranean, under the command of Rear-Admiral Count Hayden.

—The Recorder made his report to His Majesty in council, of 17 prisoners capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when they were all respited but one, who was ordered for execution Aug. 27.

—The Parliament prorogued to October 25.

## MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, W. Ramsden, esq., son of Sir I. Ramsden, bart., to Lady A. Paulet, daughter of the Marquis of Winchester.—The Rev. J. W. Cunningham, vicar of Harrow, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late General Sir H. Calvert, bart.—At Mary-le-bone, R. H. Close, esq., to Caroline Sophia, niece to Sir J. H. Palmer, bart.—G. C. Norton, esq., M.P., to Caroline, second daughter to the

late T. Sheridan, esq.—At Lambeth, F. J. Perceval, esq., second son of the late Right Hon. S. Perceval, to Miss M. Barker.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, F. L. Holyoake, esq., to Miss E. M. Payne.—At Hammersmith, Sir J. Chetwode, bart., to Miss E. Bristow.—At Lewisham, Lieutenant-Col. P. Dumas, to Miss M. Smith.—At Mary-le-bone, R. Dashwood, esq., to Henrietta Mary Annette, daughter of Major Eyre.—T. Melrose, esq., to Miss Macnaughten.—Captain T. P. Vaudelaur, to Mary, youngest daughter of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, bart.—At Rickmansworth, C. P. Meyer, esq., to Miss Walton.

## DEATHS.

At Earl Fortescue's, Grosvenor-square, Susan, Viscountess Ebrington.—In the Temple, 71, F. B. Reaston, esq.—At Chiswick, the Duke of Devonshire's, the Right Hon. George Canning.—In Brunswick-square, 74, Catherine, widow of the late A. Burnley, esq., and mother-in-law of J. Hume, esq., M.P.—At Cheshunt, Elizabeth, wife of W. Harrison, esq., attorney-general to the Duchy of Lancaster.—In Jefferys'-square, 69, W. May, esq., consul-general to the King of the Netherlands.—In Abingdon-street, 76, G. Reddle, esq., surveyor-general examiner of the excise.—At Deptford, 80, W. Payne, esq.—At Hampton Court Palace, Miss Barbara St. John.—At Clarence-terrace, Marianne, eldest daughter of G. Townsend, esq.—At Yardley, Rev. W. Parslow, 35 years vicar of that parish.—Mrs. Russel, of Roundcroft.—In Hertford-street, 78, John, Earl of Stradbroke.—68, Mr. W. Blake, engraver.

## MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, Count Victor de Jockeville, Lieutenant-Colonel in the French Army, to Miss Anne Tulloch.—At the British Chapel, Leghorn, the Rev. E. Ward, to Miss Emma Crump.—At Paris, G. W. Prescott, esq., eldest son of Sir G. B. Prescott, bart, to Emily Maria, daughter of Colonel Symes.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At Havre, 75, A. Lindegren, esq.—At Rome, the Chevalier Italinski, minister plenipotentiary from the Emperor of Russia to the Pope.—At Munich, 92, Count de Preysing, councillor of state.—At St. Zanbre, near Rochelle, where he had been rector from the year 1816, the Rev. P. Royer, formerly of Ashbourn, Derbyshire.—On his passage from India, Sir H. Giffard, bart, chief justice of Ceylon.—At Paris, J. T. Bryett, esq.—At Barbadoes, the infant son of the Bishop of Barbadoes.—At St. Maloes, Mr. Denis Dighton, military painter to His Majesty.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

## WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

## NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The famous fishing station at Wick is likely soon

to be rivalled by another now forming upon the coast of Northumberland. The fishermen of Bead-

nel and North Sunderland have discovered that the adjoining sea offers the most inexhaustible resources for supporting an extensive fishery; and persons of capital and enterprise are now erecting convenient buildings for curing fish, &c. This establishment must rapidly augment the wealth and population of this district.

A stem of oats was plucked in a field belonging to Mr. Crass, of West Bolden, a few days ago, which contained no less than 689 grains. The head measured in length two feet three inches.

An extraordinary *crim. con.* case has been decided by the Sheriff's Court, at Durham, pursuant to a writ of inquiry from the Court of King's Bench, where the defendant had suffered judgment to go by default; the plaintiff, a wooden-legged shoemaker, and the defendant, a blind fiddler, both belonging to Shields. The damages were laid at £500, and the jury awarded *one farthing*!

At Durham Assizes, 3 culprits were condemned to death, 2 transported, and 6 imprisoned.

At Newcastle Assizes, one recorded for death, one transported, and one imprisoned.

At the Northumberland Assizes, one recorded for death, and one imprisoned. Mr. Baron Hullock complimented the county on its scantiness of crime, as highly creditable to its people and police.

*Married.*] At Durham, J. S. Green, esq., to Miss D. Lambton; H. Cattley, esq., to Miss S. T. Warner.—At Hexham, Mr. Thompson, to Miss Whitfield.—Mr. J. T. Carr, of Newcastle, to Miss Sophia Balleney.—At Clifton-hall, J. M. Hog, esq., to Helen, daughter of Sir A. C. M. Gibson, bart.—At Bernard-castle, Dr. Macklin, to the Hon. Miss Jessop.—At Temple Sowerby, the Rev. H. Brown, to Miss Bazruom.—W. C. Trevelyan, esq., to Miss Tait.—At Staindrop, G. Hodgson, a sighing swain of 80, to Elizabeth Dunn, a blooming lass of 28.—At West Bolden, J. Yellowley, esq., to Miss Elizabeth Stewart.

*Died.*] P. Jackson, esq., of Rainten-hall, Durham.—At Sunderland, 85, Mrs. Middleton.—At Barningham, 78, Mr. M. Newby; he presided over the school there for upwards of half a century.—At Bishopwearmouth, 89, Mrs. Richardson, relict of the late T. Richardson, esq.—83, Mrs. Paxton.—At Lilburn-tower, H. Collingwood, esq.

#### YORKSHIRE.

The Yorkshire Philosophical Society have given notice for plans for the immediate erection of a museum.

The new Cliff Bridge, at Scarborough, was opened lately with great pomp and ceremony, the archbishop of York joining the procession, with a highly respectable assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, in the following order:—The labourers employed in their work, with their various utensils; the children of the Amicable Society Schools; band of musicians; ladies guarded on each side by gentlemen with white wands; the clergy; the archbishop, supported by the bailiffs and town-clerk in their robes; the projector; and the members of the committee, proprietors, &c. Upwards of 10,000 spectators were present.

At a numerous vestry-meeting lately held at Leeds, it was resolved, "That it is inexpedient and unjust to impose a rate upon the parishioners of Leeds for the repairing, or for defraying any other expense connected with the three new churches recently built in this parish by His Majesty's Commissioners."

At the recent assizes at York, 25 prisoners received sentence of death, 4 were transported, and 8 ordered to be imprisoned.

The manufactures of the West Riding have attained a steady and prosperous condition in the woollen cloth, the worsted stuff, linen, and cotton branches; and the abundant harvest seems likely to secure a good home trade, while the prospects from North and South America are of the most favourable kind.

*Married.*] At Pontefract, W. G. Taylor, esq., to Miss Sophia Shaw.—At Leeds, P. Laid, esq., re-married Miss Felicie Mesmer, of Dresden, having been previously married at Dresden; F. Sheppard, esq., to Miss E. H. Peat.—At Scarborough, F. Jansen, esq., to Miss S. Tindall.—At Humbleton, Rev. I. Dixon, to C. Helen, third daughter of Sir W. Bagshawe.—At Scruton, H. R. Glaister, esq., to Miss Newsham.—At Knaresborough, W. Garnett, esq., to Miss Achewyde.—At York, J. Blanchard, esq., to Miss Richardson.—At Bridlington, A. Coates, esq., to Miss Jefferson.—At Pontefract, the Rev. C. Smith, to Miss Truman.—At Welmsley, the Rev. R. D. Pape, to Miss Hugill.—At Sutton, the Rev. J. Watson, to Miss Alden.—At Sheffield, L. Smith, to Miss Shore.

*Died.*] 86, J. Lacy, esq., of Larpool-hall.—At York, Caroline Julia, the white negress.—At Huddleston, the second son of J. K. Watson, esq., of Hull; he was drowned in endeavouring to save a little dog.—At Ryther, A. Holmes, esq.—At Heakston, E. Carter, esq.—At Guisboro', Mrs. Clarke, relict of H. Clarke, esq.—At Richmond, J. Foss, esq.—At Lutton, near Hull, J. Norman Crossie, esq.—At Hull, Huddleston, second son of J. R. Watson, esq.—At Henley, near Wawn, Mrs. Manby.—At Hull, Miss Jane Carill.—At Wath, W. D. Wadel esq.—At Leeds, M. Temple, esq.

#### STAFFORD AND SALOP.

At the assizes held at Stafford, 20 prisoners were sentenced to death, 4 for transportation, and 20 imprisoned for various periods.

At the same assizes, an action was brought for a libel against the *Wolverhampton Chronicle*, and the jury very properly awarded *one farthing* damages. This is the fifth action of a similar nature—and for which the whole five have, for their fame, been allowed *three farthings*, so intent the juries have at length become to protect printers and publishers from wanton prosecutions. "The greater the truth the greater the libel," seems to be gone out of fashion.

A meeting, numerous and respectfully attended, was held recently at Bridgenorth, to take into consideration the state of the salmon fishery in the Severn: when after a luminous speech from Mr. Whitmore, M.P. for Bridgenorth, it was unanimously agreed to form a committee of 40 gentlemen, whose object should be to watch this question, and to disseminate information upon the subject, and to petition Parliament for a Bill for its protection.—"In order to give an idea of the prolific powers of the salmon, I will merely state that," said Mr. Whitmore, "arithmetically speaking (without estimating accidents, I mean, of the effects of seasons), 12 salmon would produce as many fry as, when full grown, would supply the London market with all the salmon exported annually from Scotland—the great source of its supply. 184,000 salmon are sent to London from Scotland upon an average in a year; and 12 spawners, as I have said, would furnish this supply, if there were no contingencies. That there are contingencies every one knows; but making due allowance for them, it is not improbable that 100 or 200 mother fish



would suffice for this large export, if the law were fixed on more judicious principles, and duly executed.

At the Shrewsbury Assizes, 9 culprits were recorded for death, 7 were transported, and a few imprisoned. The grand jury prepared and passed a petition to the House of Commons, "for the more effectual protection to the breed of salmon."

*Married.*] P. Wynn, esq., of Crickett, to Mary Eliza, only daughter of E. Dicken, esq., of Plass Thomas.—At Litchfield, Mr. Shelton, 84, to Mrs. Mansell, 76; this is the bridegroom's third visit to Hymen's temple; his first wife died about two months since, aged 102.—At Cannock, W. Palling, esq., to Miss Wright.—At Eccleshall, G. Grey, esq., eldest son of the Hon. Sir G. Grey, bart, to Anna Sophia Ryder, eldest daughter of the Lord Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

*Died.*] 92, T. Gabriel, formerly huntsman at Aston-hall, near Oswestry.—At Tunstall-hall, 83, Rev. P. S. Broughton, rector of East Bridgford, which living he and his three predecessors enjoyed for little short of 200 years, averaging nearly half a century each.

#### CHESHIRE.

At the annual sermon in behalf of the Church Sunday School, at Congleton, the collection amounted to £58. 3s.—being £22. more than last year.

The amount of deposits from Nov. 20, 1826, to July 30, 1827, of the Stockport Savings' Bank, is £4,916. 1s. 7d. the sum withdrawn £2,035. 17s. 9d. making the increase £2,880. 3s. 10d., and 172 new accounts have been opened. Total amount of cash in the bank and treasury, £11,843. 9s. 9d.

*Married.*] At Walton, J. F. Hindle, to Miss Lodge.—At Darley-dale, B. Michaelis, esq., to Miss Anne Gisborne.—At Bolsover, Mr. Carter, to Miss Haneock.

*Died.*] At Birkenhead, W. Walley, esq., of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.—At Neston, 71, Rev. T. Ward, vice-dean and prebendary of Chester Cathedral.—At Bolsover, 85, Mrs. Fidler.—At Holloway, 67, Mr. Wass.

#### LANCASHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

Amongst the felons sentenced to transportation for life, at the late Preston sessions, there is a boy only seven years of age! He began his thieving career at the age of four, and has regularly continued to the present time; first at Blackburn, then at Manchester, then again at Blackburn; his last theft was in the House of Correction, at Preston, from his fellow prisoners!

The first stone has been recently laid at Tyldesley, for the St. George's National and Sunday School; the usual ceremonies were observed on the occasion; and the building is to correspond with the new parliamentary church, and is to accommodate 500 scholars.

At Lincoln Assizes, 3 prisoners had sentence of death recorded against them; the deputy postmaster of Grantham was ordered to be imprisoned seven months for altering the postage of letters for his own advantage; and £130. were given as damages to a person who suffered by the explosion of the Graham steam-packet, in her passage from Gainsborough to Hull.

We are happy to state that another advance upon calicoes has taken place in our markets, which, when added to the previous advances which have from time to time been obtained, makes the rise of that description of cloth full 25 per cent. above the lowest quotation at which they were sold during the late depression. The stocks of calicoes

have not been so low, we believe, for some years as they are at the present moment. There has not however been much done in yarn for exportation. The demand for that article has indeed been limited for some time past in the continental markets; but there has been an increasing demand for India, especially for the finer yarns. We understand that the demand from the continent also has lately been for finer numbers than formerly. We are happy to add that the wages of weaving are now sufficient to enable the weavers to earn, by industry, a comfortable livelihood, having risen, in some instances, as much as 125 per cent.

*Married.*] At Bury, Mr. Shearson, to Miss Ann Kay; and Mr. Sherwin, to Miss Pollett.—At Manchester, Mr. Glover, to Miss Birch; Mr. Fallows, to Miss E. Harrop.—At Shipley, the Rev. W. P. Allen, to Miss Judith Denney.

*Died.*] 72, E. Rigby, esq., of Castle-park, and magistrate for Lancashire.—At Huddersfield, Mr. J. Horsfall.—76, Mr. W. Cooke, of Denton.—At Manchester, 68, Agnes, relict of Captain F. A. Wynne; 68, Mrs. Bagshaw.

#### DERBY AND NOTTINGHAM.

At the assizes at Nottingham, 9 received sentence of death, 5 were ordered for transportation, and several to be imprisoned.

The expenditure for the last year of the town and county of Nottingham, amounted to £7,918. 4s. 6d. There is a charge in the account of £1,160. 7s. 1d. for costs of prosecutions, and another of £498. 15s. for constables at the election!

*Married.*] At Derby, the Rev. J. P. Mosley (son of the late Sir J. P. Mosley, bart.) to Mrs. F. Pole.—At Newark, Mr. Deakin to Miss M. Martin.

*Died.*] At Sudbury-hall, 61, the Right Hon. Lady Vernon, sister-in-law to the Archbishop of York.—At Ashbourn, 79, Mrs. Nicholson.—At North Muskham, 70, R. Welby, esq.—At Newark, 81, Mrs. Norris.—At Watton, 81, Mr. Tunnicliff.—At Shottle, 98, Mr. J. Janney.—At Mickleover, the Hon. Mrs. F. Curzon.—At Mansfield, Mrs. Billings, Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Hutchinson.—At Basford, 72, Mrs. Farrands.

#### LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At the assizes for Rutland, there were only two prisoners for trial, and one civil suit. The culprits received sentence of death, and the action at law was arbitrated.—At Leicester, 9 received sentence of death, and 5 were transported.

*Married.*] At Loughborough, Mr. Polkey, to Mrs. Underhill.—Mr. Newland, to Mrs. Blower.

*Died.*] At Old Dalby-hall, the Hon. Mrs. Bowater, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Lord Feversham.—At Leicester, 64, Mrs. Harris.

#### WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough Cathedral having lately made their utmost exertions in repairing the cathedral, and in restoring the architectural ornaments of the exterior, solicit the inhabitants of the diocese for subscriptions to remedy the deplorable defects of the interior—£5,000 will be wanted. The Dean and Chapter have voted £1,000 towards it, being the largest sum their means will allow; they have also, to their honour be it said, added £1,050 by their personal subscriptions.

At Warwick assizes, 10 prisoners received sentence of death, 12 transported, and several imprisoned for various periods.

At Northampton Assizes, 5 received sentence of death, 6 were transported, and 10 imprisoned.

An address, signed by 2,000 of the most respectable inhabitants of Birmingham has been presented to Mr. Peel, for his exertions in consolidating the Criminal Laws, and his inflexible adherence to the Protestant Church. An address also from the mayor and inhabitants of Northampton has been presented to him.

The new church of St. Peter, in Birmingham, was consecrated by the bishop of the diocese, August 10; the procession to the church was in great ceremony; and after the service a collection, amounting to £70. 16s. 4½d. was made towards erecting an organ. The building is in the Grecian style, and contains 1,900 sittings—1,390 being for the poor; the interior is chaste and beautiful. Its total cost is £13,087. 12s. 3d.

*Married.* At Foleshill, Mr. Beale, to Miss Burton.—W. E. Spencer, esq., to Miss Mary Renzie, of Long Itchington.

*Died.* At Stratford-upon-Avon, Mrs. Thompson.—At Aynho, Emma, daughter of W. R. Cartwright, esq., M.P., Northampton.—At Ecton, 77, S. Isted, esq.—At Birmingham, the Rev. G. Holbrook.

#### WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

Sentence of death was recorded against 10 prisoners at Worcester Assizes, 6 were transported, and 8 imprisoned.—At Hereford Assizes, 7 were condemned to death, 8 transported, and 3 imprisoned.

The Worcestershire Friendly Institution have just made their annual report, in which they press the utility and importance of the institution which contemplates the general well-doing and happiness of mankind.

*Died.* At Leominster, 73, Capt. G. Dennis.—Mr. Ridgway, of Hereford.

#### GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

*Married.* Mr. W. A. Williams, of Monmouth, to Miss Williams, of Langibby-castle.

*Died.* At Bentham, 67, A. Bubb, esq.—At Cirencester, 81, J. Ellis, esq.—81, Mr. T. Gardner, of the Horsepools.—At Tewkesbury, Mrs. Chandler.—Mrs. Hall, of Treworgan, Monmouth.

#### BEDFORD, BUCKS, BERKS, AND ESSEX.

There were only 10 prisoners for trial at the Bedford Assizes, one of whom was sentenced to death, two transported, and two imprisoned.

The Buckingham Assizes had also few for trial; 3 were condemned for death, and 4 transported. Of the latter, 3 were concerned in a robbery, in which 2 were transported for 7 years, whilst the third, hitherto a respectable tradesman, was sentenced to 14 years for having bought the stolen goods from the others.

At Essex Assizes 15 prisoners received sentence of death.

*Died.* At Burghfield, the Rev. M. Robinson, rector, and nephew of Lord Rokeby.—At Leighton Bussard, 87, Mrs. Tilcox.—At White Waltham, Colonel Thearney, magistrate for Berks, and a descendant of the Duke of Chandos.—At Martens-Hern, 90, J. Maslin; he served in the navy during the reigns of George II. and III., and was at the taking of Quebec, and helped to carry Gen. Wolfe off the field of battle.

#### KENT AND SURREY.

A very destructive fire has taken place at Sheerness; it consumed as many as forty houses before it could be got under, and although they were chiefly wood, the loss of property was immense.

At the Surrey Assizes, two young men were sentenced to 7 years transportation, for causing the death of Mr. Dunn, by furiously driving against his chaise; and another person was also sentenced to the same punishment for driving carelessly a waggon over a child and thereby killing him.

*Married.* At Dodington, Sir J. Croft, bart., to Miss A. Knox.—At Herne, T. E. Scott, esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Col. Williamson.

*Died.* At Tunbridge Wells, Lady Henrietta Neville, only daughter of the Earl of Abergavenny. At Ripple, the Rev. R. Mesham.

#### OXFORDSHIRE.

At the assizes at Oxford an action was brought by the mayor and corporation, to recover from Mr. Farraday a compensation in damages for trading within the limits of the city of Oxford, he being disqualified from so doing, not being a freeman; when the jury delivered their verdict as follows:—“We find that Oxford is a city from time immemorial, and that it has had citizens from time immemorial; we find, also, on the custom, for the plaintiffs.” This decision was received in the hall with shouts of applause.

*Married.* At Ilmington, Mr. Tompkins to Miss Potter.—Rev. W. Copley, of Oxford, to Mrs. E. Hewlett.

*Died.* At Oxford, 73, Mr. C. Haddon.

#### NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

At the Suffolk Assizes, 17 prisoners received sentence of death, 1 transported, and 6 imprisoned.—At Norwich, 16 recorded for death, 3 transported, several imprisoned; 15 rioters found guilty, but bound over to receive judgment when called upon.

The expenses of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital last year amounted to £4,169. 0s. 4d.

*Married.* At Thorpe, H. D. Goring, esq., eldest son of Sir C. F. Goring, bart., to Augusta, sixth daughter of Lieut.-Col. Harvey; and Capt. T. Blackiston, fourth son of the late Sir M. Blackiston, bart., to Harriet, fourth daughter of Lieut.-Col. Harvey.

*Died.* Rear-Admiral W. Carthew, many years a magistrate for Suffolk.—63, A. G. Mackay, esq., of Bagthorpe-hall.—At Hethersett, 74, Mr. T. Smith.—At Wrampingham, Mr. C. Fisher.—At Sudbury, Mr. Young.—At Harpley, T. Herring, esq.—At Yarmouth, 77, Mr. W. Norfor.—Near Welney, Mrs. W. Cox; Mr. W. Cox, junior, her nephew; Mrs. Isaac Cox; and her daughter M. Cox, all in the space of two months.—At Quiddensham, at her uncle's the Earl of Albemarle, Mrs. W. Wakefield, of a broken heart in consequence of the imprisonment of her husband, who joined in the infamous abduction of Miss Turner. She was the only daughter of Sir J. Sidney, bart., of Pemhust-place, Kent.

#### CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The first stone of a new chapel of ease has been recently laid at Wisbeach; it will contain accommodation for about 1000 persons.

The expenditure for the county of Huntingdon last year amounted to £9,501. 9s. 10½d.—£6,000 of which was paid towards building the new prison.

At the Huntingdon Assizes, death was recorded against 3 prisoners, one of whom was for the atrocious murder of the Rev. J. Waterhouse, of Stukeley, aged 79; and the principal witness (king's evidence) was afterwards tried and transported for a felony.

At the Isle of Ely Assizes few prisoners, and no capital punishment.

*Died.*] At Bottisham, 77, B. Rider, esq.—At March, 81, Mrs. Morgan; and her daughter, Mrs. Jones.

#### HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At the Hants Sessions, it was stated by Sir T. Baring, that the expenses of last year had been £3,000. less than those of the preceding year; and that £8,000 of the county debt had been liquidated.

*Married.*] At Southampton, T. S. Warner, esq., to Miss H. Hennessey.—At Brighton, G. Hillhouse, esq., to Miss A. Barelly.

*Died.*] At Brighton, the lady of M. Ricardo, esq.—At Worthing, 87, the Right Rev. S. Goodenough, bishop of Carlisle.

#### DORSET AND WILTS.

At Salisbury Assizes, 8 prisoners received sentence of death, 12 transported, and 18 imprisoned. Chief Justice Best addressed the grand jury on his conviction of the melancholy fact of crime and vice being so much increased in this country.—“I am afraid,” said he, “that they are not now that peasantry which were formerly called their country’s pride;” and then alluded to the necessity of allowing the inferior orders of society such wages as they can decently subsist on without parish allowance. “There can no greater curse befall a country,” said his lordship, “than that it should be reduced to a state in which the virtue of the peasantry is undermined by the destruction of that self-esteem, and that honest, industrious, manly pride, which makes a peasant prefer his own exertions to any other mode of obtaining a subsistence. Unless such are his feelings, the country which he inhabits can never become, or never remain, a great country. Gentlemen, the greatness of the country does not consist in the extent of its empire, nor even in the knowledge and publicity of useful and ornamental arts. Such things may be among the proofs of its greatness, but they are not its cause, nor by them alone can a nation always hope to remain great. *A country may truly be said to be great, when the mass of the people are in the enjoyment of comfortable and easy circumstances—a state in which alone they can always be expected to be virtuous; and he is the greatest benefactor who lends his aid to introduce such a state among them.*”—Chief Justice Best gave public notice on trial for furious driving of stage coaches—that in every future case, in which a conviction followed a charge of furious driving, he would, beyond all doubt, transport the offender for life.—The grand jury requested his lordship to print his charge, to which he acquiesced.

*Married.*] W. Hallett, junior, esq., of Philliots, to Miss Radclyffe.—At Downton, R. Brouncker, esq., to Miss M. Shuckburgh.

*Died.*] At Warminster, 78, H. Wansey, esq., F.S.A.; he had devoted his attention and time in collecting materials for the History and Topography of Warminster, for the magnificent work on the county of Wilts, of which Sir R. C. Hoare is the director.—88, J. Wickens, esq., of Mapperton.—At Stinsford, 85, Right Hon. Susan O’Brien, sister to the Earl of Chester.—At Downton, 92, Mr. Huxham.

#### DEVONSHIRE AND SOMERSETSHIRE.

The imposing structure which Mr. Beckford has erected on the brow of Lansdown, is now completed, as far as regards the masonry work. The building is square, to an altitude of 130 feet from the foundation; it then assumes an octagonal

form, for 12 feet more; and this is crowned by 12 feet of octagonal wood work, of a lantern shape, which will be protected by an iron pillar at each angle, and these pillars will be gilt. This will constitute the apex of the tower, the summit of which presents to the eye of the spectator the meanderings of the Severn, the immense tank of Salisbury Plain, and even Mr. Beckford’s former residence, Fonthill.

At the Devonshire Assizes, 12 prisoners were recorded for death, 3 transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods.

A meeting has been held at the Palace, Wells, the Bishop of Bath and Wells in the chair, for establishing a friendly Society, to be called “The East Somerset Friendly Society,” when a committee was appointed to prepare rules and regulations for that purpose.

At Somerset Assizes, 27 prisoners were sentenced to death, 21 were transported, and 16 imprisoned for various periods. Chief Justice Best charged the grand jury at considerable length, in which he very strenuously alluded to the sad state of the poor, respecting their wages, the Game Laws, and the *battus* of the modern feudals; the dreadful increase of crime in the county; modern education; boxing; the absolute necessity of obliging people to go to their respective places of worship on a Sunday, &c. &c.

*Married.*] At Burnham, G. P. Dawson, esq., to Miss Dodd.—At Sturminster, Newton-castle, S. W. Long, esq., to Miss A. Bird.—At Tor, W. T. Lear, esq., to Miss E. Templer.—Rev. H. Taylor, rector of South Poole and West Oswell, to Marianne Hallifax, third daughter of the late Bishop of St. Asaph.

*Died.*] At Plymouth, 67, Lieut. Dennis Lahiff; 53 of which were spent in the service of his country in various parts of the world; he was the first person who instructed Cobbett in his drill (55th regt.) in North America.—At Bath, Mary, relict of the Hon. D. Anstruther.—At Exmouth, 96, Mr. T. Elson.—At Edicott, Cadbury, 69, Mr. J. Turner, an experienced agriculturist; not only Devonshire, but all the western counties, have considerably benefited by his spirited exertions in producing some of the largest and most extraordinary sheep ever bred in this kingdom.—At Yorksouse, Bath, J. Buller, esq., of Downes; he represented Exeter in four parliaments.

#### CORNWALL.

At the assizes held at Bodmin, 5 prisoners received sentence of transportation, and six imprisoned. Chief Justice Best, after remarking on two or three other cases in the calendar, made some striking observations on the state of the labouring people of Cornwall.—“I am gratified to learn,” said his lordship, “that the rate of wages in your county is not pressed down to the extreme point at which it is possible the labourer can exist. The best and wisest economy is to reward the labourer, that, by the exercise of a due industry, he may not only be enabled to provide the necessities of the day as it passes, but to make some provision for old age and infirmities.” The learned judge then eulogized the existence of friendly societies, as tending, under proper regulations, to the most beneficial results. His lordship then adverted to several points in the Criminal Law, as altered by Mr. Peel.

The Looe and Polperro driving boats have taken a considerable quantity of fish, some of them as many as 6,000 pilchards on a night. The driving boats belonging to St. Ives have even been more for-



fortunate: some of them took as many as 40,000 pilchards in one night. There were landed one morning from the St. Ives' boats about 200 hogs-heads of fish. It is several years since pilchards have appeared so early in St. Ives' Bay; it is stated that great shoals of fish have been seen to the eastward; and it is fully expected that should the weather prove moderately favourable, a considerable quantity will be secured during the ensuing spring tides; the pilchards already taken are exceedingly fine.

*Married.*] At St. Germans, W. Porter, esq., to Miss Humbly.

*Died.*] At Falmouth, 72, J. Harris, esq.—At Bodmin, 61, Mrs. Commins.—At Truro, 87, Mrs. Taunton.—At St. Neot, Capt. Sibley.

## WALES.

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## IRELAND.

The following extract from a Scotch paper will at once prove the necessity of something being done for the relief of the unfortunate Poor of this very unfortunate country:—"The emigration of the poor destitute and miserable inhabitants of Ireland into this quarter of the country still continues without abatement. On Sunday morning two steam-boats brought over about 150 each; and it is ascertained, that during the last week about 1,800 persons of this description were added to the population of this city and neighbourhood. They are all, or very nearly all, mere labourers of the very lowest class, and profess to have come over in search of employment in cutting down the harvest. When informed that there will be no harvest-work in this quarter for several weeks, and that there are already more than a sufficiency of hands for this sort of employment, many of them expressed a determination to find their way to the northern counties of England, in expectation of the harvest being earlier begun there. They say that they have no fear of getting work from the farmers, as they will work for whatever wages are offered them, and that such is the state of misery that they were in at home, that they cannot be worse go where they will. It is pretty well ascertained that, during the last six weeks, the number of labourers who have arrived from Ireland is about 12,000."—*Glasgow Chron.*

*Died.*] At Bottisham, 77, B. Rider, esq.—At March, 81, Mrs. Morgan; and her daughter, Mrs. Jones.

#### HANTS AND SUSSEX.

At the Hants Sessions, it was stated by Sir T. Baring, that the expenses of last year had been £3,000, less than those of the preceding year; and that £8,000 of the county debt had been liquidated.

*Married.*] At Southampton, T. S. Warner, esq., to Miss H. Hennessey.—At Brighton, G. Hillhouse, esq., to Miss A. Barclay.

*Died.*] At Brighton, the lady of M. Ricardo, esq.—At Worthing, 87, the Right Rev. S. Goodenough, bishop of Carlisle.

#### DORSET AND WILTS.

At Salisbury Assizes, 8 prisoners received sentence of death, 12 transported, and 18 imprisoned. Chief Justice Best addressed the grand jury on his conviction of the melancholy fact of crime and vice being so much increased in this country.—“I am afraid,” said he, “that they are not now that peasantry which were formerly called their country’s pride;” and then alluded to the necessity of allowing the inferior orders of society such wages as they can decently subsist on without parish allowance.—“There can no greater curse befall a country,” said his lordship, “than that it should be reduced to a state in which the virtue of the peasantry is undermined by the destruction of that self-esteem, and that honest, industrious, manly pride, which makes a peasant prefer his own exertions to any other mode of obtaining a subsistence. Unless such are his feelings, the country which he inhabits can never become, or never remain, a great country. Gentlemen, the greatness of the country does not consist in the extent of its empire, nor even in the knowledge and publicity of useful and ornamental arts. Such things may be among the proofs of its greatness, but they are not its cause, nor by them alone can a nation always hope to remain great. *A country may truly be said to be great, when the mass of the people are in the enjoyment of comfortable and easy circumstances*—a state in which alone they can always be expected to be virtuous; and he is the greatest benefactor who lends his aid to introduce such a state among them.”—Chief Justice Best gave public notice on trial for furious driving of stage coaches—that in every future case, in which a conviction followed a charge of furious driving, he would, beyond all doubt, transport the offender for life.—The grand jury requested his lordship to print his charge, to which he acquiesced.

*Married.*] W. Hallett, junior, esq., of Philliots, to Miss Radclyffe.—At Downton, R. Brouncker, esq., to Miss M. Shuckburgh.

*Died.*] At Warminster, 78, H. Wansey, esq., F.S.A.; he had devoted his attention and time in collecting materials for the History and Topography of Warminster, for the magnificent work on the county of Wilts, of which Sir R. C. Hoare is the director.—88, J. Wickens, esq., of Mapperton.—At Stinsford, 85, Right Hon. Susan O’Brien, sister to the Earl of Chester.—At Downton, 92, Mr. Huxham.

#### DEVONSHIRE AND SOMERSETSHIRE.

The imposing structure which Mr. Beckford has erected on the brow of Lansdown, is now completed, as far as regards the masonry work. The building is square, to an altitude of 130 feet from the foundation; it then assumes an octagonal

form, for 12 feet more; and this is crowned by 12 feet of octagonal wood work, of a lantern shape, which will be protected by an iron pillar at each angle, and these pillars will be gilt. This will constitute the apex of the tower, the summit of which presents to the eye of the spectator the meanderings of the Severn, the immense park of Salisbury Plain, and even Mr. Beckford’s former residence, Fonthill.

At the Devonshire Assizes, 12 prisoners were recorded for death, 3 transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods.

A meeting has been held at the Palace, Wells, the Bishop of Bath and Wells in the chair, for establishing a friendly Society, to be called “The East Somerset Friendly Society,” when a committee was appointed to prepare rules and regulations for that purpose.

At Somerset Assizes, 27 prisoners were sentenced to death, 21 were transported, and 16 imprisoned for various periods. Chief Justice Best charged the grand jury at considerable length, in which he very strenuously alluded to the sad state of the poor, respecting their wages, the Game Laws, and the *battus* of the modern feudals; the dreadful increase of crime in the county; modern education; boxing; the absolute necessity of obliging people to go to their respective places of worship on a Sunday, &c. &c.

*Married.*] At Burnham, G. P. Dawson, esq., to Miss Dodd.—At Sturminster, Newton-castle, S. W. Long, esq., to Miss A. Bird.—At Tor, W. T. Lear, esq., to Miss E. Templer.—Rev. H. Taylor, rector of South Poole and West Oswell, to Mari- anne Hallifax, third daughter of the late Bishop of St. Asaph.

*Died.*] At Plymouth, 67, Lieut. Dennis Lahiff; 53 of which were spent in the service of his country in various parts of the world; he was the first person who instructed Cobbett in his drill (55th regt.) in North America.—At Bath, Mary, relict of the Hon. D. Anstruther.—At Exmouth, 96, Mr. T. Elson.—At Endicott, Cadbury, 69, Mr. J. Turner, an experienced agriculturist; not only Devonshire, but all the western counties, have considerably benefited by his spirited exertions in producing some of the largest and most extraordinary sheep ever bred in this kingdom.—At York- house, Bath, J. Buller, esq., of Downes; he represented Exeter in four parliaments.

#### CORNWALL.

At the assizes held at Bodmin, 5 prisoners received sentence of transportation, and six imprisoned. Chief Justice Best, after remarking on two or three other cases in the calendar, made some striking observations on the state of the labouring people of Cornwall.—“I am gratified to learn,” said his lordship, “that the rate of wages in your county is not pressed down to the extreme point at which it is possible the labourer can exist. The best and wisest economy is to reward the labourer, that, by the exercise of a due industry, he may not only be enabled to provide the necessaries of the day as it passes, but to make some provision for old age and infirmities.”—The learned judge then eulogized the existence of friendly societies, as tending, under proper regulations, to the most beneficial results. His lordship then adverted to several points in the Criminal Law, as altered by Mr. Peel.

The Looe and Polperro driving boats have taken a considerable quantity of fish, some of them as many as 6,000 pilchards on a night. The driving boats belonging to St. Ives have even been more for-

fortunate: some of them took as many as 40,000 pilchards in one night. There were landed one morning from the St. Ives' boats about 200 bogs-heads of fish. It is several years since pilchards have appeared so early in St. Ives' Bay; it is stated that great shoals of fish have been seen to the eastward; and it is fully expected that should the weather prove moderately favourable, a considerable quantity will be secured during the ensuing spring tides; the pilchards already taken are exceedingly fine.

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## DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of July to the 25th of August 1827.

July.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	211 212	87½ 88	86½ 87½	94½	94½	101	20 1-16	252½	87 89p	55 58p	86½ 87½
27	—	86½ 87½	86½ 87½	94	94	100½	19 15-16 20	253	88 89p	56 58p	86½ 87½
28	211	87½	86½	—	94½	100½	19 15-16 20 1-16	253½	88 90p	57 59p	87
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	212 213½	88½ 89	87½ 88½	—	95½	101½	20	—	90 91p	58 60p	87½ 88½
31	214	89	88½	96	95½	101½	20	258	91 94p	60 61p	88½
Aug.	1	216 217	89½ 90	89	97	102½	20½	—	94 95p	60 62p	89½
2	215 216½	89½ 90	88½ 89½	96½	96	101½	20 3-16 5-16	263	96p	61 62p	88½ 89½
3	214½ 215½	89	88½	95½	95½	101½	20 1-16	259 260	88 94p	59 61p	88½ 89½
4	214½	89	88½	95½	95½	101½	20 1-16 3-16	259½	92p	60 61p	88½
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	213	87½ 88½	86½ 87½	—	94	100½	19½ 20	—	—	57 61p	86½ 87½
7	—	87½	86½ 87½	94½	94½	100	19 15-16	—	87p	57 59p	86½ 87½
8	212	87½ 88½	87½ 88½	94½	94½	100	19 13-16 15-16	—	87 88p	57 58p	86½ 87½
9	214½	88½	87½ 88½	95½	95½	101	19 13-16	256	87 88p	57 58p	87½ 88½
10	214	88½	87½ 88½	95½	95½	101	20 1-16	256	89p	57-59p	87½ 88½
11	214	89	88½	—	95½	101	20 1-16	—	90 91p	58 60p	88½
12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	215½	89½	88½	95½	95½	101½	20½	—	—	58 59p	88½
14	215	89½	88½	95½	95½	101½	20 3-16	—	92 93p	58 60p	88½
15	216	89½	88½	96½	95½ 96½	101½	20 3-16 5-16	—	93p	58 60p	88½ 89½
16	216½	89½ 90	88½ 89½	96½	96½	102	20½ 5-16	260½	92 94p	59 60p	89½
17	216½	89½	88½	96	95½ 96	101½	20 3-16	259 260	92 93p	59 61p	88½
18	—	89	88½	—	95½	101½	20½	—	93 94p	61 62p	88½
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	214 215	88½	87½	—	94½ 95½	101½	20 1-16	—	92 94p	60 62p	87½ 88½
21	215½	88½	87½ 88½	95½	95	101	20 1-16	—	94p	60 62p	87½ 88½
22	—	88	87½	94½ 95	94½ 95½	100½	19 15-16 20 1-16	—	—	57 60p	87½
23	—	87½ 88½	87½	94½	94½	100½	19 15-16 20	—	—	57 59p	87½
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	87½	86½	—	93½ 94½	100½	19½ 15-16	—	88 90p	56 58p	86½

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

## MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From July 20th to 19th August inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

July.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Luc's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A.M.	Max.	Min.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	10 P.M.	9 A.M.	2 P.M.	10 P.M.
20			60	67	55	29 63	29 72	88	72	W	W	Clo.	Fair	Fine
21			62	70	52	29 81	29 93	78	70	WNW	WSW	—	—	—
22			64	64	57	29 91	29 86	75	92	SSW	SSW	—	Rain	Rain
23	19		66	74	64	29 88	29 96	93	88	SSW	SSW	Rain	Clo.	Fine
24		☉	66	73	62	29 96	29 91	92	88	WSW	SW	Clo.	—	—
25			66	74	56	29 85	29 90	90	82	WSW	SW	—	Rain	—
26	28		64	73	60	29 83	29 78	78	97	SW	SW	—	—	Rain
27			64	76	67	29 77	29 97	78	85	NNW	SW	Fair	Fair	Fine
28			70	78	64	30 08	30 09	88	77	W	WNW	—	Fine	—
29			76	84	67	29 99	29 87	82	85	SE	E	—	—	—
30			74	79	56	29 67	29 95	77	72	W	WNW	—	—	—
31		☉	64	73	61	30 11	30 11	78	68	W	NW	—	—	—
Aug.														
1			65	75	60	30 04	29 93	75	70	SW	NW	—	—	—
2			64	80	65	29 81	29 66	75	72	SSE	SW	—	—	—
3	26		67	75	60	29 65	29 55	80	82	SW	SW	—	Fair	Rain
4	10		64	73	61	29 54	29 76	84	76	SW	W	Clo.	Rain	Clo.
5			69	73	55	29 94	30 16	72	88	WNW	NE	—	Rain	Rain
6			57	68	53	30 16	30 20	90	86	NE	E	Rain	—	Fine
7			60	69	52	30 18	30 10	77	72	ESE	E	Fair	Fine	—
8		☉	57	72	55	30 03	29 95	77	78	ENE	E	—	—	—
9			62	70	50	29 90	29 80	82	76	NE	SW	—	—	Fair
10			53	73	56	29 56	29 54	86	71	SW	W	Clo.	—	—
11	32		60	69	55	29 48	29 50	74	80	WSW	W	—	Rain	—
12			61	68	52	29 57	29 77	82	67	NW	NW	—	Fair	Fine
13		☉	59	67	60	29 79	29 69	75	88	W	WSW	—	Clo.	Rain
14			65	70	63	29 56	29 35	93	88	W	SW	—	Fair	Fair
15			65	72	59	29 27	29 31	81	78	W	SSW	—	—	Clo.
16	34		62	69	56	29 31	29 45	88	93	E	E	—	Rain	—
17			62	69	57	29 63	29 81	88	92	E	ENE	—	—	—
18			61	69	55	29 86	29 91	92	85	ENE	ENE	—	Fair	—
19			62	68	55	29 87	29 92	74	82	ENE	ENE	Fair	—	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of July was one inch and 18-100ths.